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OR

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FOR

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1868.

No. CCLXI.

ART. I.—*Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and kindred subjects.* By CHARLES W. UPHAM. 2 vols. Boston (U.S.): 1867.

THE name of the village of Salem is as familiar to Americans as that of any provincial town in England or France is to Englishmen and Frenchmen; yet, when uttered in the hearing of Europeans, it carries us back two or three centuries, and suggests an image, however faint and transient, of the life of the Pilgrim Fathers, who gave that sacred name to the place of their chosen habitation. If we were on the spot to-day, we should see a modern American seaport, with an interest of its own, but by no means a romantic one. At present Salem is suffering its share of the adversity which has fallen upon the shipping trade, while it is still mourning the loss of some of its noblest citizens in the late civil war. No community in the Republic paid its tribute of patriotic sacrifice more generously; and there were doubtless occasions when its citizens remembered the early days of glory, when their fathers helped to chase the retreating British, on the first shedding of blood in the War of Independence. But now they have enough to think of under the pressure of the hour. Their trade is paralysed under the operation of the tariff; their shipping is rotting in port, except so much of it as is sold to foreigners; there is much poverty in low places, and dread of further commercial adversity among the chief citizens; but there is the same vigorous pursuit of intellectual interests and pleasures, throughout the society of the place, that there always is wherever any number of New Englanders have made their

homes beside the church, the library, and the school. Whatever other changes may occur from one age or period to another, the features of natural scenery are, for the most part, unalterable. Massachusetts Bay is as it was when the Pilgrims cast their first look over it. Its blue waters—as blue as the seas of Greece—rippling up upon the sheeted snow of the sands in winter, or beating against rocks glittering in ice; in autumn the pearly waves flowing in under the thickets of gaudy foliage; and on summer evenings the green surface surrounding the amethyst islands, where white foam spouts out of the caves and crevices. On land, there are still the craggy hills, and the jutting promontories of granite, where the barberry grows as the bramble does with us, and room is found for the farmstead between the crags, and for the apple-trees and little slopes of grass, and patches of tillage, where all else looks barren. The boats are out, or ranged on shore, according to the weather, just as they were from the beginning, only in larger numbers; and far away on either hand the coasts and islands, the rocks, and hills and rural dwellings are as of old, save for the shrinking of the forest, and the growth of the cities and villages, whose spires and school-houses are visible here or there.

Yet there are changes, marked and memorable, both in Salem and its neighbourhood, since the date of thirty-seven years ago. There was then an exclusiveness about the place as evident to strangers, and as dear to natives, as the rivalship between Philadelphia and Baltimore, while far more interesting and honourable in its character. In Salem society there was a singular combination of the precision and scrupulousness of Puritan manners and habits of thought with the pride of a cultivated and travelled community, boasting acquaintance with people of all known faiths, and familiarity with all known ways of living and thinking, while adhering to the customs, and even the prejudices, of their fathers. While relating theological conversations held with liberal Buddhists or lax Mohammedans, your host would whip his horse, to get home at full speed by sunset on a Saturday, that the groom's Sabbath might not be encroached on for five minutes. The houses were hung with odd Chinese copies of English engravings, and furnished with a variety of pretty and useful articles from China, never seen elsewhere, because none but American traders had then achieved any commerce with that country but in tea, nankeen, and silk. The Salem Museum was the glory of the town, and even of the State. Each speculative merchant who went forth, with or without a cargo (and the trade in ice

was then only beginning) in his own ship, with his wife and her babes, was determined to bring home some offering to the Museum, if he should accomplish a membership of that institution by doubling either Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. He picked up an odd cargo somewhere, and trafficked with it for another; and so he went on—if not rounding the world, seeing no small part of it, and making acquaintance with a dozen eccentric potentates and barbaric chiefs, and sovereigns with widely celebrated names; and, whether the adventurer came home rich or poor, he was sure to have gained much knowledge, and to have become very entertaining in discourse. The houses of the principal merchants were pleasant abodes—each standing alone, beside the street which was an avenue, thick strewn with leaves in autumn, and well shaded in summer. Not far away were the woods, where lumbering went on, for the export of timber to Charleston and New Orleans, and for the furniture manufacture, which was the main industry of the less fertile districts of Massachusetts in those days. Here and there was a little lake—a 'pond'—under the shadow of the woods, yielding water-lilies in summer, and ice for exportation in winter—as soon as that happy idea had occurred to some fortunate speculator. On some knoll there was sure to be a schoolhouse. Amidst these and many other pleasant objects, and in the very centre of the stranger's observations, there was one spectacle that had no beauty in it—just as in the happy course of the life of the Salem community there is one fearful period. That dreary object is the Witches' Hill at Salem; and that fearful chapter of history is the tragedy of the Witch Delusion.

Our reason for selecting the date of thirty-seven years ago for our glance at the Salem of the last generation is, that at that time a clergyman resident there fixed the attention of the inhabitants on the history of their forefathers by delivering lectures on Witchcraft. This gentleman was then a young man, of cultivated mind and intellectual tastes, a popular preacher, and esteemed and beloved in private life. In delivering those lectures he had no more idea than his audience that he was entering upon the great work and grand intellectual interest of his life. When he concluded the course, he was unconscious of having offered more than the entertainment of a day; yet the engrossing occupation of seven-and-thirty years for himself, and no little employment and interest for others, have grown out of that early effort. He was requested to print the lectures, and did so. They went through more than one edition; and every time he reverted to the sub-

ject, with some fresh knowledge gathered from new sources, he perceived more distinctly how inadequate, and even mistaken, had been his early conceptions of the character of the transactions which constituted the Witch Tragedy. At length he refused to re-issue the volume. 'I was unwilling,' he says in the preface of the book before us, 'to issue again what I had 'discovered to be an insufficient presentation of the subject.' Meantime, he was penetrating into mines of materials for history, furnished by the peculiar forms of administration instituted by the early rulers of the province. It was an Ordinance of the General Court of Massachusetts, for instance, that testimony should in all cases be taken in the shape of depositions, to be preserved 'in perpetual remembrance.' In all trials, the evidence of witnesses was taken in writing beforehand, the witnesses being present (except in certain cases) to meet any examination in regard to their recorded testimony. These depositions were carefully preserved, in complete order; and thus we may now know as much about the landed property, the wills, the contracts, the assaults and defamation, the thievery and cheating, and even the personal morals and social demeanour of the citizens of Salem of two centuries and a half ago as we could have done if they had had law-reporters in their courts, and had filed those reports, and preserved the police departments of newspapers like those of the present day. The documents relating to the witchcraft proceedings have been for the most part laid up among the State archives; but a considerable number of them have been dispersed—no doubt from their connexion with family history, and under impulses of shame and remorse. Of these, some are safely lodged in literary institutions, and others are in good private hands, though too many have been lost. In a long course of years, Mr. Upham, and after him his sons, have searched out all the documents they could hear of. When they had reason to believe that any transcription of papers was inaccurate—that gaps had been conjecturally filled up, that dates had been mistaken, or that papers had been transposed, they never rested till they had got hold of the originals, thinking the bad spelling, the rude grammar, and strange dialect of the least cultivated country-people less objectionable than the unauthorised amendments of transcribers. Mr. Upham says he has resorted to the originals throughout. Then there were the parish books and the church records, to which was committed in early days very much in the life of individuals which would now be considered a matter of private concern, and scarcely fit for comment by next-door neighbours. The primitive local maps and the coast-

survey chart, with the markings of original grants to settlers, and of bridges, mills, meeting-houses, private dwellings, forest roads, and farm boundaries have been preserved. Between these and deeds of conveyance it has been possible to construct a map of the district, which not only restores the external scene to the mind's eye, but casts a strong and fearful light—as we shall see presently—on the origin and course of the troubles of 1692. Mr. Upham and his sons have minutely examined the territory—tracing the old stone walls and the streams, fixing the gates, measuring distances, even verifying points of view, till the surrounding scenery has become as complete as could be desired. Between the church books and the parish and court records, the character, repute, ways and manners of every conspicuous resident can be ascertained; and it may be said that nothing out of the common way happened to any man, woman, or child within the district which could remain unknown at this day, if anyone wished to make it out. Mr. Upham has wished to make out the real story of the Witch Tragedy: and he has done it in such a way that his readers will doubtless agree that no more accurate piece of history has ever been written than the annals of this New England township.

For such a work, however, something more is required than the most minute delineation of the outward conditions of men and society; and in this higher department of his task Mr. Upham is above all anxious to obtain and dispense true light. The Second Part of his work treats of what may be called the spiritual scenery of the time. He exhibits the superstition of that age, when the belief in Satanic agency was the governing idea of religious life, and the most engrossing and pervading interest known to the Puritans of every country. Of the young and ignorant in the new settlement beyond the seas his researches have led him to write thus:—

'However strange it seems, it is quite worthy of observation, that the actors in that tragedy, the "afflicted children," and other witnesses, in their various statements and operations, embraced about the whole circle of popular superstition. How those young country girls, some of them mere children, most of them wholly illiterate, could have become familiar with such fancies, to such an extent, is truly surprising. They acted out, and brought to bear with tremendous effect, almost all that can be found in the literature of that day, and the period preceding it, relating to such subjects. Images and visions which had been portrayed in tales of romance, and given interest to the pages of poetry, will be made by them, as we shall see, to throng the woods, flit through the air, and hover over the heads of a terrified court. The ghosts of murdered wives

and children will play their parts with a vividness of representation and artistic skill of expression that have hardly been surpassed in scenic representations on the stage. In the Salem-witchcraft proceedings, the superstition of the middle ages was embodied in real action. All its extravagant absurdities and monstrosities appear in their application to human experience. We see what the effect has been, and must be, when the affairs of life, in courts of law and the relations of society, or the conduct or feelings of individuals, are suffered to be under the control of fanciful or mystical notions. When a whole people abandons the solid ground of common sense, overleaps the boundaries of human knowledge, gives itself up to wild reveries, and lets loose its passions without restraint, it presents a spectacle more terrific to behold, and becomes more destructive and disastrous, than any convulsion of mere material nature; than tornado, conflagration, or earthquake.' (Vol. i. p. 468.)

All this is no more than might have occurred to a thoughtful historian long years ago; but there is yet something else which it has been reserved for our generation to perceive, or at least to declare, without fear or hesitation. Mr. Upham may mean more than some people would in what he says of the new opening made by science into the dark depths of mystery covered by the term Witchcraft; for he is not only the brother-in-law but the intimate friend and associate of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard University, and still better known to us, as he is at home, as the writer of the physiological tales, 'Elsie Venner' and the 'Guardian Angel,' which have impressed the public as something new in the literature of fiction. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Upham's view of the Salem Delusion would have been precisely what we find it here if he and Dr. Holmes had never met; and, but for the presence of the Professor's mind throughout the book, which is most fitly dedicated to him, its readers might have perceived less clearly the true direction in which to look for a solution of the mystery of the story, and its writer might have written something less significant in the place of the following paragraph:—

'As showing how far the beliefs of the understanding, the perceptions of the senses, and the delusions of the imagination may be confounded, the subject belongs not only to theology and moral and political science, but to *physiology*, in its original and proper use, as embracing our whole nature; and the facts presented may help to conclusions relating to what is justly regarded as the great mystery of our being—the connexion between the body and the mind.' (Vol. i. p. viii.)

The Settlement had its birth in 1620, the date of the charter granted by James I. to 'the Governor and Company of Mas-

'sachusetts Bay in New England.' The first policy of the Company was to attract families of good birth, position, education, and fortune, to take up considerable portions of land, introduce the best agriculture known, and facilitate the settling of the country. Hence the tone of manners, the social organisation, and the prevalence of the military spirit, which the subsequent decline in the spirit of the community made it difficult for careless thinkers to understand. Not only did the wealth of this class of early settlers supply the district with roads and bridges, and clear the forest; it set up the pursuit of agriculture in the highest place, and encouraged intellectual pursuits, refined intercourse, and a loftier spirit of colonising enterprise than can be looked for among immigrants whose energies are engrossed by the needs of the day. The mode of dress of the gentry of this class shows us something of their aspect in their new country, when prowling Indians were infesting the woods a stone's throw from their fences, and when the rulers of the community took it in turn with all their neighbours to act as scouts against the savages. George Corwin was thus dressed—

'A wrought flowing neckcloth, a sash covered with lace, a coat with short cuffs and reaching halfway between the wrist and elbow; the skirts in plaits below; an octagon ring and cane. The last two articles are still preserved. His inventory mentions "a silver-laced cloth coat, a velvet ditto, a satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, a trooping scarf and silver hat-band, golden-topped and embroidered, and a silver-headed cane."' (Vol. i. p. 98.)

This aristocratic element was in large proportion to the total number of settlers. It lifted up the next class to a position inferior only to its own by its connexion with land. The Farmers formed an order by themselves—not by having peculiar institutions, but through the dignity ascribed to agriculture. The yeomanry of Massachusetts hold their heads high to this day and their fathers spoke proudly of themselves as 'the Farmers. They penetrated the forest in all directions, sat down beside the streams, and ploughed up such level tracts as they found open to the sunshine; so that in a few years 'the Salem 'Farms' constituted a well-defined territory, thinly peopled, but entirely appropriated. In due course parishes were formed round the outskirts of 'Salem Farms,' encroaching more or less in all directions, and reducing the area to that which was ultimately known as 'Salem Village,' in which some few of the original grants of 500 acres or less remained complete, while others were divided among families or sold. Long before the date of the Salem Tragedy, the strifes which follow upon

the acquisition of land had become common, and there was much ill-blood within the bounds of the City of Peace.. The independence, the mode of life, and the pride of the yeomen made them excellent citizens, however, when war broke out with the Indians or with any other foe; and the military spirit of the aristocracy was well sustained by that of the Farmers.

The dignity of the town had been early secured by the wisdom of the Company at home, which had committed to the people the government of the districts in which they were placed; and every citizen felt himself, in his degree, concerned in the rule and good order of the society in which he lived; but the holders of land recognised no real equality between themselves and men of other callings, while the artisans and labourers were ambitious to obtain a place in the higher class. Artisans of every calling needed in a new society had been sent out from England by the Company; and when all the most energetic had acquired as much land as could be had in recompense for special services to the community—as so many acres for ploughing up a meadow, so many for discovering minerals, so many for foiling an Indian raid,—and when the original grants had been broken up, and finally parcelled out among sons and daughters, leaving no scope for new purchasers, the most ambitious of the adventurers applied for tracts in Maine, where they might play their part of First Families in a new settlement. The weaker, the more envious, the more ill-conditioned, thus remained behind, to cavil at their prosperous neighbours, and spite them if they could. Here was an evident preparation for social disturbance, when opportunity for gratifying bad passions should arise.

There had been a preparation for this stage in the temper with which the adventurers had arrived in the country, and the influences which at once operated upon them there. The politics and the religion in which they had grown up were gloomy and severe. Those who were not soured were sad; and, it should be remembered, they fully believed that Satan and his powers were abroad, and must be contended with daily and hourly, and in every transaction of life. In their new home they found little cheer from the sun and the common daylight; for the forest shrouded the entire land beyond the barren seashore. The special enemy, the Red Indian, always watching them and seeking his advantage of them, was not, in their view, a simple savage. Their clergy assured them that the Red Indians were worshippers and agents of Satan; and it is difficult to estimate the effect of this belief on the minds and

tempers of those who were thinking of the Indians at every turn of daily life. The passion which is in the Far West still spoken of as special, under the name of 'Indian-'hating,' is a mingled ferocity and fanaticism, quite inconceivable by quiet Christians, or perhaps by any but border adventurers; and this passion, kindled by the first demonstration of hostility on the part of the Massachusetts Red Men, grew and spread incessantly under the painful early experience of colonial life. Every man had in turn to be scout, by day and night, in the swamp and in the forest; and every woman had to be on the watch in her husband's absence to save her babes from murderers and kidnappers. Whatever else they might want to be doing, even to supply their commonest needs, the citizens had first to station themselves within hail of each other all day; and at night to drive in their cattle among the dwellings, and keep watch by turns. Even on Sundays, patrols were appointed to look to the public safety while the community were at church. The mothers carried their babes to the meeting-house, rather than venture to stay at home in the absence of husband and neighbours. One function of the Sabbath patrol indicates to us other sources of trouble. While looking for Indians, the patrol was to observe who was absent from worship, to mark what the absentees were doing, and to give information to the authorities. These patrols were chosen from the leading men of the community—the most active, vigilant, and sensible—and it is conceivable that much ill-will might have been accumulated in the hearts of, not only the ne'er-do-weels, but timid and jealous and angry persons who were uneasy under this sabbath inspection. Such ill-will had its day of triumph when the Salem Tragedy arrived at its catastrophe.

The ordinary experience of life was singularly accelerated in that new state of society, though in the one particular of the age attained by the primitive adventurers, the community may be regarded as favoured. Death made a great sweep of the patriarchs at last—shortly before the Tragedy—but an unusual proportion of elders presided over social affairs for seventy years after the date of the second charter. The chief seats in the meeting-house were filled by grey-haired men and women, rich or poor as might happen; and they were allowed to retain their places, whoever else might be shifted in the yearly 'seating.' The title 'Landlord' distinguished the most dignified, and the eldest in each family of the 'Old Planters;' a 'Goodman' and 'Goodwife' (abbreviated to 'Goody') were titles of honour, as signifying heads of households. The old

age of these venerable persons was carefully cherished; and when, as could not but happen, many of them departed near together, the mourning of the community was deep and bitter. Society seemed to be deprived of its parents, and in fear and grief it anticipated the impending calamity. Except in regard to these patriarchs, and their long old age, the pace of events was very rapid. Early marriages might be looked for in a society so youthful; but the rapid succession of second and subsequent marriages is a striking feature in the register. The most devoted affection seems to have had no effect in deferring a second marriage so long as a year. No time was lost in settling in life at first; families were large; and half-brothers and sisters abounded; and as they grew up they married on the portions which were given them, as a matter of course,—each having house, land, and plenishing, till at last the parents gave away all but a sufficiency for their own need or convenience, and went into the town or remained in the central mansion, turning over the land and its cares to the younger generation. When there was a failure of offspring, the practice of adoption seems to have been resorted to almost as a natural process, which, in such a state of society, it probably was.

In the early days of the arts of life it is usual for the separate transactions of each day to be slow and cumbrous; but the experience of life may be rapid nevertheless. While travelling was a rough jogtrot, and forest-land took years to clear, and the harvest weeks to gather, property grew fast, marriages were precipitate and repeated, one generation trod on the heels of another, and the old folks complained that The Enemy made rapid conquest of the new territory which they had hoped he could not enter. When any work—of house-building, or harvesting, or nutting, or furnishing, or raising the wood-pile — had to be done, it was secured by assembling all the hands in the neighbourhood, and turning the toil into a festive pleasure. We have all read of such 'bees' in the rural districts of America down to the present day; and we can easily understand how the 'goodmen' and 'goodies' watched for the good and the evil which came out of such celebrations—the courtship and marriage, and the neighbourly interest and good offices on the one hand, and the evil passions from disappointed hopes, envy, jealousy, tittle-tattle, rash judgments, and slander, on the other. Much that was said, done, and inferred in such meetings as these found its way long afterwards into the Tragedy at Salem. Mr. Upham

 side of the young social life of which the

inquisitorial meeting-house and the courts were the black shadow:—

'The people of the early colonial settlements had a private and interior life, as much as we have now, and the people of all ages and countries have had. It is common to regard them in no other light than as a severe, sombre, and pleasure-abhorring generation. It was not so with them altogether. They had the same nature that we have. It was not all gloom and severity. They had their recreations, amusements, gaieties, and frolics. Youth was as buoyant with hope and gladness, love as warm and tender, mirth as natural to innocence, wit as sprightly, then as now. There was as much poetry and romance; the merry laugh enlivened the newly opened fields, and rang through the bordering woods as loud, jocund, and unrestrained as in these older and more crowded settlements. It is true that their theology was austere, and their polity, in Church and State, stern; but, in their modes of life, there were some features which gave peculiar opportunity to exercise and gratify a love of social excitement of a pleasurable kind.' (Vol. i. p. 200.)

Except such conflicts as arose about the boundaries of estates when the General Court was remiss in making and enforcing its decisions, the first and gravest strifes related to Church matters and theological doctrines. The Farmers had more lively minds, better informed as to law, and more exercised in reasoning and judging than their class are usually supposed to have; for there never was a time when lawsuits were not going forward about the area and the rights of some landed property or other; and intelligent men were called on to make depositions, to serve on juries, and to follow the course of litigation, if not to serve the community in office. Thus they were prepared for the strife when the question of the two Churches pressed for settlement.

The Farmers in the rural district thenceforward to be called 'Salem Village,' desired to have a Meeting-house and a Minister of their own; but the town authorities insisted on taxing them for the religious establishment in Salem, from which they derived no benefit. In 1670, twenty of them petitioned to be set off as a parish, and allowed to provide a minister for themselves. In two years more the petition was granted, as a compromise for larger privileges; but there were restrictions which spoiled the grace of such concession as there was. One of these restrictions was that no minister was to be permanently settled without the permission of the old Church to proceed to his ordination. Endless trouble arose out of this provision. The men who had contributed the land, labour, and material for the Meeting-house, and the maintenance for the pastor, naturally desired to be free in their choice of their minister,

while the Church authorities in Salem considered themselves responsible for the maintenance of true doctrine, and for leaving no opening for Satan to enter the fold in the form of heresy, or any kind or degree of dissent. Their fathers, the first settlers, had made the colony too hot for one of their most virtuous and distinguished citizens, because he had views of his own on Infant Baptism; they had brought him to judgment, magistrate and church member as he was, for not having presented his infant child at the font; he had sold his estates and gone away. If such a citizen as Townsend Bishop was thus lost to their society, how could the guardians of religion surrender their control over any church or pastor within their reach? They had spiritual charge of a community which had made its abode on the American shore for the single purpose of living its own religious life in its own way; and no dissent or modification from within could be permitted, any more than intrusion or molestation from without. Between the ecclesiastical view on the one hand, and the civil view on the other, there was small chance of harmony between town and village, or between pastor, flock, and the overseers of both. The great point on which they were all agreed was that they were all in special danger from the extremest malice of Satan, who, foiled in Puritan England, was bent on revenge in America, and was visibly and audibly present in the settlement, seeking whom he might devour.

Quarrelling began with the appearance of the first minister, a young Mr. Bayley, who was appointed from year to year, but never ordained the pastor, till 1679, when the authorities at Salem tried to force him upon the people at Salem Village in the face of a strong opposition. The Farmers disregarded the orders issued from the town, and managed their religious affairs by general meetings of their own congregation; and at length Mr. Bayley retired, leaving the society in a much worse temper than he had found on his arrival. A handsome gift of land was settled upon him, in acknowledgment of his services; he quitted the ministry, and practised medicine in Roxbury till his death, nearly thirty years afterwards.

His partisans were enemies of his successor, of course. Mr. Burroughs was a man of even distinguished excellence in the pastoral relation, in days when risks from Indians made that duty as perilous as the career of the soldier in war time; but his flock were divided, church business was neglected, he was allowed to fall into want. He withdrew, was recalled to settle accounts, was arrested for debt in full meeting—the debt being

for the funeral expenses of his wife—was absolved from all blame under the cruel neglect he had experienced—and left the Village. Before he could hear in his remote home in Maine what was doing at Salem in the first days of the Witch Tragedy, he was summoned to his old neighbourhood, was charged with sorcery on the most childish and absurd testimony conceivable, and executed in August 1692. One of the witnesses—a young girl morbid in body and mind—poured out her remorse to him, the day before his death. He, believing her a victim of Satan, forgave her, prayed with her, and died honoured and beloved by all who were not under the curse of the bigotry of the time.

The third minister was one Deodat Lawson who is notable—beside his learning—for his Sermon on the Devil, and for some mournful mystery about his end. Of his last days there is nothing known but that there was something woeful in them; but his sermon, preached at the commencement of the outbreak in Salem, remains to us. It was published in America, and then widely circulated in England. It met the popular craving for light about Satan and his doings; and thus, between its appropriateness to the time and occasion, and the learning and ability which it manifested, it produced an extraordinary effect in its day. In ours it is an instructive evidence of the extent to which 'knowledge falsely so called' may operate on the mind of society, in the absence of science, and before the time has arrived for a clear understanding of the nature of knowledge and the conditions of its attainment. Mr. Lawson bore a part in the Salem Tragedy, and then went to England, where we hear of him from Calamy as 'the unhappy Mr. Deodat 'Lawson,' and he disappears.

The fourth and last of the ministers of Salem Village, before the Tragedy, was the Mr. Parris, who played the most conspicuous part in it. He must have been a man of singular shamelessness, as well as remarkable selfishness, craft, ruthlessness, and withal imprudence. He began his operations with sharp bargaining about his stipend, and sharp practice in appropriating the house and land assigned for the use of successive pastors. He wrought diligently under the stimulus of his ambition till he got his meeting-house sanctioned as a true church, and himself ordained as the first pastor of Salem Village. This was in 1689. He immediately launched out into such an exercise of priestly power as could hardly be exceeded under any form of church government; he set his people by the ears on every possible occasion, and on every possible pretence; he made his church a scandal in the

land for its brawls and controversies; and on him rests the responsibility of the disease and madness which presently turned his parish into a hell, and made it famous for the murder of the wisest, gentlest, and purest Christians it contained.

Before we look at his next proceeding, however, we must bring into view one or two facts essential to the understanding of the case. We have already observed on the universality of the belief in the ever-present agency of Satan in that region and that special season. In the woods the Red Men were his agents—living in and for his service and his worship. In the open country, Satan himself was seen, as a black horse, as a black dog, as a tall, dark stranger, as a raven, a wolf, a cat, &c. Strange incidents happened there as everywhere—odd bodily affections and mental movements; and when devilish influences are watched for, they are sure to be seen. Everybody was prepared for manifestations of witchcraft from the first landing in the Bay; and there had been more and more cases, not only rumoured but brought under investigation, for some years before the final outbreak.

This suggests the next consideration: that the generation concerned had no alternative explanation within their reach, when perplexed by unusual appearances or actions of body or mind. They believed themselves perfectly certain about the Devil and his doings; and his agency was the only solution of their difficulties, while it was a very complete one. They thought they knew that his method of working was by human agents, whom he had won over and bound to his service. They had all been brought up to believe this; and they never thought of doubting it. The very conception of science had then scarcely begun to be formed in the minds of the wisest men of the time; and if it had been, who was there to suggest that the handful of pulp contained in the human skull, and the soft string of marrow in the spine, and cobweb lines of nerves, apparently of no more account than the hairs of the head, could transmit thoughts, emotions, passions—all the scenery of the spiritual world! For two hundred years more there was no effectual recognition of anything of the sort. At the end of those two centuries anatomists themselves were slicing the brain like a turnip, to see what was inside it,—not dreaming of the leading facts of its structure, nor of the inconceivable delicacy of its organisation. After half a century of knowledge of the main truth in regard to the brain, and nearly that period of study of its organisation by every established medical authority in the civilised world, we are still perplexed and baffled at every turn of the inquiry into the relations of body

and mind. How then can we make sufficient allowance for the effects of ignorance in a community where theology was the main interest in life, where science was yet unborn, and where all the influences of the period concurred to produce and aggravate superstitions and bigotries which now seem scarcely credible?

There had been misery enough caused by prosecutions for witchcraft within living memory to have warned Mr. Parris, one would think, how he carried down his people into those troubled waters again; but at that time such trials were regarded by society as trials for murder are by us, and not as anything surprising except from the degree of wickedness. William Penn presided at the trial of two Swedish women in Philadelphia for this gravest of crimes; and it was only by the accident of a legal informality that they escaped, the case being regarded with about the same feeling as we experienced a year or two ago when the murderess of infants, Charlotte Winsor, was saved from hanging by a doubt of the law. If the crime spread—as it usually did—the municipal governments issued an order for a day of fasting and humiliation, 'in consideration of the extent to which Satan prevails 'amongst us in respect of witchcraft.' Among the prosecutions which followed on such observances there was one here and there which turned out, too late, to have been a mistake. This kind of discovery might be made an occasion for more fasting and humiliation; but it seems to have had no effect in inducing caution, or suggesting self-distrust. Mr. Parris and his partisans must have been aware that on occasion of the last great spread of witchcraft, the magistrates and the general court had set aside the verdict of the jury in one case of wrongful accusation, and that there were other instances in which the general heart and conscience were cruelly wounded and oppressed, under the conviction that the wisest and saintliest woman in the community had been made away with by malice, at least as much as mistaken zeal. The wife of one of the most honoured and prominent citizens of Boston, and the sister of the Deputy Governor of Massachusetts, Mrs. Hibbins, might have been supposed safe from the gallows, while she walked in uprightness, and all holiness and gentleness of living. But her husband died; and the pack of fanatics sprang upon her, and tore her to pieces—name and fame, fortune, life, and everything. She was hanged in 1656, and the Farmers of Salem Village and their pastor were old enough to know, in Mr. Parris's time, how 'the famous Mr. 'Norton,' an eminent pastor, 'once said at his own table'—

before clergymen and elders—'that one of their magistrates' 'wives was hanged for a witch, only for having more wit than 'her neighbours;' and to be aware that in Boston 'a deep 'feeling of resentment' against her persecutors rankled in the minds of some of the citizens; and that they afterwards 'observed solemn marks of Providence set upon those who 'were very forward to condemn her.' The story of Mrs. Hibbins, as told in the book before us, with the brief and simple comment of her own pleading in court, and the codicil to her will, is so piteous, and so fearful, that it is difficult to imagine how any clergyman could countenance a similar procedure before the memory of the execution had died out, and could be supported in his course by officers of his church, and at length by the leading clergy of the district, the magistrates, the physicians, 'and devout women, not a few.'

In the interval between the execution of Mrs. Hibbins and the outbreak at Salem, an occasional breeze arose against some unpopular member of society. If a man's ox was ill, if the beer ran out of the cask, if the butter would not come in the churn, if a horse shied or was restless when this or that man or woman was in sight; and if a woman knew when her neighbours were talking about her (which was Mrs. Hibbins's most indisputable proof of connexion with the Devil), rumours got about of Satanic intercourse; men and women made deposition that six or seven years before, they had seen the suspected person yawn in church, and had observed a 'devil's teat,' distinctly visible under his tongue; and children told of bears coming to them in the night, and of a buzzing devil in the humble-bee; and of a cat on the bed, thrice as big as an ordinary cat. But the authorities, on occasion, exercised some caution. They fined one accused person for telling a lie, instead of treating his bragging as inspiration of the Devil. They induced timely confession, or discovered flaws in the evidence, as often as they could; so that there was less disturbance in the immediate neighbourhood than in some other parts of the province. Where the Reverend Mr. Parris went, however, there was no more peace and quiet, no more privacy in the home, no more harmony in the church, no more goodwill or good manners in society.

As soon as he was ordained he put perplexing questions about Baptism before the Farmers, who rather looked to him for guidance in such matters than expected to be exercised in theological mysteries which they had never studied. He exposed to the congregation the spiritual conflicts of individual members who were too humble for their own comfort. He

preached and prayed incessantly about his own wrongs and the slights he suffered, in regard to his salary and supplies; and entered satirical notes in the margin of the church records; so that he was as abundantly discussed from house to house, and from end to end of his parish, as he himself could have desired. In the very crisis of the discontent, and when his little world was expecting to see him dismissed, he saved himself, as we ourselves have of late seen other persons relieve themselves under stress of mind and circumstances, by a rush into the world of spirits.

Four years previously, a poor immigrant, a Catholic Irishwoman, had been hanged in Boston for bewitching four children, named Goodwin—one of whom, a girl of thirteen, had sorely tried a reverend man, less irascible than Mr. Parris, but nearly as excitable. The tricks that the little girl played the Reverend Cotton Mather, when he endeavoured to exorcise the evil spirit, are precisely such as are familiar to us, in cases which are common in the practice of every physician. If we cannot pretend to explain them—in the true sense of explaining—that is, referring them to an ascertained law of nature, we know what to look for under certain conditions, and are aware that it is the brain and nervous system that is implicated in these phenomena, and not the Prince of Darkness and his train. Cotton Mather had no alternative at his disposal. Satan or nothing was his only choice. He published the story, with all its absurd details; and it was read in almost every house in the province. At Salem it wrought with fatal effect, because there was a pastor close by well qualified to make the utmost mischief out of it.

Mr. Parris had lived in the West Indies for some years, and had brought several slaves with him to Salem. One of these, an Indian named John, and Tituba his wife, seem to have been full of the gross superstitions of their people, and of the frame and temperament best adapted for the practices of demonology. In such a state of affairs, the pastor actually formed, or allowed to be formed, a society of young girls between the ages of eight and eighteen to meet in his parsonage, strongly resembling those 'circles' in the America of our time which have filled the lunatic asylums with thousands of victims of 'spiritualist' visitations. It seems that these young persons were labouring under strong nervous excitement, which was encouraged rather than repressed by the means employed by their spiritual director. Instead of treating them as the subjects of morbid delusions, Mr. Parris regarded them as the victims of external diabolical influence; and this influence was,

strangely enough, supposed to be exercised, on the evidence of the children themselves, by some of the most pious and respectable members of the community.

We need not describe the course of events. In the dull life of the country, the excitement of the proceedings in the 'circle' was welcome, no doubt; and it was always on the increase. Whatever trickery there might be—and no doubt there was plenty; whatever incitement to hysteria, whatever actual sharpening of common faculties, it is clear that there was more; and those who have given due and dispassionate attention to the processes of mesmerism and their effects can have no difficulty in understanding the reports handed down of what these young creatures did, and said, and saw, under peculiar conditions of the nervous system. When the physicians of the district could see no explanation of the ailments of 'the afflicted children' but 'the evil hand,' no doubt could remain to those who consulted them of these agonies being the work of Satan. The matter was settled at once. But Satan can work only through human agents; and who were his instruments for the affliction of these children? Here was the opening through which calamity rushed in; and for half a year this favoured corner of the godly land of New England was turned into a hell. The more the children were stared at and pitied, the bolder they grew in their vagaries, till at last they broke through the restraints of public worship, and talked nonsense to the minister in the pulpit, and profaned the prayers. Mr. Parris assembled all the divines he could collect at his parsonage, and made his troop go through their performances —the result of which was a general groan over the manifest presence of the Evil One, and a passionate intercession for 'the afflicted children.'

The first step towards their relief was to learn who it was that had stricken them; and the readiest means that occurred was to ask this question of the children themselves! At first, they named no names, or what they said was not disclosed; but there was soon an end of all such delicacy. The first symptoms had occurred in November 1691; and the first public examination of witches took place on the 1st of March following. We shall cite as few of the cases as will suffice for our purpose; for they are exceedingly painful; and there is something more instructive for us in the spectacle of the consequences, and in the suggestions of the story, than in the scenery of persecution and murder.

In the first group of accused persons was one Sarah Good, a weak, ignorant, poor, despised woman, whose equally weak

and ignorant husband had forsaken her, and left her to the mercy of evil tongues. He had called her an enemy to all good, and had said that if she was not a witch, he feared she would be one shortly. Her assertions under examination were that she knew nothing about the matter; that she had hurt nobody, nor employed anybody to hurt another; that she served God; and that the God she served was He who made heaven and earth. It appears, however, that she believed in the reality of the 'affliction;' for she ended by accusing a fellow-prisoner of having hurt the children. The report of the examination, noted at the time by two of the heads of the congregation, is inane and silly beyond belief; yet the celebration was unutterably solemn to the assembled crowd of fellow-worshippers; and it sealed the doom of the community, in regard to peace and good repute.

Mrs. Good was carried to jail. Not long after her little daughter Dorcas, aged four years, was apprehended at the suit of the brothers Putnam, chief citizens of Salem. There was plenty of testimony produced of bitings and chokings and pinchings, inflicted by this infant; and she was committed to prison, and probably, as Mr. Upham says, fettered with the same chains which bound her mother. Nothing short of chains could keep witches from flying away; and they were chained at the cost of the State, when they could not pay for their own irons. As these poor creatures were friendless and poverty-stricken, it is some comfort to find the gaoler charging for 'two blankets for Sarah Good's child,' costing ten shillings.

What became of little Dorcas, with her healthy looks and natural childlike spirits, noticed by her accusers, we do not learn. Her mother lay in chains till the 29th of June, when she was brought out to receive sentence. She was hanged on the 19th of July, after having relieved her heart by vehement speech of some of the passion which weighed upon it. She does not seem to have been capable of much thought. One of the accusers was convicted of a flagrant lie, in the act of giving testimony; but the narrator, Hutchinson, while giving the fact, treats it as of no consequence, because Sir Matthew Hale and the jury of his court were satisfied with the condemnation of a witch, under precisely the same circumstances. The parting glimpse we have of this first victim is dismally true on the face of it. It is most characteristic.

'Sarah Good appears to have been an unfortunate woman, having been subject to poverty, and consequent sadness and melancholy. But she was not wholly broken in spirit. Mr. Noyes, at the time

of her execution, urged her very strenuously to confess. Among other things, he told her "she was a witch, and that she knew she was a witch." She was conscious of her innocence, and felt that she was oppressed, outraged, trampled upon, and about to be murdered, under the forms of law; and her indignation was roused against her persecutors. She could not bear in silence the cruel aspersion; and although she was just about to be launched into eternity, the torrent of her feelings could not be restrained, but burst upon the head of him who uttered the false accusation. "You are a liar," said she. "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and, if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink." Hutchinson says that, in his day, there was a tradition among the people of Salem, and it has descended to the present time, that the manner of Mr. Noyes's death strangely verified the prediction thus wrung from the incensed spirit of the dying woman. He was exceedingly corpulent, of a plethoric habit, and died of an internal hæmorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth.' (Vol. ii. p. 269.)

When she had been in her grave nearly twenty years, her representatives—little Dorcas perhaps for one—were presented with 30*l.*, as a grant from the Crown, as compensation for the mistake of hanging her without reason and against evidence.

In the early part of the century, a devout family named Towne were living at Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. About the time of the King's execution they emigrated to Massachusetts. William Towne and his wife carried with them two daughters; and another daughter and a son were born to them afterwards in Salem. The three daughters were baptised at long intervals, and the eldest, Rebecca, must have been at least twenty years older than Sarah, and a dozen or more years older than Mary. A sketch of the fate of these three sisters contains within it the history of a century.

On the map which Mr. Upham presents us with, one of the most conspicuous estates is an enclosure of 300 acres, which had a significant story of its own—too long for us to enter upon. We need only say that there had been many strifes about this property—fights about boundaries, and stripping of timber, and a series of lawsuits. Yet, from 1678 onwards, the actual residents in the mansion had lived in peace, taking no notice of wrangles which did not, under the conditions of purchase, affect them, but only the former proprietor. The frontispiece of Mr. Upham's book shows us what the mansion of an opulent landowner was like in the early days of the colony. It is the portrait of the house in which the eldest daughter of William Towne was living at the date of the Salem Tragedy.

Rebecca, then the aged wife of Francis Nurse, was a great-grandmother, and between seventy and eighty years of age. No old age could have had a more lovely aspect than hers. Her husband was, as he had always been, devoted to her, and the estate was a colony of sons and daughters, and their wives and husbands; for 'Landlord Nurse' had divided his land between his four sons and three sons-in-law, and had built homesteads for them all as they married and settled. Mrs. Nurse was in full activity of faculty, except being somewhat deaf from age; and her health was good, except for certain infirmities of long standing, which it required the zeal and the malice of such a divine as Mr. Parris to convert into 'devil's 'marks.' As for her repute in the society of which she was the honoured head, we learn what it was by the testimony supplied by forty persons—neighbours and householders—who were inquired of in regard to their opinion of her in the day of her sore trial. Some of them had known her above forty years; they had seen her bring up a large family in uprightness; they had remarked the beauty of her Christian profession and conduct; and had never heard or observed any evil of her. This was Rebecca, the eldest.

The next, Mary, was now fifty-eight years old, the wife of 'Goodman Easty,' the owner of a large farm. She had seven children, and was living in ease and welfare of every sort when overtaken by the same calamity as her sister Nurse. Sarah, the youngest, had married twice. Her present husband was Peter Cloyse, whose name occurs in the parish records, and in various depositions which show that he was a prominent citizen. When Mr. Parris was publicly complaining of neglect in respect of firewood for the parsonage, and of lukewarmness on the part of the hearers of his services, 'Landlord Nurse' was a member of the committee who had to deal with him; and his relatives were probably among the majority who were longing for Mr. Parris's apparently inevitable departure. In these circumstances, it was not altogether surprising that 'the afflicted children' trained in the parsonage parlour ventured, after their first successes, to name the honoured 'Goody Nurse' as one of the allies lately acquired by Satan. They saw her here, there, and everywhere, when she was sitting quietly at home; they saw her biting the black servants, choking, pinching, pricking women and children; and if she was examined, devil's marks would doubtless be found upon her. She *was* examined by a jury of her own sex. Neither the testimony of her sisters and daughters as to her infirmities, nor the disgust of decent neighbours, nor the commonest suggestions of reason and feeling, availed to

save her from the injury of being reported to have what the witnesses were looking for.

We have a glimpse of her in her home when the first conception of her impending fate opened upon her. Four esteemed persons, one of whom was her brother-in-law, Mr. Cloyse, made the following deposition, in the prospect of the victim being dragged before the public:—

'We whose names are underwritten being desired to go to Goodman Nurse, his house, to speak with his wife, and to tell her that several of the afflicted persons mentioned her; and accordingly we went, and we found her in a weak and low condition in body as she told us, and had been sick almost a week. And we asked how it was otherwise with her; and she said she blessed God for it, she had more of his presence in this sickness than sometime she have had, but not so much as she desired; but she would, with the apostle, press forward to the mark: and many other places of Scripture to the like purpose. And then of her own accord she began to speak of the affliction that was amongst them, and in particular of Mr. Parris his family, and how she was grieved for them, though she had not been to see them, by reason of fits that she formerly used to have; for people said it was awful to behold: but she pitied them with all her heart, and went to God for them. But she said she heard that there was persons spoke of that were as innocent as she was, she believed: and after much to this purpose, we told her we heard that she was spoken of also. "Well," she said, "if it be so, the will of the Lord be done:" she sat still awhile, being as it were amazed; and then she said, "Well, as to this thing I am as innocent as the child unborn; but surely," she said, "what sin hath God found out in me unrepented of, that he should lay such an affliction upon me in my old age?" and, according to our best observation, we could not discern that she knew what we came for before we told her.

'ISRAEL PORTER, | DANIEL ANDREW,
'ELIZABETH PORTER, | PETER CLOYSE.'

On the 22nd of March, she was brought into the thronged meeting-house to be accused before the magistrates, and to answer as she best could. We must pass over those painful pages, where nonsense, spasms of hysteria, new and strange to their Worships, cunning, cruelty, blasphemy, indecency turned the house of prayer into a hell for the time. The aged woman could explain nothing. She simply asserted her innocence, and supposed that some evil spirit was at work. One thing more she could do—she could endure with calmness malice and injustice, which are too much for our composure at a distance of nearly two centuries. She felt the *animus* of her enemies, and she pointed out how they perverted whatever she said;

but no impatient word escaped her. She was evidently as perplexed as anybody present. When weary and disheartened, and worn out with the noise and the numbers and the hysterics of the 'afflicted,' her head drooped on one shoulder. Immediately all the 'afflicted' had twisted necks, and rude hands seized her head to set it upright, 'lest other necks should be broken 'by her ill offices.' Everything went against her, and the result was what had been hoped by the agitators. The venerable matron was carried to jail, and put in irons.

Now Mr. Parris's time had arrived, and he broadly accused her of murder, employing for the purpose a fitting instrument —Mrs. Ann Putnam, the mother of one of the afflicted children, and herself of highly nervous temperament, undisciplined mind, and absolute devotedness to her pastor. Her deposition, preceded by a short one of Mr. Parris, will show the quality of the evidence on which judicial murder was inflicted:—

'Mr. Parris gave in a deposition against her; from which it appears, that, a certain person being sick, Mercy Lewis was sent for. She was struck dumb on entering the chamber. She was asked to hold up her hand, if she saw any of the witches afflicting the patient. Presently she held up her hand, then fell into a trance; and after a while, coming to herself, said that she saw the spectre of Goody Nurse and Goody Carrier having hold of the head of the sick man. Mr. Parris swore to this statement with the utmost confidence in Mercy's declarations.' (Vol. ii. p. 275.)

. . . . . .

'"The deposition of Ann Putnam, the wife of Thomas Putnam, aged about thirty years, who testifieth and saith, that on March 18, 1692, I being wearied out in helping to tend my poor afflicted child and maid, about the middle of the afternoon I lay me down on the bed to take a little rest; and immediately I was almost pressed and choked to death, that had it not been for the mercy of a gracious God and the help of those that were with me, I could not have lived many moments; and presently I saw the apparition of Martha Corey, who did torture me so as I cannot express, ready to tear me all to pieces, and then departed from me a little while; but, before I could recover strength or well take breath, the apparition of Martha Corey fell upon me again with dreadful tortures, and hellish temptation to go along with her. And she also brought to me a little red book in her hand and a black pen, urging me vehemently to write in her book; and several times that day she did most grievously torture me, almost ready to kill me. And on the 19th of March, Martha Corey again appeared to me; and also Rebecca Nurse, the wife of Francis Nurse Sr.; and they both did torture me a great many times this day with such tortures as no tongue can express, because I would not yield to their hellish temptations, that, had I not been upheld by an Almighty arm, I could not have lived while night.

The 20th March, being Sabbath-day, I had a great deal of respite between my fits. 21st of March being the day of the examination of Martha Corey, I had not many fits, though I was very weak; my strength being, as I thought, almost gone: but, on 22nd of March, 1692, the apparition of Rebecca Nurse did again set upon me in a most dreadful manner, very early in the morning, as soon as it was well light. And now she appeared to me only in her shift, and brought a little red book in her hand, urging me vehemently to write in her book; and, because I would not yield to her hellish temptations, she threatened to tear my soul out of my body, blasphemously denying the blessed God, and the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul; and denying several places of Scripture, which I told her of, to repel her hellish temptations. And for near two hours together, at this time, the apparition of Rebecca Nurse did tempt and torture me, and also the greater part of this day, with but very little respite. 23rd of March, am again afflicted by the apparitions of Rebecca Nurse and Martha Corey, but chiefly by Rebecca Nurse. 24th of March, being the day of the examination of Rebecca Nurse, I was several times afflicted in the morning by the apparition of Rebecca Nurse, but most dreadfully tortured by her in the time of her examination, insomuch that the honoured magistrates gave my husband leave to carry me out of the meeting-house; and, as soon as I was carried out of the meeting-house doors, it pleased Almighty God, for his free grace and mercy's sake, to deliver me out of the paws of those roaring lions, and jaws of those tearing bears, that, ever since that time, they have not had power so to afflict me until this May 31, 1692. At the same moment that I was hearing my evidence read by the honoured magistrates, to take my oath, I was again re-assaulted and tortured by my before-mentioned tormentor, Rebecca Nurse." "The testimony of Ann Putnam Jr. witnesseth and saith, that, being in the room where her mother was afflicted, she saw Martha Corey, Sarah Cloyse, and Rebecca Nurse, or their apparition, upon her mother."

'Mrs. Ann Putnam made another deposition under oath at the same trial, which shows that she was determined to overwhelm the prisoner by the multitude of her charges. She says that Rebecca Nurse's apparition declared to her that "she had killed Benjamin Houlton, John Fuller, and Rebecca Shepard;" and that she and her sister Cloyse, and Edward Bishop's wife, had killed young John Putnam's child; and she further deposed as followeth:—"Immediately there did appear to me six children in winding-sheets, which called me aunt, which did most grievously affright me; and they told me that they were my sister Baker's children of Boston; and that Goody Nurse, and Mistress Corey of Charlestown, and an old deaf woman at Boston, had murdered them, and charged me to go and tell these things to the magistrates, or else they would tear me to pieces, for their blood did cry for vengeance. Also there appeared to me my own sister Bayley and three of her children in winding-sheets, and told me that Goody Nurse had murdered them."' (Vol. ii. p. 278.)

All the efforts made to procure testimony against the venerable gentlewoman's character issued in a charge that she had so 'railed at' a neighbour for allowing his pigs to get into her field that, some short time after, early in the morning, he had a sort of fit in his own entry, and languished in health from that day, and died in a fit at the end of the summer. 'He 'departed this life by a cruel death,' murdered by Goody Nurse. The jury did not consider this ground enough for hanging the old lady, who had been the ornament of their church, and the glory of their village and its society. Their verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Not for a moment, however, could the prisoner and her family hope that their trial was over. The outside crowd clamoured; the 'afflicted' howled and struggled; one judge declared himself dissatisfied; another promised to have her indicted anew; and the Chief Justice pointed out a phrase of the prisoner's which might be made to signify that she was one of the accused gang in guilt, as well as in jeopardy. It might really seem as if the authorities were all drivelling together when we see the ingenuity and persistence with which they discussed those three words, 'of 'our company.' Her remonstrance ought to have moved them:—

'I intended no otherwise than as they were prisoners with us, and therefore did then, and yet do, judge them not legal evidence against their fellow-prisoners. And I being something hard of hearing and full of grief, none informing me how the Court took up my words, therefore had no opportunity to declare what I intended when I said they were of our company.' (Vol. ii. p. 285.)

The foreman of the jury would have taken the favourable view of this matter, and have allowed full consideration, while other jurymen were eager to recall the mistake of their verdict; but the prisoner's silence, from failing to hear when she was expected to explain, turned the foreman against her, and caused him to declare, 'whereupon these words were to me a 'principal evidence against her.' Still, it seemed too monstrous to hang her. After her condemnation, the Governor reprieved her; probably on the ground of the illegality of setting aside the first verdict of the jury, in the absence of any new evidence. But the outcry against mercy was so fierce that the Governor withdrew his reprieve.

On the next Sunday, there was a scene in the church, the record of which was afterwards annotated by the church members in a spirit of grief and humiliation. After sacrament the elders propounded to the church, and the congregation unanimously agreed, that Sister Nurse, being convicted as a

witch by the court, should be excommunicated in the afternoon of the same day. The place was thronged; the reverend elders were in the pulpit; the deacons presided below; the sheriff and his officers brought in the witch, and led her up the broad aisle, her chains clanking as she moved. As she stood in the middle of the aisle, the Reverend Mr. Noyes pronounced her sentence of expulsion from the Church on earth, and from all hope of salvation hereafter. As she had given her soul to Satan, she was delivered over to him for ever. She was aware that every eye regarded her with horror and hate, unapproached under any other circumstances; but it appears that she was able to sustain it. She was still calm and at peace on that day, and during the fortnight of final waiting. When the time came, she traversed the streets of Salem between houses in which she had been an honoured guest, and surrounded by well-known faces; and then there was the hard task, for her aged limbs, of climbing the rocky and steep path on Witches' Hill to the place where the gibbets stood in a row, and the hangman was waiting for her, and for Sarah Good, and several more of whom Salem chose to be rid that day. It was the 19th of July 1692. The bodies were put out of the way on the hill, like so many dead dogs; but this one did not remain there long. By pious hands it was—nobody knew when—brought home to the domestic cemetery, where the next generation pointed out the grave, next to her husband's, and surrounded by those of her children. As for her repute, Hutchinson, the historian, tells us that even excommunication could not permanently disgrace her. 'Her life and conversation had been such, that the re-'membrance thereof, in a short time after, wiped off all the 'reproach occasioned by the civil or ecclesiastical sentence 'against her.' (Vol. ii. p. 292.)

Thus much comfort her husband had till he died in 1695. In a little while none of his eight children remained unmarried, and he wound up his affairs. He gave over the homestead to his son Samuel, and divided all he had among the others, reserving only a mare and her saddle, some favourite articles of furniture, and 14*l.* a year, with a right to call on his children for any further amount that might be needful. He made no will, and his children made no difficulties, but tended his latter days, and laid him in his own ground, when at seventy-seven years old he died.

In 1711, the authorities of the Province, sanctioned by the Council of Queen Anne, proposed such reparation as their heart and conscience suggested. They made a grant to the representatives of Rebecca Nurse of 25*l.*! In the following

year, something better was done, on the petition of the son Samuel who inhabited the homestead. A church meeting was called; the facts of the excommunication of twenty years before were recited, and a reversal was proposed, 'the General 'Court having taken off the attainder, and the testimony on 'which she was convicted being not now so satisfactory to 'ourselves and others as it was generally in that hour of dark-'ness and temptation.' The remorseful congregation blotted out the record in the church book, 'humbly requesting that 'the merciful God would pardon whatsoever sin, error, or 'mistake was in the application of that censure, and of the 'whole affair, through our merciful High Priest, who knoweth 'how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those that are 'out of the way.' (Vol. ii. p. 483.)

Such was the fate of Rebecca, the eldest of the three sisters. Mary, the next—once her playmate on the sands at Yarmouth, in the old country—was her companion to the last, in love and destiny. Mrs. Easty was arrested, with many other accused persons, on the 21st of April, while her sister was in jail in irons. The testimony against her was a mere repetition of the charges of torturing, strangling, pricking and pinching Mr. Parris's young friends, and rendering them dumb, or blind, or mazed. Mrs. Easty was evidently so astonished and perplexed by the assertions of the children, that the magistrates inquired of the voluble witnesses whether they might not be mistaken. As they were positive, and Mrs. Easty could say only that she supposed it was 'a bad spirit,' but did not know 'whether 'it was witchcraft or not,' there was nothing to be done but to send her to prison and put her in irons. The next we hear of her is that on the 18th of May she was free. The authorities, it seems, would not detain her on such evidence as was offered. She was at large for two days, and no more. The convulsions and tortures of the children returned instantly, on the news being told of Goody Easty being abroad again; and the ministers, and elders, and deacons, and all the zealous antagonists of Satan went to work so vigorously to get up a fresh case, that they bore down all before them. Mercy Lewis was so near death under the hands of Mrs. Easty's apparition that she was crying out 'Dear Lord! receive my soul!' and thus there was clearly no time to be lost; and this choking and convulsion, says an eminent citizen, acting as a witness, 'occurred very 'often until such time as we understood Mary Easty was laid 'in irons.'

There she was lying when her sister Nurse was tried, excommunicated, and executed; and to the agony of all this

was added the arrest of her sister Sarah, Mrs. Cloyse. But she had such strength as kept her serene up to the moment of her death on the gibbet on the 22nd of September following. We would fain give, if we had room, the petition of the two sisters, Mrs. Easty and Mrs. Cloyse, to the court, when their trial was pending; but we can make room only for the last clause of its reasoning and remonstrance.

'Thirdly, that the testimony of witches, or such as are afflicted as is supposed by witches, may not be improved to condemn us without other legal evidence concurring. We hope the honoured Court and jury will be so tender of the lives of such as we are, who have for many years lived under the unblemished reputation of Christianity, as not to condemn them without a fair and equal hearing of what may be said for us as well as against us. And your poor suppliants shall be bound always to pray, &c.' (Vol. ii. p. 326.)

Still more affecting is the Memorial of Mrs. Easty when under sentence of death, and fully aware of the hopelessness of her case. She addresses the judges, the magistrates, and the reverend ministers, imploring them to consider what they are doing, and how far their course in regard to accused persons is consistent with the principles and rules of justice. She asks nothing for herself; she is satisfied with her own innocency, and certain of her doom on earth and her hope in heaven. What she desires is to induce the authorities to take time, to use caution in receiving, and strictness in sifting testimony; and so shall they ascertain the truth, and absolve the innocent, the blessing of God being upon their conscientious endeavours. We do not know of any effect produced by her warning and remonstrance; but we find her case estimated, twenty years afterwards, as meriting a compensation of 20*l.*! Before setting forth from the jail to the Witches' Hill, on the day of her death, she serenely bade farewell to her husband, her many children, and her friends, some of whom related afterwards that 'her sayings were as serious, religious, distinct, and affectionate 'as could well be expressed, drawing tears from the eyes of 'almost all present.'

The third of this family of dignified gentlewomen seems to have had a keener sensibility than her sisters, or a frame less strong to endure the shocks prepared and inflicted by the malice of the enemy. Some of the incidents of her implication in the great calamity are almost too moving to be dwelt on, even in a remote time and country. Mrs. Cloyse drew ill will upon herself at the outset by doing as her brother and sister Nurse did. They all absented themselves from the examin-

ations in the church, and, when the interruptions of the services became too flagrant, from Sabbath worship; and they said they took that course because they disapproved of the permission given to the profanation of the place and the service. They were communicants, and persons of consideration, both in regard to character and position; and their quiet disapprobation of the proceedings of the ministers and their company of accusers subjected them to the full fury of clerical wrath and womanish spite. When the first examination of Mrs. Nurse took place, Mrs. Cloyse was of course overwhelmed with horror and grief. The next Sunday, however, was Sacrament Sunday; and she and her husband considered it their duty to attend the ordinance. The effort to Mrs. Cloyse was so great that when Mr. Parris gave out his text 'One of you is a devil. He spake of Judas Iscariot,' &c., and when he opened his discourse with references in his special manner to the transactions of the week, the afflicted sister of the last victim could not endure the outrage. She left the meeting. There was a fresh wind, and the door slammed as she went out, fixing the attention of all present, just as Mr. Parris could have desired. She had not to wait long for the consequences. On the 4th of April she was apprehended with several others; and on the 11th her examination took place, the questions being framed to suit the evidence known to be forthcoming, and Mr. Parris being the secretary for the occasion. The witness in one case was asked whether she saw a company eating and drinking at Mr. Parris's, and she replied, as expected, that she did. 'What were they eating 'and drinking?' Of course, it was the Devil's sacrament; and Mr. Parris, by leading questions, brought out the testimony that about forty persons partook of that hell-sacrament, Mrs. Cloyse and Sarah Good being the two deacons! When accused of the usual practices of cruelty to these innocent suffering children, and to the ugly, hulking Indian slave, who pretended to show the marks of her teeth, Mrs. Cloyse gave some vent to her feelings. 'When did I hurt thee?' 'A great many times,' said the Indian. 'O, you are a grievous liar!' exclaimed she. But the wrath gave way under the soul-sickness which overcame her when charged with biting and pinching a black man, and throttling children, and serving their blood at the blasphemous supper. Her sisters in prison, her husband accused with her, and young girls—mere children—now manifesting a devilish cruelty to her, who had felt nothing but goodwill to them—she could not sustain herself before the assembly whose eyes were upon her. She sank down, calling for water. She

fainted on the floor, and some of the accusing children cried out, 'Oh! her spirit has gone to prison to her sister Nurse!' From that examination she was herself carried to prison.

When she joined her sister Easty in the petition to the Court in the next summer, she certainly had no idea of escaping the gallows; but it does not appear that she was ever brought to trial. Mr. Parris certainly never relented; for we find him from time to time torturing the feelings of this and every other family whom he supposed to be anything but affectionate to him. Some of the incidents would be almost incredible to us if they were not recorded in the church and parish books, in Mr. Parris's own distinct handwriting.

On the 14th of August, when the corpse of Rebecca Nurse was lying among the rocks on the Witches' Hill, and her two sisters were in irons in Boston jail (for Boston had now taken the affair out of the hands of the unaided Salem authorities), and his predecessor, Mr. Burroughs, was awaiting his execution, Mr. Parris invited his church members to remain after service to hear something that he had to say. He had to point out to the vigilance of the church that Samuel Nurse, the son of Rebecca, and his wife, and Peter Cloyse and certain others, of late had failed to join the brethren at the Lord's table, and had, except Samuel Nurse, rarely appeared at ordinary worship. These outraged and mourning relatives of the accused sisters were decreed to be visited by certain pious representatives of the church, and the reason of their absence to be demanded. The minister, the two deacons, and a chief member were appointed to this fearful task. The report delivered in on the 31st of August, was:—

'Brother Tarbell proves sick, unmeet for discourse; Brother Cloyse hard to be found at home, being often with his wife in prison at Ipswich for witchcraft; and Brother Samuel Nurse, and sometimes his wife, attends our public meeting, and he the sacrament, 11th of September, 1692: upon all which we choose to wait further.' (Vol. ii. p. 486.)

This decision to pause was noted as the first token of the decline of the power of the ministers. Mr. Parris was sorely unwilling to yield even this much advantage to Satan—that is, to family affection and instinct of justice. But his position was further lowered by the departure from the parish of some of the most eminent members of its society. Mr. Cloyse never brought his family to the Village again, when his wife was once out of prison; and the name disappears from the history of Salem.

We have sketched the life of one family out of many, and

we will leave the rest for such of our readers as may choose to learn more. Some of the statements in the book before us disclose a whole family history in a few words; as the following, in relation to John Procter and his wife:—

'The bitterness of the prosecutors against Procter was so vehement, that they not only arrested, and tried to destroy, his wife and all his family above the age of infancy, in Salem, but all her relatives in Lynn, many of whom were thrown into prison. The helpless children were left destitute, and the house swept of its provisions by the sheriff. Procter's wife gave birth to a child, about a fortnight after his execution. This indicates to what alone she owed her life. John Procter had spoken so boldly against the proceedings, and all who had part in them, that it was felt to be necessary to put him out of the way.' (Vol. ii. p. 312.)

The Rev. Mr. Noyes, the worthy coadjutor of Mr. Parris, refused to pray with Mr. Procter before his death, unless he would confess; and the more danger there seemed to be of a revival of pity, humility, and reason, the more zealous waxed the wrath of the pious pastors against the Enemy of Souls. When, on the fearful 22nd of September, Mr. Noyes stood looking at the execution, he exclaimed that it was a sad thing to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there! The spectacle was never seen again on Witches' Hill.

The Jacobs family was signalised by the confession of one of its members—Margaret, one of the 'afflicted' girls. She brought her grandfather to the gallows, and suffered as much as a weak, ignorant, impressionable person under evil influences could suffer from doubt and remorse. But she married well seven years afterwards—still feeling enough in regard to the past to refuse to be married by Mr. Noyes. She deserved such peace of mind as she obtained, for she retracted the confession of witchcraft which she had made, and went to prison. It was too late then to save her victims, Mr. Burroughs and her grandfather, but she obtained their full and free forgiveness. At that time this was the condition of the family:—

'No account has come to us of the deportment of George Jacobs, Sr., at his execution. As he was remarkable in life for the firmness of his mind, so he probably was in death. He had made his will before the delusion arose. It is dated January 29, 1692; and shows that he, like Procter, had a considerable estate. . . . In his infirm old age, he had been condemned to die for a crime of which he knew himself innocent, and which there is some reason to believe he did not think anyone capable of committing. He regarded the whole thing as a wicked conspiracy and absurd fabrication. He had to end his long life upon a scaffold in a week from that day. His house was desolated, and his property sequestered. His only

son, charged with the same crime, had eluded the sheriff—leaving his family, in the hurry of his flight, unprovided for—and was an exile in foreign lands. The crazy wife of that son was in prison and in chains, waiting trial on the same charge; her little children, including an unweaned infant, left in a deserted and destitute condition in the woods. The older children were scattered he knew not where, while one of them had completed the bitterness of his lot by becoming a confessor, upon being arrested with her mother as a witch. This granddaughter, Margaret, overwhelmed with fright and horror, bewildered by the statements of the accusers, and controlled probably by the arguments and arbitrary methods of address employed by her minister, Mr. Noyes—whose peculiar function in these proceedings seems to have been to drive persons accused to make confession—had been betrayed into that position, and became a confessor and accuser of others.' (Vol. ii. p. 312.)

The life and death of a prominent citizen, Giles Corey, should not be altogether passed over in a survey of such a community and such a time. He had land, and was called 'Goodman Corey;' but he was unpopular from being too rough for even so young a state of society. He was once tried for the death of a man whom he had used roughly, but he was only fined. He had strifes and lawsuits with his neighbours; but he won three wives, and there was due affection between him and his children. He was eighty years old when the Witch Delusion broke out, and was living alone with his wife Martha—a devout woman, who spent much of her time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. She spoke freely of the tricks of the children, the blindness of the magistrates, and the falling away of many from common sense and the word of God; and, while her husband attended every public meeting, she stayed at home to pray. In his fanaticism he quarrelled with her, and she was at once marked out for a victim, and one of the earliest. When visited by examiners, she smiled, and conversed with entire composure, declaring that she was no witch, and that 'she did 'not think that there were any witches.' By such sayings, and by the expressions of vexation that fell from her husband, and the fanaticism of two of her four sons-in-law, she was soon brought to extremity. But her husband was presently under accusation too; and much amazed he evidently was at his position. His wife was one of the eight 'firebrands of hell' whom Mr. Noyes saw swung off on the 22nd of September. 'Martha 'Corey,' said the record, 'protesting her innocency, concluded 'her life with an eminent prayer on the scaffold.' Her husband had been supposed certain to die in the same way; but he had chosen a different one. His anguish at his rash folly at the

outset of the delusion excited the strongest desire to bear testimony on behalf of his wife and other innocent persons, and to give an emphatic blessing to the two sons-in-law who had been brave and faithful in his wife's cause. He executed a deed by which he presented his excellent children with his property in honour of their mother's memory; and, aware that if tried he would be condemned and executed, and his property forfeited, he resolved not to plead, and to submit to the consequence of standing mute. Old as he was, he endured it. He stood mute, and the court had, as the authorities believed, no alternative. He was pressed to death, as devoted husbands and fathers were, here and there, in the Middle Ages, when they chose to save their families from the consequences of attainder by dying untried. We will not sicken our readers with the details of the slow, cruel, and disgusting death. He bore it, only praying for heavier weights to shorten his agony. Such a death and such a testimony, and the execution of his wife two days later, weighed on every heart in the community; and no revival of old charges against the rough colonist had any effect in the presence of such an act as his last. He was long believed to haunt the places where he lived and died; and the attempt made by the ministers and one of their 'afflicted' agents to impress the church and society with a vision which announced his damnation, was a complete failure. Cotton Mather showed that Ann Putnam had received a divine communication, proving Giles Corey a murderer; and Ann Putnam's father laid the facts before the judge; but it was too late now for visions, and for insinuations to the judges, and for clerical agitation to have any success. Brother Noyes hurried on a church meeting while Giles Corey was actually lying under the weights, to excommunicate him for witchcraft on the one hand, or suicide on the other; and the ordinance was passed. But it was of no avail against the rising tide of reason and sympathy. This was the last vision, and the last attempt to establish one in Salem, if not in the Province. It remained for Mr. Noyes, and the Mathers, and Mr. Parris, and every clergyman concerned, to endure the popular hatred and their own self-questioning for the rest of their days. The lay authorities were stricken with remorse and humbled with grief: but their share of the retribution was more endurable than that of the pastors who had proved so wolfish towards their flocks.

In that month of September 1692, they believed themselves in the thick of 'the fight between the Devil and the Lamb.' Cotton Mather was nimble and triumphant on the Witches'

Hill whenever there were 'firebrands of hell' swinging there; and they all hoped to do much good work for the Lord yet, for they had lists of suspected persons in their pockets, who must be brought into the courts month by month, and carted off to the Hill. One of the gayest and most complacent letters on the subject of this 'fight' in the correspondence of Cotton Mather is dated on the 20th of September 1692, within a month of the day when he was improving the occasion at the foot of the gallows where the former pastor, Rev. George Burroughs, and four others were hung. In the interval fifteen more received sentence of death; Giles Corey had died his fearful death the day before; and in two days after, Corey's widow and seven more were hanged. Mather, Noyes, and Parris had no idea that these eight would be the last. But so it was. Thus far, one only had escaped after being made sure of in the courts. The married daughter of a clergyman had been condemned, was reprieved by the Governor, and was at last discharged on the ground of the insufficiency of the evidence. Henceforth, after that fearful September day, no evidence was found sufficient. The accusers had grown too audacious in their selection of victims; their clerical patrons had become too openly determined to give no quarter. The Rev. Francis Dane signed memorials to the Legislature and the Courts on the 18th of October, against the prosecutions. He had reason to know something about them, for we hear of nine at least of his children, grandchildren, relatives, and servants who had been brought under accusation. He pointed out the snare by which the public mind, as well as the accused themselves, had been misled—the escape afforded to such as would confess. When one spoke out, others followed. When a reasonable explanation was afforded, ordinary people were only too thankful to seize upon it. Though the prisons were filled, and the courts occupied over and over again, there were no more horrors; the accused were all acquitted; and in the following May, Sir William Phipps discharged all the prisoners by proclamation. 'Such a jail-delivery has never been known 'in New England,' is the testimony handed down. The Governor was aware that the clergy, magistrates, and judges, hitherto active, were full of wrath at his course; but public opinion now demanded a reversal of the administration of the last fearful year.

As to the striking feature of the case—the confessions of so large a proportion of the accused—Mr. Upham manifests the perplexity which we encounter in almost all narrators of similar scenes. In all countries and times in which trials for witch-

craft have taken place, we find the historians dealing anxiously with the question—how it could happen that so many persons declared themselves guilty of an impossible offence, when the confession must seal their doom? The solution most commonly offered is one that may apply to a case here and there, but certainly cannot be accepted as disposing of any large number. It is assumed that the victim preferred being killed at once to living on under suspicion, insult, and ill-will, under the imputation of having dealt with the Devil. Probable as this may be in the case of a stout-hearted, reasoning, forecasting person possessed of nerve to carry out a policy of suicide, it can never be believed of any considerable proportion of the ordinary run of old men and women charged with sorcery. The love of life and the horror of a cruel death at the hands of the mob or of the hangman are too strong to admit of a deliberate sacrifice so bold, on the part of terrified and distracted old people like the vast majority of the accused; while the few of a higher order, clearer in mind and stronger in nerve, would not be likely to effect their escape from an unhappy life by a lie of the utmost conceivable gravity. If, in the Salem case, life was saved by confession towards the last, it was for a special reason; and it seems to be a singular instance of such a mode of escape. Some other mode of explanation is needed; and the observations of modern inquiry supply it. There can be no doubt now that the sufferers under nervous disturbances, the subjects of abnormal conditions, found themselves in possession of strange faculties, and thought themselves able to do new and wonderful things. When urged to explain how it was, they could only suppose, as so many of the Salem victims did, that it was by 'some 'evil spirit;' and except where there was such an intervening agency as Mr. Parris's 'circle,' the only supposition was that the intercourse between the Evil Spirit and themselves was direct. It is impossible even now to witness the curious phenomena of somnambulism and catalepsy without a keen sense of how natural and even inevitable it was for similar subjects of the Middle Ages and in Puritan times to believe themselves ensnared by Satan, and actually endowed with his gifts, and to confess their calamity, as the only relief to their scared and miserable minds. This explanation seems not to have occurred to Mr. Upham; and, for want of it, he falls into great amazement at the elaborate artifice with which the sufferers invented their confessions, and adapted them to the state of mind of the authorities and the public. With the right key in his hand, he would have seen only what was simple and natural where he now bids us marvel at the pitch of artful-

ness and skill attained by poor wretches scared out of their natural wits.

The spectacle of the ruin that was left is very melancholy. Orphan children were dispersed; homes were shut up, and properties lost; and what the temper was in which these transactions left the churches and the Village, and the society of the towns, the pastors and the flocks, the Lord's table, the social gathering, the justice hall, the market, and every place where men were wont to meet, we can conceive. It was evidently long before anything like a reasonable and genial temper returned to society in and about Salem. The acknowledgments of error made long after were half-hearted, and so were the expressions of grief and pity in regard to the intolerable woes of the victims. It is scarcely intelligible how the admissions on behalf of the wronged should have been so reluctant, and the sympathy with the devoted love of their nearest and dearest so cold. We must cite what Mr. Upham says in honour of these last, for such solace is needed: —

'While, in the course of our story, we have witnessed some shocking instances of the violation of the most sacred affections and obligations of life, in husbands and wives, parents and children, testifying against each other, and exerting themselves for mutual destruction, we must not overlook the many instances in which filial, parental, and fraternal fidelity and love have shone conspicuously. It was dangerous to befriend an accused person. Procter stood by his wife to protect her, and it cost him his life. Children protested against the treatment of their parents, and they were all thrown into prison. Daniel Andrew, a citizen of high standing, who had been deputy to the General Court, asserted, in the boldest language, his belief of Rebecca Nurse's innocence; and he had to fly the country to save his life. Many devoted sons and daughters clung to their parents, visited them in prison in defiance of a bloodthirsty mob; kept by their side on the way to execution; expressed their love, sympathy, and reverence to the last; and, by brave and perilous enterprise, got possession of their remains, and bore them back under the cover of midnight to their own thresholds, and to graves kept consecrated by their prayers and tears. One noble young man is said to have effected his mother's escape from the jail, and secreted her in the woods until after the delusion had passed away, provided food and clothing for her, erected a wigwam for her shelter, and surrounded her with every comfort her situation would admit of. The poor creature must, however, have endured a great amount of suffering; for one of her larger limbs was fractured in the all but desperate attempt to rescue her from the prison walls.' (Vol. ii. p. 348.)

The act of reversal of attainder, passed early in the next century, tells us that 'some of the principal accusers and wit-

'nesses in those dark and severe prosecutions have since dis-'covered themselves to be persons of profligate and vicious 'conversation;' and on other authority we are assured that, 'not without spot before, they became afterwards abandoned 'to open vice.' This was doubtless true of some; but of many it was not; and of this we shall have a word to say presently.

Mr. Parris's parsonage soon went to ruin, as did some of the dwellings of the 'afflicted' children who learned and practised certain things in his house which he afterwards pronounced to be arts of Satan, and declared to have been pursued without his knowledge, and with the cognisance of only his servants (John and Tituba, the Indian and the negress). Barn, and well, and garden disappeared in a sorry tract of rough ground, and the dwelling became a mere handful of broken bricks. The narrative of the pastor's struggles and devices to retain his pulpit is very interesting; but they are not related to our object here; and all we need say is, that three sons and sons-in-law of Mrs. Nurse measured their strength against his, and, without having said an intemperate or superfluous word, or swerved from the strictest rules of congregational action, sent him out of the parish. He finally opined that 'evil angels' had been permitted to tempt him and his coadjutors on either hand; he admitted that some mistakes had been made; and, said he, 'I 'do humbly own this day, before the Lord and his people, that 'God has been righteously spitting in my face; and I desire 'to lie low under all this reproach,' &c.; but the remonstrants could not again sit under his ministry, and his brethren in the Province did not pretend to exculpate him altogether. He buried his wife—against whom no record remains—and departed with his children, the eldest of whom, the playfellow of the 'afflicted' children, he had sent away before she had taken harm in the 'circle.' He drifted from one small outlying congregation to another, neglected and poor, restless and untamed, though mortified, till he died in 1720. Mr. Noyes died somewhat earlier. He is believed not to have undergone much change, as to either his views or his temper. He was a kind-hearted and amiable man when nothing came in the way; but he could hold no terms with Satan; and in this he insisted to the last that he was right.

Cotton Mather was the survivor of the other two. He died in 1728; and he never was happy again after that last batch of executions. He trusted to his merits, and the genius he exhibited under that onslaught of Satan to raise him to the highest post of clerical power in the Province, and to make him

—what he desired above all else—President of Harvard University. Mr. Upham presents us with a remarkable meditation written by the unhappy man, so simple and ingenuous that it is scarcely possible to read it gravely; but the reader is not the less sensible of his misery. The argument is a sort of remonstrance with God on the recompense his services have met with. He has been appointed to serve the world, and the world does not regard him; the negroes, and (who could believe it?) the negroes are named Cotton Mather in contempt of him; the wise, and the wise despise him; the company, by edifying conversation, and in every company he is avoided and left alone; the female sex, and they speak basely of him; his relatives, and they are such monsters that he may truly say, 'I am a brother to dragons;' the Government, and it heaps indignities upon him; the University, and, if he were a blockhead, it could not treat him worse than it does. He is to serve all whom he can aid, and nobody ever does anything for him; he is to serve all to whom he can be a helpful and happy minister, and yet he is the most afflicted minister in the country: and many consider his afflictions to be so many miscarriages, and his sufferings in proportion to his sins. There was no popularity or power for him, from the hour when he stood to see his brother Burroughs put to death on the Hill. He seems never to have got over his surprise at his own failures; but he sank into deeper mortification and a more childish peevishness to the end.

Of only one of the class of express accusers—of the 'afflicted' —will we speak; but not because she was the only one reclaimed. One bewildered child we have described as remorseful, and brave in her remorse; and others married as they would hardly have done if they had been among the 'profligate.' Ann Putnam's case remains the most prominent, and the most pathetic. She was twelve years old when the 'circle' at Mr. Parris's was formed. She had no check from her parents, but much countenance and encouragement from her morbidly-disposed mother. She has the bad distinction of having been the last of the witnesses to declare a 'vision' against a suspected person; but, on the other hand, she has the honour, such as it is, of having striven to humble herself before the memory of her victims. When she was nineteen her father died, and her mother followed within a fortnight, leaving the poor girl, in bad health and with scanty means, to take care of a family of children so large that there were eight, if not more, dependent on her. No doubt she was aided, and she did what she could; but she died worn-out at the age of thirty-

six. Ten years before that date she made her peace with the Church and society by offering a public confession in the meeting-house. In order to show what it was that the accusers did admit, we must make room for Ann Putnam's confession:—

'"I desire to be humbled before God for that sad and humbling providence that befell my father's family in the year about '92; that I, then being in my childhood, should, by such a providence of God, be made the instrument for the accusing of several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom now I have just grounds and good reason to believe they were innocent persons; and that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time, whereby I justly fear that I have been instrumental with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood; though what was said or done by me against any person I can truly and uprightly say, before God and man, I did it not out of any anger, malice, or ill-will to any person, for I had no such thing against one of them; but what I did was ignorantly, being deluded by Satan. And particularly, as I was a chief instrument of accusing Goodwife Nurse and her two sisters, I desire to lie in the dust, and to be humbled for it, in that I was a cause, with others, of so sad a calamity to them and their families; for which cause I desire to lie in the dust, and earnestly beg forgiveness of God, and from all those unto whom I have given just cause of sorrow and offence, whose relations were taken away or accused. (Signed) Ann Putnam."

'This confession was read before the congregation, together with her relation, August 25, 1706; and she acknowledged it.

'J. Green, *Pastor*.' (Vol. ii. p. 510.)

The most agreeable picture ever afforded by this remarkable community is that which our eyes rest on at the close of the story. One of the church-members had refused to help to send Mr. Parris away, on the ground that the Village had had four pastors, and had gone through worse strifes with every one; but he saw a change of scene on the advent of the fifth. The Rev. Joseph Green was precisely the man for the place and occasion. He was young—only two-and-twenty—and full of hope and cheerfulness, while sobered by the trials of the time. He had a wife and infants, and some private property, so that he could at once plant down a happy home among his people, without any injurious dependence on them. While exemplary in clerical duty, he encouraged an opposite tone of mind to that which had prevailed—put all the devils out of sight, promoted pigeon-shooting and fishing, and headed the young men in looking after hostile Indians. Instead of being jealous at the uprising of new churches, he went to lay the

foundations, and invited the new brethren to his home. He promoted the claims of the sufferers impoverished by the recent social convulsion; he desired to bury, not only delusions, but ill offices in silence; and by his hospitality he infused a cheerful social spirit into his stricken people. The very business of 'seating' the congregation was so managed under his ministry as that members of the sinning and suffering families—members not in too direct an antagonism—were brought together for prayer, singing, and Sabbath-greeting, forgiving and forgetting as far as was possible. Thus did this excellent pastor create a new scene of peace and goodwill, which grew brighter for eighteen years, when he died at the age of forty. At the earliest moment that was prudent, he induced his church to cancel the excommunication of Rebecca Nurse and Giles Corey. It was ten years more before the hard and haughty mother church in Salem would do its part; but Mr. Green had the satisfaction of seeing that record also cleansed of its foul stains three years before his death. Judge Sewall had before made his penitential acknowledgment of proud error in full assembly, and had resumed his seat on the bench amidst the forgiveness and respect of society; Chief Justice Stoughton had retired from the courts in obstinate rage at his conflicts with Satan having been cut short; the physicians hoped they should have no more patients 'under the evil hand,' to make them look foolish and feel helpless; and the Tragedy was over. There were doubtless secret tears and groans, horrors of shame and remorse by night and by day, and indignant removal of the bones of the murdered from outcast graves, and abstraction of painful pages from books of record, and much stifling of any conversation which could grow into tradition. The Tragedy was, no doubt, the central interest of society, families, and individuals throughout the province for the life of one generation. Then, as silence had been kept in the homes as well as at church and market, the next generation entered upon life almost unconscious of the ghastly distinction which would attach in history to Massachusetts in general, and Salem in particular, as the scene of the Delusion and the Tragedy which showed the New World to be in essentials no wiser than the Old.

How effectually the story of that year 1692 was buried in silence is shown by a remark of Mr. Upham's—that it has been too common for the Witch Tragedy to be made a jest of, or at least to be spoken of with levity. We can have no doubt that his labours have put an end to this. It is inconceivable that there can ever again be a joke heard on the sub-

ject of Witchcraft in Salem. But this remark of our author brings us at once home to our own country, time, and experience. It suggests the question whether the lesson afforded by this singularly perfect piece of history is more or less appropriate to our own day and generation.

We have already observed that at the date of these events, the only possible explanation of the phenomena presented was the fetish solution which had in all ages been recurred to as a matter of course. In heathen times it was god, goddess, or nymph who gave knowledge, or power, or gifts of healing, or of prophecy, to men. In Christian times it was angel, or devil, or spirit of the dead; and this conception was in full force over all Christendom when the Puritan emigrants settled in New England. The celebrated sermon of the Rev. Mr. Lawson, in the work before us, discloses the elaborate doctrine held by the class of men who were supposed to know best in regard to the powers given by Satan to his agents, and the evils with which he afflicted his victims; and there was not only no reason why the pastor's hearers should question his interpretations, but no possibility that they should supply any of a different kind. The accused themselves, while unable to admit or conceive that they were themselves inspired by Satan, could propose no explanation but that the acts were done by 'some bad spirit.' And such has been the fetish tendency to this hour, through all the advance that has been made in science, and in the arts of observation and of reasoning. The fetish tendency—that of ascribing one's own consciousness to external objects, as when the dog takes a watch to be alive because it ticks, and when the savage thinks his god is angry because it thunders, and when the Puritan catechumen cries out in hysteria that Satan has set a witch to strangle her—that constant tendency to explain everything by the facts, the feelings, and the experience of the individual's own nature, is no nearer dying out now than at the time of the Salem Tragedy; and hence, in part, the seriousness and the instructiveness of this story to the present generation. Ours is the generation which has seen the spread of Spiritualism in Europe and America, a phenomenon which deprives us of all right to treat the Salem Tragedy as a jest, or to adopt a tone of superiority in compassion for the agents in that dismal drama. There are hundreds, even several thousands, of lunatics in the asylums of the United States, and not a few in our own country, who have been lodged there by the pursuit of intercourse with spirits; in other words, by ascribing to living but invisible external agents movements of their own minds. Mr. Parris remarked, in 1692,

that of old, witches were only ignorant old women; whereas, in his day, they had come to be persons of knowledge, holiness, and devotion who had been drawn into that damnation; and in our day, we hear remarks on the superior refinement of spirit intercourses, in comparison with the witch doings at Salem; but the cases are all essentially the same. In all, some peculiar and inexplicable appearances occur, and are, as a matter of course, when their reality cannot be denied, ascribed to spiritual agency. We may believe that we could never act as the citizens of Salem acted in their superstition and their fear; and this may be true; but the course of speculation is, in 'spiritual 'circles,' very much the same as in Mr. Parris' parlour.

And how much less excuse there is for our generation than for his! We are very far yet from being able to explain the well-known and indisputable facts which occur from time to time, in all countries where men abide and can give an account of themselves; such facts as the phenomena of natural somnambulism, of double consciousness, of suspended sensation while consciousness is awake, and the converse—of a wide range of intellectual and instinctive operations bearing the character of marvels to such as cannot wait for the solution. We are still far from being able to explain such mysteries, in the only true sense of the word *explaining*—that is, being able to refer the facts to the natural cause to which they belong; but we have an incalculable advantage over the people of former centuries in knowing that for all proved facts there is a natural cause; that every cause to which proved facts within our cognisance are related is destined to become known to us; and that, in the present case, we have learned in what direction to search for it, and have set out on the quest. None of us can offer even the remotest conjecture as to what the law of the common action of what we call mind and body may be. If we could, the discovery would have been already made. But, instead of necessarily assuming, as the Salem people did, that what they witnessed was the operation of spiritual upon human beings, we have, as our field of observation and study, a region undreamed of by them—the brain as an organised part of the human frame, and the nervous system, implicating more facts, more secrets, and more marvels than our forefathers attributed to the whole body.

It is very striking to hear the modern lectures on physiological subjects delivered in every capital in Europe, and to compare the calm and easy manner in which the most astonishing and the most infernal phenomena are described and discussed, with the horror and dismay that the same facts would have created, if dis-

closed by divines in churches three centuries ago. Dr. Maudsley, in his recent work on 'the Physiology and Pathology of Mind,' and other physicians occupied in his line of practice, lead us through the lunatic asylums of every country, pointing out as ordinary or extraordinary incidents the same 'afflictions' of children and other morbid persons which we read of, one after another, in the Salem story. It is a matter of course with such practitioners and authors to anticipate such phenomena when they have detected the morbid conditions which generate them. Mr. Upham himself is evidently very far indeed from understanding or suspecting how much light is thrown on the darkest part of his subject by physiological researches carried on to the hour when he laid down his pen. His view is confined almost exclusively to the theory of fraud and falsehood, as affording the true key. It is not probable that anybody disputes or doubts the existence of guilt and folly in many or all of the agents concerned. There was an antecedent probability of both in regard to Mr. Parris's slaves, and to such of the young children as they most influenced; and that kind of infection is apt to spread. Moreover, experience shows us that the special excitement of that nervous condition induces moral vagaries at least as powerfully as mental delusions. In the state of temper existing among the inhabitants of the Village when the mischievous club of girls was formed at the pastor's house, it was inevitable that, if magic was entered upon at all, it would be malignant magic. Whatever Mr. Upham has said in illustration of that aspect of the case his readers will readily agree to. But there is a good deal more, even of the imperfect notices that remain after the abstraction and destruction of the records in the shame and anguish that ensued, which we, in our new dawn of science, can perceive to be an affair of the bodily organisation. We are, therefore, obliged to him for rescuing this tremendous chapter of history from oblivion, and for the security in which he has placed the materials of evidence. In another generation the science of the human frame may have advanced far enough to elucidate some of the Salem mysteries, together with some obscure facts in all countries, which cannot be denied, while as yet they cannot be understood. When that time comes, a fearful weight of imputation will be removed from the name and fame of many agents and sufferers who have been the subjects of strange maladies and strange faculties, in all times and countries. As we are now taught the new discoveries of the several nerve-centres, and the powers which are appropriated to them; and when we observe what a severance may exist

between the so-called organ of any sense or faculty and the operation of the sense or faculty; and how infallibly ideas and emotions may be generated, and even beliefs created in minds sane and insane, by certain manipulations of the nerves and brain, we see how innocently this phenomenon may be presented in natural somnambulism. Sleepwalkers have been known in many countries, and treated of in medical records by their physicians, who could not only walk, and perform all ordinary acts in the dark as well as in the light, but who went on writing or reading without interruption though an opaque substance—a book or a slate—was interposed, and would dot the *i's* and cross the *t's* with unconscious correctness without any use of their eyes. There is a wide field of inquiry open in this direction, now that the study of the nervous system has been begun, however minute is the advance as yet.

It is needless to dwell on the objection made to the rising hopefulness in regard to the study of Man, and the mysteries of his nature. Between the multitude who have still no notion of any alternative supposition to that of possession or inspiration by spirits, or, at least, intercourse with such beings, and others who fear 'Materialism' if too close an attention is paid to the interaction of the mind and the nerves, and those who always shrink from new notions in matters so interesting, and those who fear that religion may be implicated in any slight shown to angel or devil, and those who will not see or hear any evidence whatever which lies in a direction opposite to their prejudices, we are not likely to get on too fast. But neither can the inquiry lapse under neglect. The spectacle presented now is of the same three sorts of people that appear in all satires, in all literatures, since the pursuit of truth in any mode or direction became a recognised object anywhere and under any conditions. Leaving out of view the multitude who are irrelevant to the case, from having no knowledge, and being therefore incapable of an opinion, there is the large company of the superficial and lightminded, who are always injuring the honour and beauty of truth by the levity, the impertinence, the absurdity of the enthusiasm they pretend, and the nonsense they talk about 'some new thing.' No period of society has been more familiar with that class and its mischief-making than our own. There is the other large class of the contemporaries of any discovery or special advance, who, when they can absent themselves from the scene no longer, look and listen, and bend all their efforts to hold their ground of life-long opinion, usually succeeding so far as to escape any direct admission that more is known than when they were born. These are no

ultimate hindrance. When Harvey died, no physician in Europe above the age of forty believed in the circulation of the blood; but the truth was perfectly safe; and so it will be with the case of the psychological relations of the nervous system when the present course of investigation has sustained a clearer verification and further advance. On this point we have the sayings of two truth-seekers, wise in quality of intellect, impartial and dispassionate in temper, and fearless in the pursuit of their aims. The late Prince Consort is vividly remembered for the characteristic saying which spread rapidly over the country, that he could not understand the conduct of the medical profession in England in leaving the phenomena of mesmerism to the observation of unqualified persons, instead of undertaking an inquiry which was certainly their proper business, in proportion as they professed to pursue *science*. The other authority we refer to is the late Mr. Hallam. A letter of his lies before us from which we quote a passage, familiar in its substance, doubtless, to his personal friends, to whom he always avowed the view which it presents, and well worthy of note to such readers as may not be aware of the observation and thought he devoted to the phenomena of mesmerism during the last quarter-century of his long life. 'It appears to me 'probable that the various phenomena of mesmerism, together 'with others, independent of mesmerism properly so called, 'which have lately' (the date is 1844) 'been brought to light, 'are fragments of some general law of nature which we are 'not yet able to deduce from them, merely because they are 'destitute of visible connexion—the links being hitherto want-'ing which are to display the entire harmony of effects pro-'ceeding from a single cause.'

What room is there not for hopefulness when we compare such an observation as this with Mr. Parris's dogmatical exposition of Satan's dealings with men! or when we contrast the calm and cheerful tone of the philosopher with the stubborn wrath of Chief Justice Stoughton, and with the penitential laments of Judge Sewall! We might contrast it also with the wild exultation of those of the Spiritualists of our own day who can form no conception of the modesty and patience requisite for the sincere search for truth, and who, once finding themselves surrounded by facts and appearances new and strange, assume that they have discovered a bridge over the bottomless 'gulf beyond which lies the spirit land,' and wander henceforth in a fools' paradise, despising and pitying all who are less rash, ignorant, and presumptuous than themselves. It is this company of fanatics—the first of the three classes we spoke of

—which is partly answerable for the backwardness of the second; but the blame does not rest exclusively in one quarter. There is an indolence in the medical class which is the commonest reproach against them in every age of scientific activity, and which has recently been heroically avowed and denounced in a public address by no less a member of the profession than Sir Thomas Watson.* There is a conservative reluctance to change of view or of procedure. There is also a lack of moral courage, by no means surprising in an order of men whose lives are spent in charming away troubles, and easing pains and cares, and 'making things pleasant'—by no means surprising, we admit, but exceedingly unfavourable to the acknowledgment of phenomena that are strange and facts that are unintelligible.

This brings us to the third class—the very small number of persons who are, in the matter of human progress, the salt of the earth; the few who can endure to see without understanding, to hear without immediately believing or disbelieving, to learn what they can, without any consideration of what figure they themselves shall make in the transaction; and even to be unable to reconcile the new phenomena with their own prior experience or conceptions. There is no need to describe how rare this class must necessarily be, for everyone who has eyes sees how near the passions and the prejudices of the human being lie to each other. These are the few who unite the two great virtues of earnestly studying the facts, and keeping their temper, composure, and cheerfulness, through whatever perplexity their inquiry may involve. It is remarkable that while the world is echoing all round and incessantly with the praise of the life or the man spent in following truth wherever it may lead, the world is always resounding also with the angry passions of men who resent all opinions which are not their own, and denounce with fury or with malice any countenance given to mere proposals to inquire in certain directions which they think proper to reprobate. Not only was it horrible blasphemy in Galileo to think as he did of the motion of the earth, but in his friends to look through his glass at the stars.

This Salem story is indeed shocking in every view—to our pride as rational beings, to our sympathy as human beings, to our faith as Christians, to our complacency as children of the Reformation. It is so shocking that some of us may regret that the details have been revived with such an abundance of

* Address on the Present State of Therapeutics. Delivered at the opening meeting of the Clinical Society of London, January 10, 1868. By Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., M.D.

evidence. But this is no matter of regret, but rather of congratulation, if we have not outgrown the need of admonition from the past. How does that consideration stand?

At the end of nearly three centuries we find ourselves relieved of a heavy burden of fear and care about the perpetual and unbounded malice of Satan and his agents. Witchcraft has ceased to be one of the gravest curses of the human lot. We have parted with one after another of the fetish or conjectural persuasions about our relations with the world of spirit or mind, regarded as in direct opposition to the world of matter. By a succession of discoveries we have been led to an essentially different view of life and thought from any dreamed of before the new birth of science; and at this day, and in our own metropolis, we have Sir Henry Holland telling us how certain treatment of this or that department of the nervous system will generate this or that state of belief and experience, as well as sensation. We have Dr. Carpenter disclosing facts of incalculable significance about brain-action without consciousness, and other vital mysteries. We have Dr. Maudsley showing, in the cells of the lunatic asylum, not only the very realm of Satan, as our fathers would have thought, but the discovery that it is not Satan, after all, that makes the havoc, but our own ignorance which has seduced us into a blasphemous superstition, instead of inciting us to the study of ourselves. And these are not all our teachers. Amidst the conflict of phenomena of the human mind and body, we have arrived now at the express controversy of Psychology against Physiology. Beyond the mere statement of the fact we have scarcely advanced a step. The first cannot be, with any accuracy, called a science at all, and the other is in little more than a rudimentary state; but it is no small gain to have arrived at some conception of the nature of the problem set before us, and at some liberty of hypothesis as to its conditions. In brief, and in the plainest terms, while there is still a multitude deluding and disporting itself with a false hypothesis about certain mysteries of the human mind, and claiming to have explained the marvels of Spiritualism by making an objective world of their own subjective experience, the scientific physiologists are proceeding, by observation and experiment, to penetrate more and more secrets of our intellectual and moral life.

ART. II.—1. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Founded on that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. With numerous Emendations and Additions. Parts I. to XXIV. London: 1868.

2. *A Dictionary of English Etymology.* By HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD, M.A., late Fellow of Chr. Coll. Cambridge. 3 vols. London: 1859.

3. *A Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century.* By HERBERT COLERIDGE. London: 1858.

4. *A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in Senses different from the Present.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D. Second edition, revised and improved. London: 1856.

DR. JOHNSON'S Dictionary was the first attempt at a critical review of the English language, and he is justly considered as the father of English lexicography. The substantial truth of this statement is not affected by the existence in the previous century of such learned works as those of Junius and Skinner. These works are in many respects excellent, showing industry, knowledge, and research, and, considering the state of philology at the time, often surprisingly successful in their main object, that of elucidating the derivation of English words. But they are not, either in form or substance, English dictionaries in the proper meaning of the term. In their general aspect they are rather contributions to European, or at least Teutonic etymology, derived from the special study of one of the Teutonic tongues, and in this respect may be fairly ranked with the works of Wachter, Schilter, and Kilian. The mere fact of their being written in Latin sufficiently illustrates their general position as learned works addressed to scholars at large, rather than designed for national or popular use. They are both, moreover, as their titles indicate, occupied exclusively with etymology, and etymology is only one means of illustrating the signification of words, and that not the most authoritative or direct. They no doubt supplied valuable materials to the English lexicographer, and Johnson turned them to good account, having relied, as he tells us, mainly on Skinner for his etymologies. But they are not English dictionaries. The other works claiming this title produced during the former half of the eighteenth century are in reality glossaries of foreign, archaic, and technical terms, or mere vocabularies, lists of words

without any definite or detailed illustration of their meaning. This is true not only of Blount and Phillips, Coles and Kersey, but of Bailey, whose well-known Universal Etymological Dictionary is, however, a considerable advance on its predecessors, and was avowedly the foundation of Johnson's own work. Though he added largely to the previous vocabularies, almost the only original feature of Bailey's dictionary is the number of proverbs and proverbial sayings scattered through the work, and his explanations of these are not only detailed, but often quaint, ingenious, and amusing. Neither the learned works on etymology, the miscellaneous glossaries of 'hard words,' nor the popular vocabularies for the use of schools, met the primary requirements of an English lexicon.

Johnson's work is the first dictionary of the language worthy of the name, because he first attempted to make a complete list of English words sanctioned by literary use, and to explain their meaning, not only by brief definitions but by copious literary illustrations, by examples of their actual use taken from authors of authority and repute. This last is in fact the cardinal requisite of a good dictionary. Unless it fully illustrates the meaning of words by apt and significant examples of their use, no such work can pretend to any original value or permanent authority as a lexicon of the language. It is in this respect mainly that Johnson's work constitutes an era in the scientific exposition of English words. His etymologies are often unsatisfactory, and almost always second-hand, derived, as he tells us, mainly from Junius and Skinner, eked out by suggestions from scattered and casual correspondents. Many of his definitions are, it is true, excellent, because, though disliking the drudgery of verbal exposition, he applied his mind honestly to the task, and constantly endeavoured, by generalising examples of their use, to exhibit the meaning of the more important words in the shape of a critical description or summary of their contents. But at best this kind of exposition must be imperfect, in many cases only partially developing the central conception of a significant word without attempting to seize or fix its finer shades of meaning. And Johnson confessedly fell short of what might be easily attained in this direction, some of his definitions being gratuitously obscure and almost ludicrously involved, irrelevant, and perplexing. But his literary illustrations are copious and interesting, and this new and invaluable feature, combined with the general current of good sense and critical insight running through his verbal explanations, justly gave to his elaborate review of the language the value and authority of a standard work.

But a century having elapsed since this really great work appeared, had its execution been even more perfect, it must by this time be in many respects out of date. The mere changes in a living tongue during such an interval would be sufficient to produce this result apart from any special increase in the materials for its scientific elucidation. The last half century has, however, been a period of extraordinary activity in every department of philological inquiry, and especially in those languages that help to throw most light on the origin and history of our own. The Germans are before us in this as in most other branches of special scholarship. They may almost be said indeed to have elaborated during the interval the new science of comparative philology, and to have exhausted the scientific exposition of those branches of it most directly connected with their own tongue. But the results of their labours after all are not, in our view, so valuable to the English lexicographer as they are generally supposed to be. The abundant materials these foreign scholars have accumulated and arranged for the ready comparison of kindred words in a multitude of cognate tongues, may indeed easily become a hindrance and a snare rather than a help to the English lexicographer. His main business is to elucidate fully the meaning of English words; and the cardinal condition of success in this respect is a thorough and detailed knowledge of the vernacular literature, especially at the critical period when the language attained its majority and assumed its present shape. Apart from this special knowledge, even minute and exact philological scholarship is quite as likely to lead the English critic astray as to guide him aright; and this injurious effect is, as it seems to us, apparent in one of the works at the head of our article, Mr. Wedgwood's 'Dictionary of English Etymology.' A too exclusive reliance on the suggestions and analogies of comparative philology, combined with a limited knowledge of the native literature, has not unfrequently vitiated his painstaking and in many respects successful attempt to elucidate more fully the sources of our English speech. To one thoroughly conversant with English literature in its rise and progress, as well as during its best periods, comparative philology is of course a valuable help; but, after all, it is in the fuller critical study of our own literature, especially in its early stages, rather than in the labours of foreign scholars, that the true materials for a more scientific and complete exposition of the language are to be found.

Happily these invaluable materials have largely accumulated during the last few years. To say nothing of the accomplished Anglo-Saxon scholars our own country has recently produced, the light their critical labours have thrown on the earliest

forms of our mother tongue, the more useful book societies—such as the Parker, the Camden, and the Percy—have published for the first time, and placed within the reach of students, many extremely rare, valuable, and interesting monuments of our early literature. The Record Commission has done the same, while the most recent organisation for issuing rare and archaic literary works that have hitherto been virtually inaccessible either as manuscripts or books of luxury—the Early English Text Society—is actively at work, and promises to become more generally useful than any of the older literary clubs or associations. The Saxon and semi-Saxon texts, such as those of Cædmon, the Exeter Book and Layamon's Brut, issued by the Society of Antiquaries, and valuable early works published independently of any society, such as the Ormulum, Wycliffe's Bible, and Tyndale's Testament, have all added to the rich literary stores now accumulated for illustrating the growth and progress of the language. In the presence of these new and multiplied sources of illustration, Johnson's review of the language is philologically far more behind the time than the mere date of its publication would suggest.

These ample materials, accumulated during the last half century, have hardly yet been turned to any account. Richardson's Dictionary is almost the only original contribution of any special value made to the lexicography of the language since Johnson's day, and it is marked by defects quite as striking as its excellences. The chief merit of the work lies in its full literary illustrations, which were collected by the author with great industry, and arranged with care and intelligence, for the most part in chronological order. Under many of the more important vernacular terms the number and various dates of the illustrative examples constitute something like a complete history of the term both in form and meaning, and in this respect Richardson's Dictionary is a storehouse of valuable materials to the scientific students of the language and literature. But in most other respects, in its vocabulary, derivations, and explanations, the dictionary is conspicuously meagre, imperfect, and erroneous. Even the historical illustrations might now be largely augmented from the archaic literary stores that have been opened up, as well as from the standard works both in prose and poetry that have appeared during the last quarter of a century. Todd in his edition of Johnson added largely to the vocabulary and illustrations of the original work, but the additions are often curious rather than useful, and the supplementary labour, though abundant, is wanting in method, order, and scientific insight.

This brings us to the volumes at the head of our article. Of these, the two first, the works of Mr. Wedgwood and Dr. Latham, are not only the most recent contributions towards an improved English lexicography, but in all respects the most valuable. Mr. Wedgwood's is not indeed an English Dictionary in the proper sense of the term, but simply, like the works of Junius and Skinner, an etymologicon or dictionary of English etymology. We have already intimated what seems to us a general defect of the work, the relative disproportion between the author's philological and literary knowledge, his much greater familiarity with what may be called the comparative philology of English words than with the various and finer shades of their actual meaning and use. No doubt it may be said in reply that for the professed etymologist philological acquirements are all-important, while a minute and critical acquaintance with the literature is of less account. There is a certain amount of truth in this. But even in tracing the derivation of English words a fine and discriminating knowledge of their use and meaning is essential in order to keep in check the seductive suggestions of comparative philology, as well as to give sobriety, moderation, and fixed limits to etymological research. When, for example, Mr. Wedgwood refers the common English word 'dormouse' to a problematical French 'dormeuse,' it is impossible not to feel that the superficial analogies of sound and form have triumphed over the fundamental laws of sound etymological inquiry.

'*Dormouse.* The termination *mouse* is probably an instance of false etymology, the real origin being a Fr. *dormeuse*, which cannot, it is true, be cited from the dictionaries, but is rendered probable by the name by which the animal is known in Languedoc, *radourmeire*. In the same dialect, *dourmeire*, a slumberer, sleepy head, equivalent to *dormeuse* (*souris*, a mouse, is feminine) in ordinary French.' (Vol. i. p. 474.)

In the first place, the word does not exist in the French language in the sense attributed to it. Mr. Wedgwood appears to be utterly unconscious that the French name for a dormouse is *un loir*. But apart from this difficulty, the name is of rural origin and use, a household word in the mouths of more than half the rustics of England, and as such is almost certain to be of vernacular origin. It is, in fact, a thoroughly native compound, the first syllable being a generic word in the language to express what is lazy, drowsy, torpid, or inert, from the Anglo-Saxon *dora*, a drone, and giving rise to a verb in two forms, to *dor* or *dare*, to reduce to a torpid or inert state, used especially [illegible] the effect which bright colours and

dazzling spots of light have on certain birds such as larks, and also the numbing power which birds and beasts of prey exert over their victims through the fascination of extreme fear. Mr. Wedgwood has himself pointed out this meaning in his article on the word 'dare' (vol. i. p. 437), where he says, 'To *dare* birds, to catch them by frightening with a hawk, 'mirror, or other means; to *dor*, to frighten, stupify; *dor*, a 'fool; so in German *thor*.' The fundamental signification of *dare*, as of the parallel form *daze*, is to stun with a loud noise, to stupify. In actual use, however, *dor* and *dare* are certainly confounded by early writers. Nor is this surprising, as, whatever may be true of their origin, they are undoubtedly closely connected in meaning. Without going fully into this point here, it should be noted that just as *dor* is used both for the cause and the effect, for the humming continuous noise that makes one drowsy as well as for the drowsy state, so the verb *dare* is used intransitively as well as transitively. In the earliest version of Livy, for example, is the following passage referring to the treachery of Philemenus by which the city of Tarentum was taken. 'When he came thither [to the gate of 'the town] he awaked the porter, saying that he had brought 'a greate boore that he had slayn. At the fyrst call the porter 'opened the gates; and fyrst let in two young men of his com-'pany; then entred he, and other his servantes pluckyng in 'the great boore. At whose greatnesse whyle the keeper was '*daryng* and *musynge*, Philomenes sodenly slew hym with his 'boore speare or hunting staffe.' (Inferentes aprum duos juvenes secutus ipse cum expedito venatore, vigilem, incautius miraculo magnitudinis in eos, qui ferebant, versum, venabulo trajicit.) In this passage 'daring and musing' mean gazing with fixed look and astonishment of mind, extreme wonder and admiration producing the same physical effect as extreme fear, and the same word therefore being so far appropriately employed to express both. This explains the phrase '*daring* 'larks,' which, as well as '*dared* larks,' is used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of lying still and gazing fixedly on an object either in wonder or fear. In the same way the hare is said to *dare* or to lie *daring* in her form.

With regard to the noun, half a dozen of our older glossaries, including Kersey and Bailey, give as the meaning of *dor* the drone bee. In composition it is found throughout the south and west of England in the form of *dumbledor*, the name given to the humble bee, but which literally translated into more familiar terms is simply the humming drone. From the drone bee the term was extended to the chafer and beetle

tribe, who have a drowsy, humming, droning flight, and lob against the twilight pedestrian in an aimless, lumbering, stupid way; and also in a secondary and metaphorical sense to the lazy and sluggish drones of the social hive. The word is used familiarly by the Elizabethan dramatists in these senses, and earlier still by Sir Thomas More amongst others. One form of the verb occurs in Shakspeare, in Surrey's indignant protest against Wolsey's arrogance:—

> 'My lords,
> Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
> And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
> To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
> Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
> And *dare* us with his cap like larks.'

On this passage Steevens justly observes: 'It is well known 'that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the 'methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on 'scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds 'while the fowler drew his net over them.' An illustration of the other form of daring by birds of prey, such as the hawk tribe, over their victims, occurs in Henry V. in the speech of a French constable on the eve of the battle:—

> 'Then let the trumpet sound
> The tucket-sonance and the note to mount:
> For our approach shall so much *dare* the field,
> That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.'

Of the verb in the other form an example is given by Todd from Hales's 'Golden Remains:' 'When we are so easily '*dorred* and amated with every sophism, it is a certain argu- 'ment of great defect of inward furniture and worth.' The verb 'to dor' is explained in some of our old dictionaries 'to 'make dull, stupid,' and is used habitually in the sense of 'to 'stupify.' Dormouse therefore is simply drone-mouse, the inert, torpid, or sleeping mouse, and the wanting link to illustrate the form of the compound is supplied by Howel and Cotgrave. Howel gives the dor-bee as a synonym for the drone-bee, and Cotgrave has under *baradon*, a drone or dor-bee. As a dor-bee is a drone-bee, so dor-mouse is simply a drone-mouse, all that is further needed to complete the analogy being supplied by Holland, who in his translation of Pliny invariably gives the word 'dormouse' in the same way, with a hyphen between the two parts of the compound. Before leaving the word, we may add that Mr. Wedgwood's explanation of *dor*, both noun and verb, is conspicuously meagre and insufficient, and well illustrates our general criticism. While we are taken

far afield to Norse, Gaelic, Danish, and Erse for the etymology, the more direct and characteristic sense of the verb, that in which it is used in the above extract, is not given at all. Curiously enough too, in the etymology he has not even mentioned the Anglo-Saxon word through which undoubtedly it has come to us, whatever may be true with regard to its primitive relationship to cognate forms in other tongues.

Did space allow, other examples of the same defective treatment might easily be given. It would be ungenerous, however, not to recognise the merits of Mr. Wedgwood's learned and most laborious work. It shows throughout a wide range of exact philological knowledge, an easy command of the general principles established in this department of inquiry, together with persevering industry and a considerable amount of successful research into the relationships and affinities of language. The author has, moreover, not only a fine cultivated perception of linguistic affinities, a quick eye and ear for related forms, but a philosophical insight into the various gradations of meaning, the whole process of mental change by which the primitive sense of words gradually passes into their secondary and metaphorical significations. This ready power of following the subtle associations of thought and feeling by which material objects and activities become significant and purely mental states and processes, and the language of sense is transformed into the language of reflection, is of immense service in etymological inquiries, when kept in due check by a constant reference to the facts to be explained. There is, however, a danger in such researches lest generalisation should outrun the materials on which it builds, especially if it is employed in the interest of a theory, and Mr. Wedgwood has not wholly escaped this form of peril. He not only has a theory on the disputed question as to the origin of language, but advocates its claims with a kind of crusading energy and perseverance. He strongly supports what Professor Max Müller rather irreverently calls the bow-wow theory, his book being avowedly intended as a voluminous illustration of its truth. This zeal on behalf of his favourite theory, if sometimes a help, is quite as often a source of weakness and error. If it sometimes illuminates a group of related words, it quite as often carries its author away from the immediate facts across the whole field of comparative philology, and ends by substituting a conjectured analogy with remote tongues for a plain and straightforward derivation of the word in hand. Illustrations of this, as well as of other slight defects in Mr. Wedgwood's really valuable work, will be given incidentally in the more

detailed notice of Dr. Latham's labours. On the whole, while Mr. Wedgwood's work must undoubtedly occupy a high place in scientific etymology, it seems to us more valuable as a contribution to comparative philology based on the study of a particular tongue than as an etymological dictionary of the English language.

Dr. Latham's work is not only an English dictionary in the strict meaning of the term, but in many important respects a very valuable addition to our national lexicography. Though nominally based on Johnson's dictionary, so much of the original text is discarded as imperfect or erroneous, and the additions in every department are so numerous and extensive, that it may be regarded as virtually a new book. Still while thus amplifying and improving the original work until its form can no longer be recognised, Dr. Latham remains faithful in the main to its general spirit and plan, and his new dictionary may fairly be said to possess many of the characteristic excellences and defects of the old. Where he has occasionally departed from Johnson's plan, as in the capricious introduction of long philological digressions on disputed points of origin, derivation, and meaning, the innovation cannot be regarded as an improvement. But before descending to particular criticism it will be right to notice the general plan of his labours. The vocabulary, or list of words, naturally comes first, and here the new work is an enormous improvement on the old, which was notoriously defective in this important respect. Dr. Johnson's list of words erred both by excess and defect, his columns being crowded with 'terms of art,' as he calls them--technical terms that had no place in English literature or in the language of ordinary life--while numbers of idiomatic terms and phrases employed by good writers and having an established historical position, are altogether excluded. It will always, no doubt, be a difficult and disputed point in the lexicography of a living tongue where the exact line should be drawn between admission and exclusion, and if a choice is to be made, what principle of selection should be adopted. Without going to the extreme length of Archbishop Trench and the Philological Society, we should be disposed to take a liberal view on this point. Archbishop Trench and the Society he represents would include every word to be found in the literature of the language, the base utterances of notorious word-coiners, as well as the rarer and partially obsolete but sterling issues of the national mint. They would adopt into an English dictionary such words, for example, as the following, all of which, with many more of a like kind are used by Dr. Henry

More in his philosophical poems:—*ain*, nothing; *ananke*, necessity; *dizoia*, double-lived; *apterie*, unwinged; *phrenition*, anger, fury; *penia*, want; *monocordia*, single-heartedness; *lampropronœa*, the bright side of Providence; *melampronœa*, the dark side of Providence; *hattove*, the chief good; *tagathon*, the good, the excellent; *psychania*, the land of souls; and *psittacusa*, land of parrots. This is, we cannot help thinking, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Philological Society's principle, and indicates the necessity of laying down some rule of selection, however general. In our judgment a dictionary should include all words sanctioned by literary use, and all words that can be proved in any way to exist, whether sanctioned by known literary use or not, belonging to the root elements of the language. With regard to words of foreign origin, literary use would be established by instances of their employment from more than one writer, or even by a single instance from the works of authors of repute not given to verbal eccentricities and innovations. With regard to the vernacular terms, the Saxon and Angle words still living in the provinces, but of which perhaps no instance of actual literary use can at present be given, these are in the strictest sense national property, and ought therefore, in our view, to be gathered into the national storehouse of words, not only as being entitled to a place in the complete inventory of our vernacular wealth, but also for possible future use. Under the designation Angle are included all local words of Scandinavian origin, and several of these during recent years have passed into our current speech. Mr. Tennyson, for example, being a native of Lincolnshire, an Anglian district, has through his writings given currency to several provincial words of Scandinavian origin. The rule we have laid down will include such a word as *jannock*, the epithet of hearty approval applied to Mr. Gladstone the other day by his Lancashire audience. This appears to be an old Norse word meaning fair, straightforward, downright, preserved for centuries among the rustics and artisans of Lancashire, with scarcely any alteration of form or meaning. From the south and west of England expressive Saxon terms might be collected which have never yet been registered in any glossary, helping directly to clear up difficulties in the vocabulary of our early literature. The truth is archaic and provincial English mean very much the same thing, most of the vernacular and expressive terms still living in the provinces having at one time or other found a place in the literature. And the process of recovery and return is continually going on, archaic words being recalled and provincial terms promoted to meet the grow-

ing exigencies of our expanding literature and varied public life. It is not too much to say that hundreds of words that were obsolete or provincial a century ago are now in current literary and colloquial use. With regard to these provincial terms, sufficient proof of their existence would perhaps be supplied by the fact of their past registration by competent inquirers, or by satisfactory evidence of their actual use at the present time. We may notice in passing that the want of any provision for collecting and properly sifting words of this class is a marked defect in the plan of a national dictionary laid down by the Philological Society. There must be some limit, however, with regard to date, as well as with regard to the nature and origin of the words to be admitted. We should be disposed to take a somewhat earlier period than the commencement of the sixteenth century, the time usually fixed upon as that in which the language assumed its present form. Much of Lydgate's writing, for example, is comparatively modern in structure, and may be easily understood without a glossary, and Chaucer is perhaps more generally read now than at any former period, except in his own day and during the sixteenth century. Allowing, however, the greatest latitude in this respect, it would be impossible to go further back than about the middle of the fourteenth century, though writers of a much earlier date might of course be usefully quoted to illustrate the more archaic signification of words.

Dr. Latham has not drawn any very sharp chronological line, or laid down any very definite principle as to the admission or exclusion of words. But in practice he gives the widest interpretation to the phrase 'English language,' his own vocabulary being, in conception at all events, most comprehensive and complete. If he errs at all in this respect, the error is one of excess rather than of defect, as he includes not only the majority of archaic and a large body of provincial terms, but a multitude of cant, slang, and purely colloquial epithets and phrases. To archaic words in particular he allows the widest latitude, some being given, such as *bise*, north wind, a pure French word, supported in English by only a single illustration, dating from the thirteenth century. If any words of this class are omitted, and many of course are, it is not on principle, but simply from oversight or ignorance of their existence. On the whole, however, Dr[illegible]m has executed this part of his task with commendable [illegible] a[illegible]. He is, moreover, as friendly to the ne[illegible] special credit for the [illegible]notion of v[illegible]ern usage, and his list [illegible]gisms is [illegible] a number of compara-

tively modern words, such as *linguistics*, *liberticide*, *mobocracy*, *bureaucracy*, *monocracy*, *absolutism*, as well as a number of provincial and revived words and new compounds, such as *flunkey*, *cantankerous*, *kettledrum*, *garotte*, *bosh*, and even *knuckleduster*. Still, as must always be the case, numbers of this class quite as well entitled to a place as those inserted are omitted, such, for example, as *fetish* and *fetichism*, *conative* and *conation*, the former used by Cudworth and the latter habitually by Sir William Hamilton; *astrolatry* and *moralize* as a verb to elevate and purify, opposed to *demoralize*, both used by Mr. J. S. Mill; *centoist*, a compiler, derived from *cento*; and others of comparatively recent introduction, quite as likely to stand their ground as some Dr. Latham has given. He has collected also a considerable number of modern scientific words, such as *homology*, *homologue*, *paletiology*, and *kinematics*, but others equally well entitled to notice, such as *cadastre* and *cadastral*, *kinetic*, *deontology*, and singularly enough *analogue*, are omitted. The omission of *analogue* is a strange oversight, the word being not only habitually used by the best authors, but employed by Dr. Latham himself in his long dissertation on *contemporary* (p. 544). Other terms belonging to the class of old or revived words with special modern significations, such as *crochet*, ladies' fancy-work, and *croquet*, the out-door game, are in like manner overlooked. There is also a special class of modern words formed from existing words by analogy, or by analogy and contrast, and constituting in some cases a pair of terms with opposite meanings, that seem to have escaped Dr. Latham's notice. As examples of this class, we may specify *falsism*, used by recent writers, *oldster*, used by Thackeray; *hymnody*, on the analogy of *psalmody*, used by Dean Stanley; *midnoon*, used by Tennyson; *moonset*, used by Browning; *painsworthy*, on the model of *praiseworthy*, used by Mr. Marsh; and *colloquialism*, on the model of *provincialism*. Another class exemplified by the words *organon*, *eirenicon*, *etymologicon*, not specially modern or English in form, but now thoroughly adopted into the language, and used by good writers, is very imperfectly represented, the examples we have given being omitted, while a number of purely foreign and special terms, like *libretto* and *curioso* —are inserted. The omission of these examples is the more surprising as Dr. Latham gives *gnomon*, *catholicon*, and *enchiridion*, Anglicised Greek forms of the same type, but in less general use. In addition to the classes of modern or special words imperfectly represented, or altogether omitted, there are, as we shall presently see, several important archaic or provincial words either overlooked, or imperfectly and even erroneously explained.

On the other hand, there are two classes of words—the one learned, and the other lewd, in the earlier meaning of the term —in which, as it appears to us, Dr. Latham errs by excess, his entries being far more numerous than they ought to be in a general dictionary of English. These are technical terms, those restricted to special branches of natural science, such as chemistry, botany, anatomy, and never used in general literature; and those belonging to the vocabulary of low, and what is called fast life, *cant* terms, the dialect of thieves and cadgers, and purely slang terms, the dialect of sporting life. No doubt words from both these prolific sources occasionally pass into literature, like the word *snob*, for example, as well as into the better language of ordinary life, and in these cases, having risen into respectable society, it is right they should find a place in a directory of the language. There are also peculiar slang meanings of words in established use—such as *fast*, *slow*, *green*, and *muff*, which may fairly be noticed, and Dr. Latham has accordingly included their slang senses in his enumeration of their various significations. But why should *pal* in the slang sense of *companion*, and *lushy* in the sense of *being drunk*, be honoured with special notice? Why again should *header* and *heeltaps* in their slang significations be raised to the dignity of separate entries? And if these are admitted, why should words like *mooning*, in the phrase 'mooning about,' and *duffer*, both of which have recently come into current and even literary use, be excluded? The word *duffer* in particular has a special claim to notice, as it occupies a prominent place, not only in the language of ordinary London life, but in the more recondite and mysterious vocabulary of the turf. A few months ago, 'a respectable-looking elderly man, known to the police as a '"duffer," was brought before the Lord Mayor for final ex-'amination on the charge of attempting to dispose of spurious 'articles of jewellery by representing them to be made of gold.' This gives us the primary meaning of the word, but there is a secondary or metaphorical sense in which it becomes an epithet of the direst omen and application in sporting circles. This darker and more solemn signification is fully explained by the Earl of Glasgow in a letter to a provincial newspaper, rebutting some charges that had been brought against him. He says:—

'That part of your correspondent's letter which mentions that I lost five matches in one day at Newcastle, and the statement I am said to have made respecting my income, although both totally untrue, might have been merely laughed at; but when a person is accused of having what is called a "duffer" in his stable, it is more

serious. In turf language a duffer means a horse which is by some means made a great favourite by his owner or party, in order that he or they may be enabled to bet against it, and thereby defraud the public, it never being intended that such horse shall be allowed to win. I have thought this explanation necessary.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, 'GLASGOW.

'Kelburne, August 9.'

The most serious mistake in the vocabulary of the new dictionary after all is the admission of so many terms of a purely technical character, words wholly restricted to special branches of natural science. Without pausing to enumerate special examples of this class, which may be collected in sufficient abundance from almost any part of the work, we may indicate a general test by which they may be known. This is the absence of any literary illustration in the proper meaning of the term, its place being supplied by an extract from a technical manual of the science to which the word belongs. Now, while an extract from a technical work in support of a technical word may be very proper in a technological dictionary, it is out of place in a general lexicon of the language. If the word belongs to a science with a special and artificial vocabulary like botany and chemistry, and no instance can be given of its use beyond the technicalities of its own science, it has no right to a place in a dictionary of English. It must, however, in fairness be admitted that Dr. Latham's offences in this respect are not nearly so numerous, or so serious in relation to the vocabulary at large, as those of his predecessor Johnson.

Next to the list of words in a dictionary comes the elucidation of their meaning, and this in general consists of three branches —derivation, definition, and example. In reference to the first, to the etymologies, Dr. Latham, in describing the course he has followed, lays down the true principle of procedure in this important part of a lexicographer's duty. After stating that all conjectural derivations had been swept away, he adds:

'The editor has refrained from speculation, not only where the origin of a word is unknown, but also where it is uncertain. . . . The first object in ascertaining the derivation of words is to elucidate the history of language, the second is to deduce their meaning from their origin. For both these purposes it is clear that a doubtful etymology is a source of error and confusion.'

Nothing can be sounder in principle than this proscription of conjectural, speculative, and uncertain etymologies. But considering the temptations of the subject, it would perhaps be too much to expect even the most virtuous lexicographer to adhere strictly to his own rule. The columns of a dictionary are not

the place for prolix dissertations on doubtful or disputed points of philological inquiry, or for exhibiting in any detail the analytical processes of etymological research. The results of such processes alone should be given in as simple a form as possible. As a work of general guidance and instruction, it should exhibit ascertained and established etymologies in a condensed and intelligible shape, without perplexing the minds of those who refer to it for definite information by vague conjecture and irrelevant discussion. For this purpose it would, in most cases, be sufficient to refer the English word to the language from which it is immediately derived, and give the form through which it has come, or at most, in cases of doubt and difficulty, the related forms in cognate tongues. This is the course Dr. Latham usually pursues. Rather than encumber his pages with mere conjecture, he has left a considerable number of words without any etymology at all, though some of these might perhaps, without much difficulty, be referred to well-known roots. For a large proportion of what may be called new and revised derivations he relies on Mr. Wedgwood's labours, either silently adopting his conclusions or quoting directly from his pages, the quotations often running to a considerable length. This process is indeed carried to excess, the large blocks of miscellaneous philological discussion transferred bodily from Mr. Wedgwood's volumes being often a good deal in the way, and for the general purposes of the dictionary rather an encumbrance than a help. But Mr. Wedgwood is the Skinner of the new work, and, singularly enough, Dr. Latham relies on him so implicitly as to attempt little in the way of original etymological suggestion on his own account. Indeed, considering how well he is equipped by special acquirements for this work, and that he has a decided taste for philological speculation, if not a tendency towards philological caprice, Dr. Latham has contributed surprisingly few etymologies to the main body of the work. But as if to make amends for his moderation and self-restraint in this respect, he gives the reins to his philological fancies, and airs his favourite linguistic conceits in occasional dissertations, which are, in our view, the chief blemish of the work. Many of these dissertations are on points of no particular interest—mere crotchets in fact—and the great majority, whether in themselves interesting or not, are altogether out of place in a dictionary. Some of the longest are devoted to minute questions of accent, spelling, and pronunciation, such as the discussions under *connascence*, *contemporary*, *checkers*, *cirrhopod*, and *lamb*. Others are wholly grammatical, such as that under *gifted*, or partly gram-

matical and partly logical, as the long disquisition on *objective* in its grammatical use, and the still longer one on *am* as an active verb, or 'copula of present time,' as Dr. Latham calls it, discriminated from *am* the neuter verb to *be* or *exist*. Some again give a detailed history of a favourite word, with a good deal of conjectural etymology, such as those under *bolled*, *brent-goose*, and *brooklet*, while others are occupied with minute questions of ethnological philology, such as the dissertation on *Bogy*. Some of these, such as the last, raise points of curiosity and interest, but their proper place is the journal of a special society, not the columns of a dictionary. The dissertations on particles, pronouns, prepositions, and adverbs often run to inordinate length, and come under the same general condemnation. It is right, of course, that a succinct and discriminating account of the various senses in which particles are used should be given; but to devote eight columns to *not*, and five to *but*, shows a defective sense of proportion that must seriously mar the execution of the work. In some cases, indeed, it would seem as though the length of the dissertation were in a kind of inverse ratio to the importance of the question discussed. Upwards of two columns, for example, are devoted to the words *braid* and *bolter*, each used once by Shakspeare, and not found in the same form and meaning in any other author. This would be almost unpardonable even in a Shakspearian glossary, and it is preposterous in a general dictionary of the language. No doubt the temptation to extended discussion in these cases is great, *braid* in particular being perhaps the most vexed epithet in the whole Shakspearian vocabulary. But it is the business of a lexicographer to resist such a temptation, and hold himself resolutely to the work in hand. The worst of it is, Dr. Latham sins in this respect with his eyes open. He says under one of the words we have referred to, 'What, however, is here written is written more to 'stimulate and to suggest an etymology than to trace the 'subject in a purely lexicographical manner.' Still, if this kind of miscellaneous and irrelevant discussion must have a place in the work, it is much better that it should be concentrated in special dissertations that may easily be skipped, rather than diffused through the body of the dictionary. It is right, however, to add that apart from this special feature, the etymologies are, as a rule, given in a simple, direct, and easily intelligible form.

The definition of the meaning of words, the description and explanation of their various significations, is perhaps the least satisfactory part of Dr. Latham's work. Nor is this surprising.

Definition is the most delicate and perplexing part of a lexicographer's task, requiring for its successful execution a rare union of varied mental power and special literary acquirements. It is always difficult in a living language to exhibit the different shades of meaning that attach to an expressive word, and the difficulty is of course increased in dealing with a language so copious as our own. English is peculiarly rich, if not in synonyms which afford no true index of verbal wealth, at least in related terms expressing shades of thought and feeling, evanescent phases of perception and emotion that would escape the notice or elude the grasp of any but the most accomplished and refined verbal interpreter. These remarks apply with special force to the language of imagination and feeling, and it is in this department that the inadequacy of Dr. Latham's explanations is perhaps most apparent. To deal effectively with words of this class requires not only a wide and accurate knowledge of the literature in its highest forms, but some degree of poetical insight and imaginative sympathy, as well as of cultivated literary taste and feeling. Dr. Latham's mind, on the other hand, is of the hard, logical type, prone rather towards dealing with the abstract and formal side of thought and language than with their living relationships and results. He accordingly succeeds best in the interpretation of scientific terms, his definitions and examples in this department being as a rule extremely good. He is less happy in dealing with the language of reflection proper, some of his explanations of philosophical terms being conspicuously meagre, and even inaccurate. Without pausing to give in detail the criticism which would suggest itself to those familiar with such inquiries, we may refer to the words *instinct*, *imagination*, *idea*, and *immanent*, as examples of this defective treatment. The definition of *immanent*, indeed, as 'intrinsic, inherent, internal,' besides being altogether vague and equally applicable to a score of other words, misses the real and distinctive meaning of the term. It is specially employed to denote mental activities that terminate in the mind itself without producing any physical or external result; volitions, for example, that guide the train of thought, or restrain a current of feeling, without passing into any overt or locomotive act, and in this sense the *immanent* are contrasted with the *transitive* activities of the mind. It would, however, be unfair to complain of the philosophical explanations as a whole, as Dr. Latham has given special attention to them, and in most cases, where the definition is imperfect, the apt and numerous examples make up for the defect.

In the instance just given, the definition is defective through its vagueness and generality; but in dealing with ordinary terms, Dr. Latham more frequently perhaps errs on the other side, in giving a too narrow or specific sense to words having a wide application, and used in a generic latitude of meaning, which he has altogether overlooked. Often, indeed, especially in the less common class of words, being evidently ignorant of their real signification, he simply describes what he takes to be their meaning in the particular examples with which he is familiar. He retains, for example, Johnson's erroneous explanation of the word *lush*, 'of a dark, deep, full colour,'* evidently on the strength of a well-known passage in Shakspeare, in which it is associated with the colour *green*—

'How *lush* and living the grass looks, how green!'

But the word has nothing to do with colour except accidentally, its real meaning being juicy, full of sap or moisture; and in this sense it is one of the poetical epithets to describe the vigorous and succulent shoots of the early spring. This might easily have been learnt from the use of the epithet by modern poets, and especially by Keats, who is fond of it, and whose intimate acquaintance with the Elizabethan writers makes him a perfect interpreter of their language. A single instance from Keats will suffice to bring out the real meaning of the word—

'And as the year
Grows *lush* in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.'

Provincially the word is applied to ground moistened by recent rain, and thus easily turned; and its primitive poetical meaning is, of course, the basis of the secondary slang applications *lush* and *lushy* to states, in which the vital clay is moistened and the body filled with vinous or fermented sap.

Or to take another Shakspearian word in which Dr. Latham claims to have made a special improvement, *bottle*, a bunch or bundle, as in the phrase 'bottle of hay.' In dealing with this word, Dr. Latham places it under a separate heading and gives it a new spelling, *bottel*, partly, as he says, to mark the difference of meaning from bottle a hollow vessel for holding liquor, and partly for the sake of indicating the derivation. The new

* Johnson's definition is taken verbatim from Sir T. Hanmer's edition of Shakspeare, and perpetuates a blunder natural enough in the middle of the last century, but which ought to be impossible now.

form, though scarcely an improvement, may perhaps be defended on the ground of ancient usage, of which, however, Dr. Latham himself is ignorant. But the main point is that, after taking so much pains with the word, he still defines it 'a bundle of grass, 'hay, or straw,' according to its special use in the 'Midsummer 'Night's Dream.' In reality the word has no special connexion with hay or straw, though we happen to have retained it, and thus to be most familiar with it, in a phrase which suggests this. It means bundle, bunch, or lump of any kind, from the Norman-French *bot*, which Cotgrave defines as 'a luncheon or ill-favoured big piece, ill-favouredly round, 'whence *pied bot*, a stumpe or club foot;' the old meaning of *luncheon*, like that of the kindred terms *lunch*, *nunch*, *hunch*, being simply a big piece, a collop or lump. So the French still say a *botte de foin*, meaning a truss or *bottle* of hay. The English word *bottle*, a diminutive in form only, had precisely the same meaning, and was freely used in this generic latitude in Shakspeare's day, as it continues to be provincially, as well as in epithets and phrases still common. This wider meaning is illustrated in the special epithet applied by Shakspeare to Richard III., and explains its peculiar force, which seems hitherto to have escaped the penetration of commentators. Queen Margaret says to Elizabeth:

> 'Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
> Why strew'st thou sugar on that *bottled* spider,
> Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
> Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
> The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
> To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.'

And at a later period, the prediction being verified, Queen Elizabeth repeats the bitterly descriptive phrase—

> 'O thou didst prophesy the time would come
> That I should wish for thee to help me curse
> That *bottled* spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.'

The epithet puzzled the early commentators, one gravely suggesting that 'a bottled spider is evidently a spider kept in 'a bottle, long fasting, and of consequence the more spiteful 'and venomous;' and even the best and latest commentator, Mr. Dyce, in his recent glossary, simply repeats Ritson's explanation, 'a large bloated glossy spider, supposed to contain 'venom proportionate to its size.' But this explanation misses the peculiar force of the epithet *bottled*, which is exactly equivalent to bunch-backed, and like it emphasizes Richard's deformity. 'That bottled spider,' therefore, literally means

that humped or hunched venomous creature.* The term *bottled* is still provincially applied to the big, large-bodied, round-backed spider, that in the summer and autumn spreads its web across open spaces in the hedges, 'obvious to vagrant flies.' What, also, has escaped the commentators, the word *bottle* was used with this precise signification for a hunch or hump in Shakspeare's own day. In a popular work published a few years before he came to London, and with which he was familiar, we find 'bottles of flesh' given as a synonym for great wens in the throat—the Italian word *gozzuti* being glossed in the margin as follows: 'men in the mountaynes 'with great *bottels* of flesh under their chin through the 'drinking of snow water.' We still retain this meaning of the word in a number of phrases and epithets, such as bottlenose, a big or bunchy nose; bottlehead, provincial for great, thick, or blockhead; and, not to multiply examples, in the bluebottle fly, which is literally the bunchy or unwieldy blue fly.

Other examples of defective explanations occur under the words *deer, dare, brat, faggot, kex, convent,* and *kink,* the last having indeed no explanation at all beyond a short extract, which gives the more limited and technical meaning of the word. *Deer* is restricted to its modern sense—to the class of animals, that is, yielding venison, while in its earlier use in the literature it is a generic term for wild animals of every description. Caxton, for example, makes Bruin, after Reynard's trick had

* In Shakspeare's day the very word spider connoted poison, the venom of the spider being almost as proverbial as the providence of the ant. The poisonous nature of the insect is indeed not only taken for granted in all the earlier works on natural history from Aristotle to Pliny, and from Pliny to Gesner and Aldrovandus, but embodied in its older English name *attercop,* the last syllable of which is still represented in *cobweb.* Attercop literally means poison-head, bunch or bag, from the Anglo-Saxon *attor* or *atter,* poison (found also in *adder*), and *cop,* a head or knob applied generically to roundish bunchy things animate and inanimate. The following passage from a chapter on venomous creatures in the oldest work on natural history in the language will illustrate both the word and the quality it expresses: 'Some venim is hote and drye as the venim 'of the adder, and some venim is colde and drye as the venim of 'scorpions, and some venim is colde and moyst as the venim of *at-tercopes.*' The word *spider,* it need scarcely be said, is a slightly abbreviated form of *spinder* or *spinner.* Of the two names for the insect, one therefore designates its supposed qualities, the other its known operations. It should be noted that *cop* in the older name expresses the same physical characteristic as *bottled*—the round or bunchy shape of the spider's body.

cost him his ears and fore-paws, speak of the fox as 'that fell 'dere,' or, in other words, that cruel beast. And this generic sense, which lasted at least for a century longer, is represented by the fragment of an old song quoted by Shakspeare in Lear—

> 'For rats and mice, and such small *deer*,
> Have been Tom's food for many a year.'

The generic meaning of *dare* has already been explained, and may be compared with the narrow interpretation of Johnson, which Dr. Latham retains. Under *brat* he only gives the secondary and contemptuous sense of child, referring to the primitive meaning only to question its existence. He says, 'According to Mr. Wedgwood, the original meaning of the 'word was *rag, bundle of rags*; the Anglo-Saxon *brat*, and 'Welsh and Gaelic *brat*, having that meaning. On the other 'hand it may be connected with *breed*.' Rag or clout is, however, not only the primitive meaning, but the sense in which it is used by Elizabethan writers. Thus Churchyard, eulogising the merits of Cardan's 'Treatise on Consolation,' says:

> 'The beggar that bedeckt in *brats* and patched rotten rags
> In budget if he bear this book would scorn the roysterous brags.'

Faggot, again, is defined 'a bundle of sticks;' but though usually applied to sticks, it means simply a bundle, and Udall accordingly speaks of 'golde alreadie fyned and made in '*fagottes* or plate.' With regard to the word *kex*, Dr. Latham, after specially discussing its etymology and speculating as to what particular plant it denotes, concludes by defining it 'um-'belliferous plant so called.' This is worse than no definition at all, as it not only suggests what is false, but suppresses the true and distinctive meaning of an expressive word in common use with many of our best poets. In the first place, *kex* does not designate any peculiar plant, but is a generic name for the whole class of tall umbelliferous annuals with hollow reed-like stalks, such as angelica and hemlock. And, in the second place, it designates these plants not in their green and summer beauty, but in their winter state as bleached and withered stems in the leafless hedges, fit only to feed the crackling blaze of a rustic ingle. Hence the common proverb 'as dry as a kex,' and the use of the term amongst the Elizabethan dramatists to designate what is withered, sapless, and old. Though it constantly carries with it this notion of what is dry and fit for fuel, the generic meaning of the term is that of hollow stalks. Thus Holland in his translation of Pliny, referring to the silkworm's cocoon, says, 'It is spun into a small thread with a spindle

'made of some light *kex* or reed.' In this sense it is applied not only to the larger umbelliferous plants, but also to the elder tree from the hollowness of its stem. Thus Cotgrave gives *canon de suls*, a kex or elder stick; and, though the use is comparatively rare, it must be in this sense that the word is employed by Tennyson in the 'Princess:'—

> 'Let the past be past: let be
> Their cancell'd Babels: though the rough *kex* break
> The starred mosaic, and the wild goat hang
> Upon the shaft, and the wild fig-tree split
> Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
> A trumpet in the distance pealing news
> Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
> Above the unrisen morrow.'

The word *convent*, again, is restricted to its later and secondary meaning, being defined 'assembly of religious persons, 'body of monks or nuns.' But in Shakspeare's day the word was used generically for an assembly of any kind. Thus in the early version of Ælian, the translator rendering the author's glowing description of the Vale of Tempe, and referring especially to the shaded banks of the Peneus, says: 'The 'people bordering and inhabiting thereabouts make their ac-'customable *convents*, their usual assemblies, and sumptuous 'bankets in those pleasant places.' And again in the seventh book, referring to Demosthenes, we have: 'He consumed the 'whole night season in meditating and committing to the 'tables of remembrance such matters as he was to publish in 'the common *convent*, and assembly of the Athenians.' This early meaning of the word escaped the industry and research of Richardson, and has not as yet been noticed we believe by any English lexicographer. It is, however, of some importance in connexion with the verb *convent*, to summon before a court or judge, to call together, to assemble, in common use amongst the Elizabethan writers, and employed four or five times by Shakspeare himself. The verb is used intransitively as well as transitively, though only in the latter sense by Shakspeare. In the passage in King John, where alone it has an intransitive meaning—

> 'So by a roaring tempest on the flood,
> A whole armado of *convented* sail
> Is scatter'd and disjoined from fellowship,'

convented is a conjectural emendation of Mason in place of *convicted*, the reading of the first folio, which had been changed by Pope less happily perhaps into *collected*. Dr. Latham indeed illustrates the intransitive verb by a quotation from the 'Noble

'Kinsmen,' which if a real example would conflict with the statement as to Shakspeare's use of the active or transitive form only, at least if we agree with the best critics, such as Coleridge and Dyce, in attributing to Shakspeare a considerable portion of the play, including the first act, from which the passage is taken. But the quotation is a mistake, as anyone who reads the whole speech and the context will at once perceive, *convent* being used there, as uniformly by Shakspeare,* in the active and not in the neuter sense as Dr. Latham imagines. Beaumont and Fletcher, however, use the verb intransitively, and the fact that in the first act of the 'Noble Kinsmen,' where it occurs twice, it is used in the intransitive sense, which is habitual with Shakspeare, is a slight incident confirming the view that this part of the play is really his work. The English noun *convent*, in its classical sense of a meeting or assembly festive or judicial, which Dr. Latham in common with his predecessors has overlooked, is, it need scarcely be said, connected with both forms of the verb, and explains this use of it by writers of the Elizabethan period.

The only meaning assigned to the word *kink*, in the extract Dr. Latham gives, is that of a twist in a rope; but the noun exists in the generic sense of a twist, bend, knot, or curl of any kind, in a rope or in a gnarled stump; and the verb is of equal latitude, 'to kink the hair' being locally used, for example, instead of to curl or wave the hair.

Before leaving the general head of defective explanation or description, we may notice in passing Dr. Latham's reference of the less common words to particular classes, as obsolete, provincial, rare, or colloquial. From a limited knowledge of our early literature, as well as a defective acquaintance with modern poets, these references are often inaccurate. *Nonce*, for example, in the phrase 'for the nonce,' is described as obsolete, though it is constantly employed by living writers, and has in fact never fallen out of literary use. The verb *counterchange*, again, is described as rare, only one instance of its use being given, and that more than 200 years old. But

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* The passage in *Coriolanus*—

> 'We are *convented*
> Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
> Inclinable to honour and advance
> The theme of our assembly,'

is ambiguous, admitting of either interpretation, we are summoned, called together, or we are assembled, but Mr. Dyce is most probably right in giving the verb here as usual the active meaning.

the verb is familiarly employed by Tennyson in picturing the living play of sunlight through a screen of leaves. In 'In Memoriam' we have, for example:

> 'Witch-elms that *counterchange* the floor
> Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.'

And again in the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights:'

> 'A sudden splendour from behind
> Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
> And, flowing rapidly between
> Their interspaces, *counterchanged*
> The level lake with diamond-plots.'

In the same way *frequence* in the sense of a crowd, entered as rare with only a single example of its use from Bishop Hall, is also to be found in Tennyson. Again, the verb *daff*, to throw off or baffle, the adjective *dædal*, and the nouns *genitor* and *bibber*, described as rare, and illustrated exclusively from old writers, are all used by Keats. Far stranger than any of these, however, is the entry of the word *lush* as obsolete. We have already given one instance of its use from Keats, but it occurs no less than six times in his poems, and is to be found still more frequently in the 'Songs and Ballads' of Gerald Massey, to say nothing of its use by other poets and prose writers of the present day. But perhaps the most singular mistake is that which Dr. Latham falls into in dealing with the verb *gar*, to do or make, still habitually used in Lowland Scotch. While copying from Todd a single example of its use in Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' he goes on to suggest, not that it is obsolete or rare or local, but that the example is probably unique—that in fact the word does not exist in English, even provincially. The truth is that the verb, though of Scandinavian origin, is common to the literature of the two countries for centuries, and is found in English writers from Chaucer to Skelton, from Skelton to Golding and Warner, and down at least to the close of the Elizabethan era.

In advancing from the meaning of words to the examples of their use, we pass at once from the least to the most satisfactory part of Dr. Latham's work. Johnson's Dictionary gained its high reputation mainly from the apt and varied quotations from writers of repute that illuminated the vocabulary, and in this respect the new work is worthy of the original. Dr. Latham has evidently read with care and diligence a large proportion of the best modern authors, and his new literary illustrations embrace almost every name of any eminence in letters for the last half-century. He has read moreover with a special

eye to his lexicographical labours, and the quotations are thus in many cases peculiarly happy. Dr. Johnson, describing his own plan, lays down an important principle on this head which his new editor has endeavoured, to some extent at least, to carry into practice. Johnson says, 'When first I collected 'these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should 'be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word: 'I therefore extracted from philosophers principles of science; 'from historians remarkable facts; from chymists complete 'processes; from divines striking exhortations; and from poets 'beautiful descriptions.' Dr. Latham has carried out this excellent plan in the parts of his work relating especially to science and history, to political and mental philosophy. With the modern poets he is less familiar, and does not seem to have read them with any attention, if indeed he has read them at all. The novelists have fared better at his hands, and he quotes freely from the best and most popular, such as Scott and Bulwer, Thackeray and George Eliot, Dickens and Trollope, as well as from several of by no means equal name or standing. Some of these last, instead of being any authority on questions affecting the purity of the English language, have, indeed, actively contributed to its degradation; and the fact of their having used a barbarous or new-fangled word gives it no claim whatever to be considered as English. Dr. Latham also quotes from a number of our recent essayists and miscellaneous writers, such as Lamb, Coleridge and Southey, Mackintosh and Sydney Smith, Whately, Carlyle, and J. H. Newman. Our best modern historians, such as Hallam, Macaulay, Milman, and Thirlwall, are also turned to good account. Under important terms connected with constitutional history the quotations from Hallam, for example, are numerous and instructive. The same may be said of the more important terms in science and philosophy illustrated from the writings of Bentham and Dugald Stewart, Hamilton and Mill, Herschel and Whewell, Owen and Herbert Spencer, Lyell and Darwin. This makes the Dictionary a book not only of words but of ideas, not only of names but of things, not only of verbal information but of real knowledge. It is almost impossible to consult it with any care or constancy without gaining instruction of some sort, often of an interesting and valuable kind. A story is told of a patient student who steadily read through Johnson's Dictionary in the folio form, and being asked at the close how he liked it replied that he found the work extremely interesting, but rather unconnected. The judgment of being very interesting may fairly be pronounced on much of Dr. Latham's illustrative

matter—many of his extracts throwing light on recent discoveries and inventions as well as on the progress of science and the general movement of scientific thought in our day. The extent to which a dictionary accomplishes this double end of unfolding thoughts as well as words is indeed a very fair index of its real merit and permanent value. For there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that a mere knowledge of language or languages makes an educated man, apart from a living interest in the whole organisation of knowledge and the progress of enlarged intellectual and moral conceptions which it is the main office of language to embody and reveal. The dictum of Milton on this head is not only true, but especially to be kept in mind in connexion with linguistic inquiries, lest they should degenerate into a mere study of words and forms and rules apart from their vitalising relation to the realities of thought and life. 'Though a linguist,' says Milton, 'should 'pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the 'world into, yet if he had not studied the solid things in them, 'as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much 'to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman 'competently wise in his mother dialect only.'

To have in a dictionary examples embodying 'remarkable 'facts' and 'principles of science' is therefore in itself a great advantage. But it is accompanied by an incidental drawback, which ought to be noticed, as it is directly connected with the chief and most striking defect in this portion of Dr. Latham's work. He is at times so interested in the subject of the extract that he allows it to run to inordinate length, and in these cases, while the illustrative matter may occupy a considerable space, the examples of the word's actual use are extremely few. The great defect in this part of the Dictionary is indeed that the literary illustrations are too few, and that they are not arranged in chronological order. In very few cases are the examples sufficiently numerous or sufficiently well arranged to give anything like a history of the word, which is after all the main thing to be aimed at in a connected series of literary examples. We are aware that to have done this even partially must have largely increased the bulk of the work. But it is impossible not to feel that in Dr. Latham's case there are other and more serious difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. It is clear from internal evidence that he lacks the wide and minute acquaintance with the early literature which is the essential condition of success in undertaking such a task. While he has obviously read some curious books connected with the Elizabethan period, it is equally clear that his general knowledge

of the literature belonging to that great and important period is extremely partial and imperfect. But remembering the extent of that literature, and that after all it is only one of several periods whose productions the ideally perfect lexicographer ought to have at his finger-ends, we may well ask, who is sufficient for these things? What Dr. Latham has failed to effect, has indeed not even ventured to attempt, no single labourer could accomplish. It could only be thoroughly done by an organisation of skilled labour such as that proposed by the Philological Society. But an extensive plan of that kind requires an extended time for its execution, and years must still elapse before it can be successfully carried into effect. Meanwhile it is matter of congratulation that we have already so far advanced, and now approaching completion, a Dictionary with so many undoubted merits, and on the whole so good and useful, as that of Dr. Latham.

Having now briefly noticed the general plan and execution of Dr. Latham's work, we may conclude with a special analysis of a few of the words either overlooked or imperfectly explained both by Mr. Wedgwood and Dr. Latham. Amongst a number of examples that might be given, we select two or three whose fuller exposition will be a contribution, however slight, to the lexicography of the language. We begin with a specimen of words in common use, that have been actually or virtually overlooked by all our standard lexicographers, including the most recent. Dr. Latham may perhaps be surprised to hear that there are at least a dozen words in Mr. Tennyson's poems that find no place in his Dictionary; but this is the case; and if modern poets generally were taken, we believe the number might be multiplied tenfold. Take for example the first verse of Mr. Tennyson's recent poem 'The Victim:'—

> 'A plague upon the people fell,
> A famine after laid them low,
> Then thorpe and *byre* arose in fire,
> For on them brake the sudden foe;
> So thick they died the people cried
> "The gods are moved against the land."
> The priest in horror about his altar
> To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.'

Neither Dr. Latham nor Mr. Wedgwood have the word *byre*, though it is not only in common use both in prose and poetry, but a particularly interesting word to the etymologist. It is used in Scotland and the north of England for the outbuildings of a farmhouse where the cattle are kept, and especially for a cowhouse. Its use in this sense is seen in the Northern proverb

'drive a cow to the hall, and she will run to the *byre*.' The word with the same signification has also a place in our early literature, and is given in several of the older dictionaries, such as those of Kersey, Phillips, and Ash, the last being latest in date, entering it as obsolete. The word itself, there can be little doubt, is the Scandinavian *býr*, a village or town, from the verb *býa*, to settle down, dwell in the country, till the soil. The word appears in the Swedish and Danish *by*, a hamlet, village, or town, and in the English *by* as a final syllable in names of places throughout Lincolnshire and the adjacent counties, specially subjected to Scandinavian occupation and influence. Grims*by*, for example, is simply Grim's town, and the name so far supports the notion that the wonderful romance of 'Havelok 'the Dane' has a real historical basis, Grim according to the story being the foster-father of the castaway prince Havelok. Though of Scandinavian origin *byre* is, however, connected with the Anglo-Saxon *bye*, a dwelling or homestead, from *byan* or *buan* to inhabit, cultivate, till, and reappears as an English compound in *by-law*, local or town law, and probably also in *by-word*, local scandal or town talk. That the Scottish *byre*, though now locally designating simply a cattle-shed, originally meant a dwelling, and is thus really the same word in origin and meaning as the English *by*, is apparent from the Scottish *byr-law*, a local or private law, made by agreement between neighbours, which, though slightly differing in meaning, is the answering Northern term to the English *by-law*. Before leaving the word it is worth noticing that the Anglican *by*, in names of places, exactly corresponds to the Saxon *ton* or town from *tynan*, to enclose; and that the word town or *toon* (as it is pronounced) is still habitually used in the North for a country homestead, the circle or enclosure of the farm buildings, including house and yard. We have thus in the terms *byre* and *town* the primitive unit, the central element as it were, of the most complex and expanded borough and town.

We may take another illustration of a neglected word from Mr. Tennyson. The following lines occur in his delightful poem of 'The Brook:'—

> 'But Philip chattered more than brook or bird;
> Old Philip; all about the field you caught
> His weary day-long chirping, like the dry
> High-elbow'd *grigs* that leap in summer grass.'

Dr. Latham has not given the word *grig* used in these lines at all, and Mr. Wedgwood missed it in the text of his work, but, struck apparently by its use in the poem, found a place for it in the Supplement without, however, giving any very accurate

information as to its origin and use. With regard to use he says that 'the word is only known in ordinary speech in the pro-'verb "merry as a grig;"' but the fact is that it is widely known throughout the country in the precise sense of cricket or grasshopper, but especially the former. We tested this orally some years ago, and found that in a number of counties the word is popularly known in this sense. But it has also the same signification in literature not only in Tennyson's lines, which Mr. Wedgwood appears to regard as unique in this respect, but in the pages of other authors. The early editions of Mr. Tennyson's poems for example contained a short poem on the Grasshopper, which was withdrawn from the later editions, and Professor Wilson, in a lively review of Tennyson, characterises the poem as follows:—'As for the grasshopper, 'Alfred, in that green *grig*, is for a while merry as a cricket, and 'chirps and chirrups, though with less meaning and more mono-'tony than that hearth-loving insect, who is never so happy, 'you know, as when in the neighbourhood of a baker's oven.'

But the remarkable fact is that although thus widely known and used in a specific sense, both colloquially and in literature, the word has never yet found its way into any English dictionary. The word *grig* appears indeed in our dictionaries, but only in the sense of 'a small eel,' which is, however, an extremely limited and local meaning compared with the wide and general prevalence of the 'high-elbowed' interpretation. In the proverb 'merry as a *grig*,' where it obviously means cricket, the word is usually referred to the eel, or explained as meaning *Greek*, and Dr. Latham supports these venerable traditions. So much for the use of the word. Mr. Wedgwood's account of its origin is still less satisfactory. He says '*grig*, like the 'first syllable of *cricket*, represents the creaking sound of the 'chirp,' which simply shows how conveniently a favourite theory may supply the place of special investigation and accurate knowledge. The word has really nothing to do with the sound the cricket makes, but is derived from the colour of its coat. It is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and occurs in one of the earliest and most vigorous fragments of Anglo-Saxon poetry we possess, 'The Fight at Finnesburg,' which begins as follows with 'a speech of Fin, a Frisian prince, on seeing a glare of 'light in his palace, which had been fired by the Danish 'invaders in a night attack:'—

'Hleothrode tha
Heatho-geong cyning:
Ne this ne dagath éastan,
Ne her draca ne fleógeth,

'Cried aloud then
The warlike young king:
'This dawns not from the east,
Nor flies a dragon here,

Ne her thisse healle	Nor of this hall here
Horn naes ne byrnath	Are the cressets burning;
Ac her forth bernth	But here it burns forth;
Fugelas singath,	The birds sing,
Gylleth *græg-hama*	The cricket chirps,
Guth-wudu hlynneth	The war-wood resounds.
Scyld scefte oncwyth.'	Shield to shafts responds.'

Here we have the early form of the word *graeg-hama*, the grey-skin or grey-coated one, the final *g* having been retained instead of being changed into *y*, as in *dæg*, day; *hæg*, hay; and the great majority of similar cases. The second part of the compound *hama*, a coat or skin, which has fallen out of use, may probably still be found in *hammer*-cloth, formerly a skin thrown over a coach-box; and in yellow-*hammer*, a yellow-coated bird. It will be seen that the word originally applied to the cricket: the grey-coated one in the extract, roused by the sudden warmth and blaze, chirps in the accustomed hall newly fired by the Danish invaders. But it would very naturally come to be applied to the grasshopper as well as to the cricket. Colour, it need scarcely be said, was, in early times, a constant ground of naming not only insects, but birds, beasts, and fishes, and this particular colour affords examples of each in the grey or badger, the grey linnet, the grayling, also celebrated in the 'Brook,' the 'grey fly' of Milton, and the 'grey-coated gnat' in Shakspeare's wonderful description of Queen Mab's equipage. Shakspeare's epithet is indeed an exact translation of the old Anglo-Saxon name for the cricket.

Before leaving Tennyson, we may notice in passing one or two of the many remaining words and compounds in his poems not to be found in Dr. Latham's Dictionary. In the 'Princess,' the hero, describing his journey, says—

> 'Then we crost
> To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
> And vines, and blowing *bosks* of wilderness,
> We gained the mother-city thick with towers.'

And in the 'Dream of Fair Women' it is said of Jephthah's Daughter, that after her impassioned speech —

> 'She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood;
> "Glory to God" she sang, and past afar,
> Thridding the sombre *boskage* of the wood,
> Towards the morning star.'

Dr. Latham has *bosky* the adjective, but not the nouns *bosk* and *boscage*, meaning respectively wood and underwood, occur-

ring in these extracts. Again, in the description of the Ladies' College and its course of lectures we have—

> '——— followed then
> A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
> With scraps of thundrous epic *lilted* out
> By violet-hooded doctors; elegies
> And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all time
> Sparkle for ever.'

But *lilt*, though a most expressive word, and in common use amongst recent writers of high reputation, is not given by Dr. Latham.

We now turn to a word which, though long known to professional men in its technical application, has only recently come into general use. It is at present, however, so habitually employed both in speech and writing that it could hardly be dispensed with. This is the word *gist*, of whose origin and precise meaning we should naturally expect Mr. Wedgwood to give some account, especially as Archbishop Trench had pointedly asked for information on the subject. Dr. Trench says of the word, 'This is the old French "gîte," from the old '"gésir," and meant, as does the French word still, the place 'where one lodges for the night. But where is the point of con-'tact and connexion between "gist" in this sense, and "gist" 'as we use it now?' We might fairly look to Dr. Latham and Mr. Wedgwood for an answer to this question, but neither of them has anything to say on the matter. Mr. Wedgwood does not notice the word at all, and curiously enough the only example of its use in the modern sense given by Dr. Latham is from Mr. Wedgwood's own writings. Archbishop Trench's question may, however, soon be answered, the link he asks for being supplied by the technical meaning of the term. *Gist* is one of the old Norman French law terms which has passed by a very natural process from its legal use into the language of common life. In its legal sense it means foundation, *Gist of action* in legal phraseology being simply ground of action; or in the words of the old definition, 'the cause for 'which an action lieth, the ground and foundation thereof, with-'out which it is not maintainable.' It is used habitually in this sense by professional writers, and in the standard Law Reports. Thus Burrow, in his report of a case arising out of the seizure and sale of a bankrupt's goods by the sheriff, says, 'The *gist* of an action of trover is the conversion, the finding 'is not the material part,' where *gist* is a synonym for material part; and further, in the same case, 'The *gist* of this action

'is the wrongful conversion by the sale.' And again, in a nuisance case of special interest to the lexicographer, as it turns very much on the exact meaning of the words *noxious* and *noisome*, we have 'Hurtfulness is the *gist* of this indict-'ment.' From its more limited technical employment the word was brought into general use by great lawyers and writers on the philosophy of law such as Burke and Mackintosh. In its legal meaning, therefore, *gist* is simply the ground on which an argument rests, the basis that supports it, the point on which it turns: and this is precisely the signification in which it is now generally employed. There is no difficulty whatever therefore in tracing 'the point of contact and connexion' between *gist* in its old sense of a lodging-place, and *gist* in its modern sense as the material ground and basis of an argument. Dr. Latham misses the exact meaning of the word altogether. After giving the old sense of lodging-place, he adds, 'point to arrive at, object, 'this being the only current meaning at present.' In place of being 'the only current meaning at present,' this is, however, a meaning the word never had at any time, early or late. Instead of being the 'point to arrive at, object,' it is, as we have seen, the ground on which you rest, the real basis of fact or argument that supports a reasoning or proves a case. In his account of the word, Dr. Trench overlooked the old French form *giste*, nearest to our own, and through which it has come to us, as well as the older English words *agist* and *agistment* derived from it. *Giste* was, however, in common use in French not only as a legal but as a general term, and Cotgrave explains it 'a bed, couch, lodging, place to lie in, or to rest in;' *droict de giste* being the King's right of lodging at the house of any vassal or subject. *Agist* and *agistment*, again, applied originally to the open places where the deer congregate and lie in the spring, meant, 'in our Common Law, to take in and feed the 'cattle of strangers in the King's forest, and to guard the 'money due for the same to the King's use;' and Cotgrave gives under *glandage* 'mast, the feeding of hogs by mast in 'woods; the *agistment*, or laying of swine into mastie woods;' and also under *glandager* 'to *agist*, or lay swine in mastie 'woods.' Archbishop Trench has also overlooked the older form of the French verb which explains that of the noun. Richelet gives as an archaic third person of the verb *gésir* or *gir*, the form *gist*, pronounced *git*, which gradually took its place, *il git* being used instead of *il gist* for he rests or lies.*

* As might naturally be expected the early form is found in our Anglo-Norman records and law books, and Kelham in his dictionary accordingly gives '*qi gist*, who is buried, who lies.'

Ci gît had thus exactly the same meaning as *hic jacet*, and is habitually used in this sense in the older French epitaphs. The epitaph on Richelieu, by the poet Benserade, who lost his pension by the cardinal's death, illustrates this use on its humorous side:—

> 'Ci gît, oui gît, par la morbleu,
> Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
> Et ce qui cause mon ennui,
> Ma pension gît avec lui.'

Git was, however, used as an impersonal verb in the sense of *consistit*, it consists in, depends or rests upon, *il consiste* (tout *git* en cela), and this use of the French verb exactly harmonises with the current meaning of the English noun.

Amongst the more archaic but expressive terms Dr. Latham has omitted to explain, is the good old English word *charm* or *chirm*, meaning murmuring voices, mixed and multiplied sounds, confused but animated cries or noises of any kind. The word is used amongst others by Peele in his 'Arraignment of Paris' —'A *charm* of birds, and more than ordinary;' and also by Milton in the same sense:—

> 'Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
> With *charm* of earliest birds.'

In Scotch poetry ancient and modern, as well as in the North generally, the word is habitually used in the same sense to express the various notes of congregated birds, and especially in its earlier use notes of a plaintive, mournful, wailing strain. Jamieson says, referring to its early use, 'as applied to birds 'it denotes the mournful sound emitted by them, especially when 'collected together before a storm.' But he also gives examples of its use in a more general sense, without any suggestion of a plaintive note or tone. In England the word exists locally over a very considerable area, to express associated vital sounds, cries, voices, songs, or notes of any kind. 'In 'some of the Midland Counties,' says Mr. Keightly, 'charm 'signifies a loud confused sound made by a number of birds, 'cattle, or children;'—and in the South and West of England it is used generically to express a murmuring or confused noise, loud or low. Last summer, for example, in conversation with a gentleman from the West of England we heard the word used in this sense,—precisely the sense it bears in our early literature. Being at Westminster, in the neighbourhood of the Broadway, he had strolled out one Saturday evening to see the busy market of that crowded thoroughfare, and in describing the scene he said, 'What a place that Broadway is,

'such a moving crowd of people, and what a *charm* they keep 'up!' But this really expresses the exact literary use of the word amongst the Elizabethan writers. In the volume already referred to as one of Shakspeare's library, the following example of its use occurs: 'He himself began to speake; 'and then was there heard a great scraping of feet in the 'floore, with a *cherme* of loud speaking, and upon that, every 'man turning himself about, saw at the chamber-doore appeare 'a light of torches, and by and by [immediately, that is] after 'entered in the Lorde Generall with a greate and noble 'traine.' With regard to the origin of the word, it has no direct connexion with *carmen*, to which it is usually referred, but is simply the Anglo-Saxon *cirm* or *ceorm*, a noise, shout, cry, or uproar, connected directly with *ceorian*, to murmur, and indirectly through the tendency of multiplied and continuous sounds to assume a kind of rhythmical cadence when heard at a little distance, with *cyrran* to turn, and *cernan* to churn.

But these examples of imperfect treatment might be multiplied to thrice the length of the present article, as we have collected upwards of a hundred words used by good writers, and thoroughly English, which Dr. Latham has overlooked. But we must hold our hand. The publication of the remaining parts of the Dictionary may, however, give us an opportunity of returning to a work which deserves to be studied by everyone interested in the language, and as a book of reference is admirably fitted for general usefulness.

ART. III.—1. *Evangelia Apocrypha: adhibitis plurimis codicibus Græcis et Latinis, maximam partem nunc primum consultis, atque ineditorum copiâ insignibus:* edidit CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF, Theol. et Phil. Doct., Theol. Prof., P. Ord. H. Lips. Lipsiæ: MDCCCLIII.

2. *Études sur les Évangiles Apocryphes.* Par MICHEL NICOLAS. Paris: 1866.

3. *The Apocryphal Gospels, and other Documents relating to the History of Christ.* Translated from the originals in Greek, Latin, Syriac, &c., with Notes, Scriptural References, and Prolegomena, by B. HARRIS COWPER, Editor of the Journal of Sacred Literature, &c. London: 1867.

THE curious compositions which popularly bear the name of Apocryphal Gospels are little known in this country, even by theologians, or known only to be abused. The very

knowledge of them, where it exists, is avowed with an apology. 'These poor literary inamenities' (wrote Bishop Ellicott twelve years ago),* 'these weak and foolish outpourings of heresy 'and credulity, are still destined to live and linger among us. '. . . Such tenacity of existence is yet more noticeable, when 'we remember that their mendacities, their absurdities, their 'coarseness, the barbarities of their style, and the incon-'sequences of their narratives, have never been excused or 'condoned. It would be hard to find any competent writer 'in any age of the Church, who has been beguiled into saying 'anything civil or commendatory. . . . The whole vocabulary of 'theological abhorrence, a vocabulary by no means limited in 'its extent, or culpably weak in its expressions, has been ex-'pended upon these unfortunate compositions individually and 'collectively.' Perhaps this is a little too strong a description both of the Apocryphal Gospels themselves, and of the treatment they have met with universally in the Christian Church. The learned Whitaker,† writing certainly with no prepossession in their favour, admits that they were once 'highly 'esteemed by many;' nor would it be difficult, we imagine, to one versed in mediæval lore to add other respectable names to those of Gregory of Tours, Fulbert of Chartres, and Vincent of Beauvais, whom M. Nicolas cites as having claimed for these writings a more deferential consideration than had been paid them by authority. Doubtless, when Bishop Ellicott wrote, he was thinking chiefly or solely of the ancient Fathers, and of theologians of the last few centuries; and within these limits there is little exaggeration in his language. Yet even in our own times we can point to a remarkable revival of interest in these primæval writings, at once more respectful and on the whole more reasonable. Some twenty years before the Bishop wrote his essay, a striking series of criticisms had appeared in France, which gave rise to a considerable movement in that country, not to say throughout Europe, in favour of these remnants of early Christianity. In the 'Université Catholique' (the organ of M. de Montalembert's school) a series of lessons on the Poetry of Christendom was commenced, in 1836, by MM. Rio and Douhaire, which eloquently set forth the merits of these documents, and attracted no small amount of attention. They were presently followed in the same country by M. Gustave Bonnet's annotated translation of the Apocryphal Gospels; which again, together with a large portion of M. Douhaire's own remarks, has been incorporated into the 'Dictionnaire des

* Cambridge Essays, 1856. † Disputations on Scripture, 1588.

'Apocryphes,' forming two volumes of M. Migne's colossal 'Encyclopédie Théologique,' the text-book of the French clergy. The subject has been further pursued in the smaller works of MM. Dulaurier and Alfred Maury, and lastly by M. Nicolas, whose very able treatise we propose to notice presently. Meanwhile the 'Society for the Defence of the 'Christian Religion' at the Hague, having offered a reward for the best essay on the subject, the prize was gained in 1851, by Constantine Tischendorf, a scholar already well known for his laborious investigations in the text of the Greek Testament, and universally famous since then for his discovery of the Sinaitic MS. To Dr. Tischendorf, besides his careful essay, we owe the best and most complete critical edition of these spurious Gospels, as well as a similar collection of the Apocryphal Acts. And again it was the appearance of his 'Evangelia 'Apocrypha' in 1853 which attracted Dr. Ellicott's notice, and drew forth from him the popular and interesting essay from which we have already quoted. Since then the subject has received more attention than formerly from our own divines, and has even been commended occasionally to the attention of others, as for instance by Dr. Alexander (now Bishop of Derry), who delivered a lecture upon it in 1865, at Dublin. Lastly, Dr. Tischendorf's collection and many of his conclusions have been presented in an English form to the unlearned public, with further additions and illustrations, by Mr. Harris Cowper.

Having thus traced the stream of recent literature bearing on the subject, we return to the Lectures of M. Douhaire, to which we ascribe, in no small measure, the resuscitation of the interest felt in this class of compositions, and in still greater measure the rescue of them from the almost indiscriminate contempt with which educated writers, Catholic as well as Protestant, regarded them till lately. We cannot but sympathise with his generous vindication of these much abused productions; and though by no means able to acquiesce altogether in the estimate which he forms of them, and the admiration with which he regards them, we think that his view of the matter is just in many particulars, besides being far more consistent with the tenets of Roman Catholicism than the depreciatory tone in which writers of that Church have usually indulged. After noticing the conscious falsehood and heretical animus which mark many of the early Christian Apocryphal writings, he thus continues in his introductory lecture:—

'It is not so with the legends of the Evangelic Cycle properly so-

called. These are simple traditions, a little too credulous perhaps, and a little too puerile, but traditions assuredly which have not originated in evil intentions. Kindly simplicity and candour glow there in every page; and there is so close a correspondence in some of their statements with the story of the Gospels, that criticism has been inclined to regard them as in many points an authentic complement of the narrative of the Apostles. These familiar tales, recounted at the hearth, under the tent, in the fields, in the halts of caravans, contain a living picture of the popular manners prevailing in the new-born Church. There, better than anywhere else, is depicted the inner life of the Christian community. Nowhere shall we study better the transformation which was then at work under the influence of Christianity among the lower ranks of society. The rich source of ideas and sentiments opened by the new worship there developes itself with copiousness and freedom. It may be that what these books relate to us of the Blessed Virgin and her parents, of Jesus and his Apostles, may not be very exact—nay, thus much is even probable; but the ways, the practices, the habits which they involuntarily record, are true. Evidently they assign to the personages of sacred story conversations which they never held: but if they have assigned to these personages certain conduct, certain actions, certain words, it is because such were in the spirit of the time, and because they were thought worthy of those to whom they were attributed. These legends are thus, in fact, a popular commentary on the Gospel; and the very falsehoods they contain have an actual truth.'*

After noticing the oral character of the instruction which was necessarily the principal and sometimes the only instruction then to be had, he thus proceeds:—

'If then it came to pass that an Apostle or a disciple of the Apostles, in some little village of the East or West, addressed to his brethren words of encouragement and of hope, and, discoursing about the Saviour and his disciples, related the words or the actions of which he himself had personally been witness, or which he had learned from others, these simple harangues passed from mouth to mouth through all the empire, and every Christian added something to them out of his belief or out of his own heart. The language was not merely the utterance of a simple individual, it was the common language of Christendom. Thus by a natural process, simply, with no foregone intent, men adorned and embellished veritable facts and real discourses; and the result was a spontaneous and almost involuntary completion of the imperfect or hasty narratives which excited the imagination without entirely satisfying it. Viewed then merely as isolated productions in the middle of the epoch which saw their birth, and without influence on succeeding times, even so these legends of the infant Church would be one of the most curious of literary monuments which could be offered to our study. But

* Université Catholique, t. iv. p. 367.

their importance grows singularly greater, when we come to consider that far from having remained barren of results, they have exerted the most powerful and productive action on the poetry fo the ages following; that they have furnished to the epic poetry, the drama, the painting, the sculpture of the Middle Ages an inexhaustible fund of subjects, that all Christian nations down to the sixteenth century have drawn from them their fairest inspirations, and that the poesy of the Mussulmans has been their tributary.'

There is much in these striking words which is incontestably true, showing that the subject thus eloquently commended to our attention is one of no small importance to the theologian and the student of religious phenomena, as well as to the historian of art. On the latter of these topics we shall forbear to enter now; confining ourselves wholly to the religious and moral aspect of the question. Assuredly if M. Douhaire's theory of the origin of the Apocryphal Gospels were correct, they would have a commanding claim on our respect as well as our attention, whether as documents embodying genuine Apostolic traditions, or even as poetical creations breathing the faith of primitive Christianity. How far there is any presumption that such is the case, we shall presently inquire, carefully distinguishing as we proceed that portion of the mixed mass of documents which have the best claim to be considered original. But first we will turn back to trace the earlier history of the Apocryphal Gospels.

They all sprang up (to speak generally) in the period comprised between the second and the sixth centuries; all of them originating in the East, and most of them (as has been proved to the satisfaction of competent critics of whatever school or creed) either in the Holy Land itself or in the countries immediately adjacent, the greater part apparently among the Syrian Christians. Syriac was in most cases the language of the originals. But at a very early period they were translated into other tongues also, Greek, Coptic, Arabic, &c. obtaining so wide a popularity and so dominating over the imagination and belief of the Eastern Christians, that too often they threw the Canonical Gospels into the shade. In their Greek form they soon invaded the West also, and being presently translated into Latin found readers in greater and greater numbers, rapidly winning favour there too with the masses. In vain the wiser and more educated leaders of the Church protested against them; they spread their influence notwithstanding. Augustine and Jerome, as Epiphanius before them, denounced them in no measured terms. Pope Innocent I. (A.D. 405) in his individual capacity, and Pope Gelasius (A.D.

494) even authoritatively condemned them; so that officially the Latin Church has doubtless kept itself clear of all embarrassing recognition of them. But in spite of discouragement and even of condemnation, they advanced steadily in predominating influence. Presently, when the barbarians of the North were brought under the teaching of Christianity, the Apocryphal and legendary phase of the religion was found to have singular attractions for them also. The marvels and gross conceptions which revolt a thoughtful and cultivated mind proved more acceptable to those rude races than the high morality and spiritual doctrine of the Scripture. And gradually the rulers and doctors of the Church ceased to oppose the prevailing tendency.

'In all the period which separates the fifth from the eleventh century' (writes that loyal Catholic, M. Douhaire; and in his Sixth Lecture he fully maintains and justifies his position*), 'the part played by the Evangelical legends becomes immense. The liturgies of the great festivals are in fact a veritable dramatisation of them: as at Christmas the ceremonies of the Manger; at the Epiphany the Office of the Star; at Easter the Office of the Sepulchre; and, above all, the services for the Festivals of the Virgin.'

With the tenth century came the period of the Mimes, and later that of the Mysteries, all these being founded mainly on the Apocryphal Gospels and on the legendary mythology which they originated; while the same conceptions inspired (as we have seen) and gave the prevailing colour to all departments of art and imaginative literature. The Scriptures and the Scriptural narratives were fairly overlaid, not to say concealed, by the outflow from these impurer and once prohibited sources of belief; while the Apocryphal Gospels themselves, eagerly copied at first by the monks and translated into all languages of Christendom, and then diffused still more widely in the form of romances and poems, became the foundation in the thirteenth century of the Legenda Aurea, long the most popular of all books (it may be fairly said) throughout the regions of the West.

'To look at the number, the grandeur, and the power of these legends' (remarks M. Douhaire†) 'one could not suspect for them an origin so humble. Nothing in truth is more simple, nothing more modest, than those primitive records which became in time touching epics or dramas full of decoration and pomp. This grand river of poetry which gives their life to all the middle ages, resembles those vast streams of the New World which nourish whole con-

* Université Catholique, t. vi. pp. 412 *seq.*

† Ibid. t. v. p. 121.

tinents, and which are at the commencement of their course mere narrow rivulets lost in the obscurity of the mountains.'

And now a very singular phenomenon presents itself. 'The 'comparison which we have just made (continues M. Douhaire) 'holds good also in another respect; for just as it has only 'recently been made a subject of inquiry, whence come the 'waters which irrigate the globe, so men have not asked till 'a comparatively recent period, whence came these great com- 'positions with which the faith of our fathers was so deeply 'imbued.' In fact, strange to say, from the 13th century onwards, the original writings which had produced such an effect began themselves to drop into oblivion. The stories which they told circulated as widely as ever, and even with increased weight of authority. Not only art and literature, but the legendaries, the lectionaries, the breviaries of the Church were full of them to overflowing. But the documents from which they had been drawn began to disappear, and at last were totally forgotten. Copyists no longer cared to transcribe the MSS. which lay in the libraries of monasteries, colleges, and cathedrals unread and unnoticed. Nor were they rescued from this oblivion by the restoration of learning. The researches of eager students turned in quite a different direction; and between the learned whose thoughts were chiefly bent on the recovery of the treasures of classical antiquity, and the ordinary reading public who were satisfied with later compilations, the Apocryphal Gospels themselves were entirely lost sight of. No master of learning cared to exhume them, or troubled himself about their existence; and the printing press, busy in all countries and languages with the ever-popular Golden Legend, did not reproduce a single copy of the curious documents of which that cherished manual was the lineal descendant and the heir It was with a shock of surprise therefore, and indeed with utter incredulity, that Europe received the announcement of the eccentric Guillaume Postel, returning in the middle of the sixteenth century from his travels in the East, that he had brought back a copy of the 'Gospel of James,' which was read as a sacred book in the Eastern Church. Postel claimed for it an authority almost canonical. The *Protevangelium* he called it; 'the missing basis and foundation for the Gospel, 'supplying on the highest authority all that can be desired.' Such language was likely to excite the indignation of Protestants; and Postel was assailed accordingly, especially by Henry Stephens, in no measured terms. Being no great ornament himself to the Catholic Church, he and his new treasure were discountenanced almost as much by his co-

religionists; and he never seems to have succeeded in so much as printing his Protevangelium. But in 1552 it was published in Latin by the Lutheran Bibliander, and in 1564 the Greek text was brought out by Michael Neander in his 'Apocrypha 'Novi Testamenti,' the first collection of its kind that had been made, consisting, however, chiefly of fragments of the Apocryphal writings derived from the Greek Fathers. The great body of those Apocryphal writings which we now possess still lay undiscovered. Neander did not even print the Gospel of Nicodemus, though an edition of that (as it now appears) was brought out at Leipsig as early as 1516. It was supposed that all these writings had perished. Jewel, Rogers, and the other champions of the Reformed English Church, refer to them merely as cited by Augustine and others. Whitaker (Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge), writing in 1588, says of the Gospels of Thomas, Nicodemus, &c., that 'they are not now extant.'* Nor was much interest taken by critics or polemical writers in such portions of them as remained. Controversy, raging round the Old Testament Apocrypha, was almost silent here. The Roman Catholic Church, having happily failed to compromise itself by any overt act of recognition, could appeal to the declared opinion of Fathers and primitive Popes, while condemning these early legendary books; whatever might be its consistency in admitting the legends notwithstanding to a place in the authorised breviaries. And the Protestant doctors, precluded from using these documents as weapons of offence against the Romanists, naturally despised and dismissed them as puerile and worthless fictions.

No one, therefore, cared to search for missing documents, or to edit those which existed with scholarly precision, till early in the last century they attracted the attention of J. A. Fabricius, Professor at the High School of Hamburg. Fascinated, in spite of himself, and of the odium which he was likely to incur, with these singular productions, that diligent scholar, while earnestly disclaiming any admiration of them, set to work to collect all that could be found on the subject; and soon discovered (what others had hinted before) that so far from being novelties in the Western world, many of these productions existed in MS. in the public libraries of Europe. Several of these he collated accordingly; and produced in 1703 his 'Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti,' which until our own days has remained the standard edition of these writings; the

* Disputation on Scripture (Parker Society's edition), p. 188.

'Gospels' being comprised in the first volume of his work. M. Douhaire does full justice to the learned and amiable German professor, who alone for centuries showed that he had a heart to feel the attractions of these singular remains of primitive Christianity, unlike the 'impassive Aristarchi,' Protestant and Catholic, who had vied with each other hitherto in expressions of contempt for them. After Fabricius, the subject received the attention of several authors of note, foremost amongst whom were our own countrymen, Nathaniel Lardner, and before him another learned nonconformist, Jeremiah Jones, whose work on the Canon of the New Testament enjoyed in the last century a well-deserved repute. Jones translated many pieces of Fabricius's collection, Lardner commented only; both of them adopting an equally hostile strain. More remarkable, as not commentators only, but contributors of lost pieces to the Apocryphal collection, were Sike, Wallin, and Birch; names which, though at first sight they might be mistaken for British, belong respectively to a German, a Swede, and a Dane. To these we may add the learned Frenchman Coteler. The contributions thus made were drawn, in two instances at least, from the Arabic; though that, it now appears, was not their original form. In spite, however, of the increased attention which they have received since the end of the seventeenth century, the Apocryphal Gospels have been little known beyond a narrow circle of the learned world, except through one or two futile attempts to use them for the purpose of discrediting Christianity. In 1769 a French translation of some of them was published in London by Voltaire, under the name of the Abbé B. (the initial of his secretary), which may be seen in his collected works,* with a preface in the usual scoffing tone of the author; and an English reprint of Jones's translations, in conjunction with some of the Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers, appeared in 1825, issued with the same object by Hone, not without finding many purchasers both then and subsequently. But no one came forward to carry on and improve the work of Fabricius, till in 1832 Dr. Thilo, of Halle, brought out his 'Codex Apocryphus,' improved by the collation of several new MSS., and by the addition of the pieces brought to light in the course of the preceding century. Indeed it is to Dr. Thilo as preceding MM. Rio and Douhaire, that we must ascribe in great measure the increase of interest felt in these writings during the last thirty years, though we repeat our conviction that

* Vol. xxxi. of the Paris edition of 1819.

the movement is chiefly due to the popular and enthusiastic criticism of the French writers.

The books which we have placed at the head of this article represent accurately enough the present state of thought and knowledge of the subject in Germany, England, and France. Dr. Tischendorf's edition is indisputably the best which has yet appeared of the Greek and Latin texts. He has made many fresh discoveries of MSS. in the libraries of Europe, some forty of these constituting his additional *apparatus criticus*; and he believes that there are many more still buried in monasteries and in other uncatalogued collections; while the dates he assigns to them for the most part supply a curious confirmation of what we noticed just now, the disappearance of the Apocryphal Gospels in the Western world after the fourteenth century.* So far as his materials go, the care of such an editor leaves little or nothing to be desired; and his prolegomena supply undoubtedly the most reliable information and the most cautious conclusions on the subjects there touched upon which can anywhere be found. They contain, too, a brief summary with certain modifications of his essay of 1851; which may still be consulted *in extenso* by those who wish for further details, and of which he holds out the promise of publishing soon an amended edition.

Mr. Harris Cowper's book is a translation for the most part of Dr. Tischendorf's text, with some additions from other sources. The introduction and the prefaces to the several pieces are also chiefly derived from Dr. Tischendorf, and from the pages of the translator's own 'Journal of Sacred Lite-'rature.' It is a publication which we welcome as useful and seasonable. Nor do we challenge the praise which the editor claims for it, that 'for the first time the English reader will 'have anything that can honestly pretend to be a complete col-'lection of the False Gospels;' though we could wish that the volume evinced a little more of the modesty and diffidence which would better befit the calibre of the work. We are somewhat impatient of Mr. Cowper's very positive *ipse dixit*, even when his remarks commend themselves to our judgment—and there is an air of pretentiousness about the whole affair which would

* The main exception seems to be in the case of the Gospel of Nicodemus, of which Dr. Tischendorf notes some Latin MSS. of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We have seen that this was printed in 1516. Indeed, in England, where it had always been a special favourite in consequence of its supposed connexion with Joseph of Arimathæa, the vernacular version had been repeatedly printed long before.

better have been avoided. The promise of 'Scriptural references,' paraded in the title-page, led us to hope that we should find some notices here of those more latent and delicate influences of the New Testament on the matter and the language of these writings, which it is most interesting to trace. But we find little more than directions what chapter and verse we are to turn to for the Murder of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt, the Temptation in the Wilderness, &c.—references which any Sunday-scholar might supply. Nor can we conceal our dissatisfaction with the translations, at least with those from the Greek.* Mr. Cowper's specialty is, we believe, as a Syriac

* We note down a few of the most remarkable errors. 'Protevangelium,' c. ii. περιείλατο (she took off her) '*she folded up*;' c. xvii. αὐτὴ ἡ ἡμέρα τοῦ Κυρίου ποιήσει (the day of the Lord shall itself bring it to pass) '*the day of the Lord shall make plain.*' Evang. Thom. A. c. iv. οὐκ ἀπελεύσει τὴν ὁδόν σου (thou shalt not go back the way thou camest) '*thou shalt not finish thy journey*;' c. vii. εὑρέθην ἔχειν (I was found to have) '*I find I have*;' ἐνθυμοῦμαι τὴν αἰσχύνην ὅτι . . . (I take the shame to heart that . . .) '*I am filled with shame, for . . .*;' οὗτος τί ποτε μέγα ἐστίν . . . οὐκ οἶδα (what great thing he is . . . I know not) '*whatever great thing he is . . . I know not.*' Evang. Thom. B. τί σε ἠδίκησαν οἱ λάκκοι καὶ ἐξεκένωσας αὐτούς; (what did the pools injure thee that thou didst empty them?) '*why have the pools offended thee, and why hast thou emptied them?*' Evang. Nic. P. I. A. c. xv. οὐκ ἀγνοεῖτε (ye are not ignorant) '*ye know not.*' Again, ὡς οὐκ ἀγνοεῖτε, '*now know ye not.*' Anaph. Phil. A. ταῦτα γέγονεν τὰ ὑπομνήματα (these records were made) '*the things here recorded came to pass.*' We are startled besides to find such slips as αὖθις, *straightway*; πρὸς ταῦτα, *moreover*; ὥστε γνωσθῆναι, so that it *might be* known.

Mr. Cowper is especially unfortunate in his translation of participles. 'Ελίζαβετ ἀκούσασα, 'Elizabeth *who heard*' (p. 23); σὺ τοιοῦτον παιδίον ἔχων, 'thou *who hast* such a son;' ἔξηλθε παίζων, 'went out *to play*' (p. 111); παριστορήσαντες οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι, 'the Jews '*who observed*,' &c. (p. 239); εὐφράνθησαν τρώγοντες καὶ πίνοντες, 'they rejoiced *while* eating and drinking' (p. 257); τοῦ σεισμοῦ σφοδροῦ καὶ μεγάλου γεγονότος, 'the earthquake *which occurred was* 'violent and great' (p. 285); τῆς παρασκευῆς καταντώσης, 'when the 'preparation *was come*' (p. 287); καθίσας ὁ Καῖσαρ, '*when* Cæsar sat 'in the Capitol' (p. 411); ἐκδιώξας ὀλίγοστον τὸ ἔθνος αὐτῶν δεῖξον (drive out the nation, and reduce it to the smallest numbers) 'by '*driving* out their nation as soon as possible show . . .' (p. 413).

Sometimes a long passage is most unaccountably mistaken or misrepresented, when it is hard to see what difficulty presents itself. Take the opening, for instance, of the first part of the Gospel of Nicodemus, second version (Tischendorf, p. 266. Cf. Cowper, p. 267). In other places the translator specifies difficulties in the text which are really no difficulties at all, c. 9. Protevangelium, c. xix.

scholar; but in one who has edited (unless we are misinformed) the Alexandrine MS. of the New Testament, we are surprised to find so large a number of inaccuracies and mistakes, which we hope he will take care to correct before he produces another edition.

Lastly there is the volume of M. Nicolas, one of the most eminent of the new school of French Protestant theologians, who (however justly liable to the charge of Rationalism) unite much of the learning of Germany with the keen practical insight, the clearness, the grace, and the matchless dialectic skill which distinguish their own nation. Unlike the two preceding writers, whose names we have coupled with his at the head of this article, M. Nicolas gives neither version nor translation of the Apocryphal Gospels; but he supplies an animated analysis of them. His work is an excellent specimen of the peculiar merits of his country and his school of thought. He is no follower of M. Douhaire; yet his view of the subject has evidently been strongly influenced by the vigorous comments of that writer; and he regards the ancient productions before us with an indulgence and a sympathetic interest which contrast strongly with the usual tone of English critics. English readers, however, need not be afraid of the book. In some, indeed, of his remarks on the Christian 'Origines' he gives way too much perhaps to that taste for hasty generalisation which most objectionably characterises his well-known 'Etudes sur l'Ancien 'Testament.' But we see nothing in his comments on the Apocryphal Gospels which need pain or disconcert the devoutest students of Christian antiquity. And for originality of thought, breadth of view, and careful study of the subject, it deserves the respectful attention of all who desire to obtain

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παρθένος ἐγέννησεν ὃ οὐ χωρεῖ ἡ φύσις αὐτῆς (a virgin has brought forth: a thing which her nature admits not of), which Mr. Cowper renders, 'A virgin hath brought forth, *which is not in accordance* 'with the course of nature,' adding in a note, 'The Greek is "what 'her nature doth not contain." *I give the probable sense.*' Again in the 'Narratio Josephi' (Tischendorf, pp. 436–447), the Greek of which is certainly as bad as need be, Mr. Cowper selects for his special animadversion a passage which might stand in Plato or Demosthenes, οὐκέτι ὃν λῃστὴν ἐθεασάμεθα τὸ τί ἐγένετο (we no longer saw the robber, as to what took place), which he translates, 'We no longer 'saw the robber, *whatever was done;*' and appends a foot-note, 'The Greek here is obscure: and probably means that the robber 'became invisible, however it came about'! We forbear to multiply citations further. Even in the Latin translations it would be easy to point out many things which need revisal.

an insight into the origin and nature of these singular documents.

And now with the help of our various guides we proceed to the consideration of the documents themselves.

The pieces which Dr. Tischendorf has published in his collection (some of which, as the Mors Pilati, and Vindicta Salvatoris, we decidedly object to see there) are twelve in number; or, counting separately the various recensions of the same piece, twenty-one in all. These we may divide, according to their subject-matter, into four groups; *three* is the usual number employed for their classification, but we greatly prefer four. The several classes of documents, then, would be those that tell,

1. Of the holy family, and the birth of Jesus Christ.
2. Of the infancy and childhood of the Saviour.
3. Of his death and resurrection.
4. Of his descent into the lower world.

Restricting ourselves (as our limits compel us to do) to a brief analysis of the principal only of these works, we will notice the books which constitute the various groups.

1. At the head of the first class stands the Gospel of James; the Protevangelium, as Postel called it, because it forms a prelude to the sacred story as related by the Evangelists. This is undoubtedly a very early production, the original certainly of all of the same class; and dates (as is generally allowed) from the second century. Thus much may be concluded from the fact that it is cited by name in the writings of Origen early in the third century, in terms which show it to have been then already well-known in the Greek churches; so that it must have existed some time before in its original Syriac form, and probably was known to Tertullian, Clemens Alexandrinus, and even Justin Martyr, who all certainly refer to legendary particulars which this same document was the first to embody in a written form. It relates the birth of the Virgin Mary, whose parents Joachim and Anna, childless till then, and cut to the heart by the reproaches consequently resting on them, are severally favoured with visits of angels to announce the coming blessing of a child. Mary is born accordingly, and kept in 'a sanctuary' in her parents' house, till at three years old she is solemnly conveyed to the temple, in fulfilment of their vow, and there is 'brought up like a dove, and received food at the 'hand of an angel.' When she is twelve years old, the high-priest is instructed by an angel to select a widower from the people who shall take Mary as his wife. Joseph is accordingly marked out for this honour by the sign of a dove flying out of the rod which he holds in his hand and alighting on his head.

He receives the sacred charge; and some time after, an undefiled virgin of the house of David being needed to spin purple and scarlet for the curtain of the temple, Mary is chosen by lot for the work. Then follows the Annunciation, as Mary (now sixteen) goes to draw water at the well; then Joseph's discovery of her pregnancy, his distress, and the instructions he receives. Both parties meanwhile (Mary's condition being now apparent) are in disgrace with the priests; but are cleared by drinking, both of them, the 'water of re-proof.' Then comes the journey to Bethlehem; the portents which precede the birth of the Saviour; the birth itself in a cave, three miles short of the town; the testimony of the midwife to the miraculous nature of the event; and the incredulity of Salome, who is punished and converted by the withering of her hand. After this the Magi arrive, their story being told throughout almost in the words of St. Matthew. But in the massacre of the Innocents, John the Baptist being in special danger, is saved by a mountain opening at Elizabeth's prayer to receive her and her child. John is rescued accordingly. But his father Zacharias falls a victim to the wrath of Herod, being slain between the porch and the altar!

There is every reason to believe that this production was written originally in Syriac, though translated early into its present Greek form. It was soon imitated also, with further additions, in other writings of the same class; one of these being the Gospel of the Pseudo Matthew, of which we shall presently say more; and another the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, a much later production, however, composed (as it would seem) originally in Latin, as it has not been found in any other language, and bears internal marks of an origin subsequent to the Vulgate. Of these two imitations of the Protevangelium, the first is both more diffuse and more lavish of miracles; the second, simpler and in a purer taste; but both are remarkable for the evidences they contain of a progressive veneration for the Virgin, and the special care they take to guard against the supposition naturally created by the scriptural narrative that she was the mother of the so-called 'brethren of the Lord.' Lastly, in this group may be included the 'History of Joseph the Carpenter,' edited first by Wallin from the Arabic; but of which there can be little doubt that the original language was Coptic, and that it originated in Egypt at the beginning of the monastic era. This narrative, after a brief summary of the preceding events, concerns itself almost wholly with the last days and death of Joseph, and is put by the presumptuous audacity of the writer into the mouth

of the Saviour himself; being the only composition in all the cycle in which this most objectional liberty is taken, and in which the Apocryphal writers have even ventured to assign anything to the years of Christ's active ministry. The chief features of this composition are the unworthy terrors and extravagant lamentations ascribed to Joseph, in spite of all his piety, at the approach of death; and the peculiar agency of good and evil spirits at the time of dissolution which it supposes—internal indications, it is argued, of its origin amidst the Coptic recluses, and confirmed by the fact that fragments have been found of the Coptic text, as well as by other external evidence.

2. The second group of the cycle consists of the Gospels which relate the childhood and growth of the Saviour. This group is, of course, closely connected with the preceding one; so that in fact some pieces which belong to it overlap the other. But the subject-matter of the two is plainly both distinguishable and distinct; and the principal and most ancient specimen of this second class of compositions contains nothing in common with the group which we have examined. This most ancient composition is the so-called Gospel of Thomas; itself also, like the Protevangelium, originally a Syriac production, and dating like that in all probability from the second century. For the Gospel of Thomas is similarly cited by Origen, and its still earlier existence even in Greek is fairly to be presumed from the mention by Irenæus of one of the most remarkable stories it contains, that of Christ's instruction in the Alphabet. The character of this production is very much worse than that of the former class; and all the more so, because the subject is more sacred and less tolerant of unworthy handling. No Christian can read this piece without a strong sense of outraged religious feeling; the child Jesus being represented as a wayward and sometimes malignant being, delighting in acts of capricious power, which are only by chance beneficent or useful. A Syriac version indeed, brought to light by Mr. Wright, of the British Museum (the MS. being supposed by him to be of the sixth century), exhibits this character much less offensively than the Greek, and we shall gladly think, what Mr. Harris Cowper, who has published this version in English, maintains with great probability, that we have here the nearest approach to the original text. Its offensive features grew with successive revisions, till they culminated in the Latin version, which Tischendorf appends to his two specimens of the Greek. Our brief analysis shall be made

from the first of these two versions, which is also probably the older of the two.

The child Jesus, when five years old, was found one sabbath-day playing by a stream, where he had been damming up the water, and also moulding clay into the form of sparrows. Taken to task for this by a scribe, he clapped his hands and bade the sparrows fly away, which they did accordingly. The child of another scribe having even meddled with the water-pools, Jesus struck him dead; and the same fate presently befell another boy, who ran up against him. Frightened at the odium thus produced, Joseph ventures to remonstrate with the child, but is angrily silenced. Presently a teacher named Zacchæus begs Jesus for a pupil; but while endeavouring to instruct him in the alphabet, he is confounded with the child's questions and remarks on the mystical properties of the letters. Suspected after this of causing the death of a boy who had been pushed off the roof of a house, Jesus calls the dead to life, and clears himself. At six years old he is sent by his mother to fetch water; the pot is broken, but he brings the water home in his folded mantle. Going to the field with his father to sow, from a single grain of corn he raises a hundred quarters; and then delivers Joseph from a difficulty in his trade by pulling to the proper length a piece of wood which was too short. Entrusted once more to a teacher who ventures to smite him, he strikes him dead; but pacified by the respectful conduct of a third, he restores the former one to life. Having afterwards healed his brother James from the bite of a viper, and having restored a dying child, and raised a dead man, he now reaches the age of twelve years; and the visit to Jerusalem follows, as related by St. Luke.

These monstrous stories of the childhood of the Saviour were considerably softened down in a later production of the same class, which is commonly called the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy. This compilation, first published by Sike from the Arabic in 1679, professes to recount the events which took place from the birth of the Saviour till his visit to the temple at the age of twelve. It belongs, therefore, in part to the first of our groups, and has gathered its materials from various sources. Even in its composite form, however, it is believed to have been originally Syriac; and, indeed, we are told by M. Nicolas that MSS. of it in that language are still to be found in the Vatican and in the Imperial Library at Paris. It is chiefly remarkable for the marvels it recounts of the Virgin and Child, especially during the flight into Egypt and the return to Galilee, some of them closely resembling the Arabian

Nights (youths transformed into mules by enchantment, damsels haunted by dragons, &c.), and for the devotion it expresses for the person of the former. But it gains a singular importance from the fact of its wide diffusion in Arabic and other languages among the nations of the East, where it has been popularly ascribed to St. Peter; above all from its having been to all appearance the document received there in Mahomet's time as the authoritative exponent of Christianity. From such a point of view we cannot be surprised, and can hardly regret, that the Monotheism of Islam should have commended itself as the more rational religion of the two.

Parallel to the Gospel of the Infancy, and occupying much the same position in the West which that did in the East, is the Gospel of Pseudo Matthew, to which we have already referred. This, too, is a compilation, belonging partially to our former group, as well as to the present one; and professing in the Latin version (which alone is extant now) to be a translation by Jerome from the Hebrew of St. Matthew;* an audacious claim which helped to gain a wide celebrity in the Middle Ages, both for it and also for the shorter 'Gospel of 'the Nativity of Mary,' which by some accident managed to usurp the title, and thus to obtain a transference almost without curtailment into the famous Golden Legend.

3. The writings which profess to give a fuller account of the trial and death of the Saviour are chiefly those which go under the name of the *Gesta* and *Acta Pilati*, and which form the first part of the so-called Gospel of Nicodemus. There is no doubt that writings of this class were current in the Christian Church as early at least as the second century. To some such documents both Tertullian and Justin Martyr before him, appeal in their Apologies. Justin challenges his heathen opponents to consult for themselves the 'Acts of Pilate' in support of what he alleges. And there can be no doubt that he is here referring to a document which he had himself seen and believed to be genuine, more especially as he designates it in Greek by its Latin title *Acta*. Nor can there be any doubt at all that the document thus circulated among the Christians must have been a forgery; for it is manifestly absurd to suppose that an official letter of Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius had been published and was in the hands of the Christians. It may well be, therefore, that one of the spurious productions

* We follow Dr. Tischendorf in conceding the title of Pseudo Matthew to this longer compilation. His arguments (Prol. xxx.–xxxiv.) seem quite conclusive.

now in our possession is the very document to which Justin refers. But here the difficulty is to say *which*. Dr. Tischendorf argues with some force in behalf of the *Gesta Pilati*, which forms (as we have said) the first part of the composite 'Gospel 'of Nicodemus.' But there is a fatal objection to this (which he is quite unable to get over) in the fact that the narrative of the *Gesta* is all in the third person, like that of the Canonical Gospels, and has not even the semblance of an official report, which Justin's *Acta* must have had. The same objection applies to another version of the same narrative to which Dr. Tischendorf assigns the title of *Acta Pilati*. There are various pieces, on the other hand, which thus far satisfy the required conditions, professing to be letters from Pilate to Tiberius; the principal of which goes by the name of the 'Report of 'Pilate;' and in this certainly the language of the Roman Governor fully bears out what Tertullian says of his words in the alleged 'Acta,' that he speaks like 'a Christian at 'heart.' This 'Report of Pilate' accordingly is what M. Nicolas claims as the document in question. But we hesitate to admit the claim; for the imposture is so flagrant and so extravagant that it seems unlikely that men like Justin and Tertullian should have accepted or countenanced the forgery; and we are more inclined to think that the document which they referred to has been expanded into one of the compositions now before us. If it formed, as Dr. Tischendorf supposes, the basis of the so-called *Gesta Pilati* (of which, in this uncertainty, we forbear to give a detailed summary), the alleged facts added to the Gospel narrative would be that a charge was brought against the Saviour, before Pilate, of illegitimate birth, that miraculous homage was paid to him by the eagles of the Roman legions, and that his crucifixion was followed by the imprisonment and deliverance of Joseph of Arimathæa, who ventured to declare himself in his favour. Such would be the principal particulars which tradition (if we may call it so) professes to add to the account of the Evangelists; together with the names (besides some other details concerning them) of Pilate's wife *Procla*, the penitent thief *Dysmas*, the centurion *Longinus*, and the woman with the issue of blood *Veronica*.

4. Lastly, there is the episode of the Descent of the Saviour to the lower world; which, though incorporated into the existing Gospel of Nicodemus, and forming its second part, belongs to quite a different class of the Apocryphal writings. Here there is but one document to examine, though many recensions of it. Dr. Tischendorf gives three. That it was fused into its present connexion by the hand of a compiler, all critics agree;

nor does there seem any doubt that the date of the compilation was that which the author of the Greek text assigns to his pretended discovery of the amalgamated document, and its translation by him from the Hebrew, viz. one of the joint consulships of Theodosius and Valentinian (A.D. 439).* But was this compiler the *author* also of the Descent into Hades, or had it an earlier origin? The first supposition is argued ably by M. Alfred Maury in his 'Légendes et Croyances de l'Antiquité.' He maintains that the legend now before us was composed with the special view of combating the Apollinarian heresy, which denied to Christ the spiritual part of humanity; and that the date just mentioned will therefore exactly suit the circumstances which called it forth. It originated then with the writer who calls himself the translator; and the language in which it is couched confirms this conclusion, being an exact counterpart of the rhetorical declamation of the preachers of the preceding century, and evidently framed upon that model. Dr. Tischendorf, however, and M. Nicolas agree in claiming a far higher antiquity both for the legend itself and substantially for the existing composition. And instead of regarding the rhetoric of Ephrem, of Chrysostom, and of Gregory as the model adopted by the writer, they maintain that the phraseology of those great preachers, when dilating on this theme, was drawn from the glowing imagery of the Christian Rhapsodist. The belief of Christ's visit to the lower world, suggested by the words of St. Peter (1 Pet. iii. 19) took hold very early of the popular mind, and had probably worked itself nearly into the present form of the legend by the end of the second century.

Leaving this point undetermined, we subjoin a brief analysis of the Greek legend. At the resurrection of Christ, when 'many bodies of the saints arose and went into the holy city,' among those who thus 'appeared unto many' were two sons of the aged Simeon. Being brought to the chief priests at the instance of Joseph of Arimathæa, they told how that when they were among the departed, a great light had shone on them in Hades, recognised presently by prophets and patriarchs as the sign of approaching redemption. John the Baptist above all declared its purport and its promise, and his witness was confirmed by the primeval recollections of Adam and of Seth. Satan meanwhile, troubled by the indications of ap-

* Mr. Harris Cowper argues for this date, viz., the 7th Consulate of Theodosius II. and 6th of Valentinian III. The text, it seems, is chargeable with some error and inconsistency.

proaching danger, was conferring with Hades how it might be met; when suddenly there came a voice as of thunder, saying, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, &c.' While David and Isaiah exulted accordingly over the baffled Powers of Darkness, the brazen gates were broken, and the iron bars were burst; and the King of Glory entering in released Adam and all the just, leading them up to Paradise. There at the same moment there appeared a man of lowly mien, having a cross upon his shoulders. It was the penitent thief. He too was admitted with the rest; Enoch and Elijah alone waiting yet awhile, till their destiny should be accomplished. Having written and sealed their testimony thus, the sons of Simeon vanished.

This summary review of the Apocryphal Gospels, scanty as it is, will at least be sufficient to show us in which of them we must search, if anywhere, for such fragments of real tradition as may possibly have been gathered up in the generation subsequent to the Apostles. It is evident that the only documents in which such traditions can be looked for with the remotest chance of success, are the Protevangelium, the Gospel of Thomas, and the original Acta Pilati (whatever we may conclude these last to be). All other compositions of the kind are but later imitations, or expressions and enlargements of these three; the 'Descensus' (whether an earlier or later production) being of course by its very nature removed from the sphere of historical tradition. Confining our attention then to these three pieces, we ask, Can there be any reasonable presumption or reasonable hope that they present or embody elements of historical truth? that any particulars are here handed down to us concerning the Saviour or the Holy Family which we may reasonably regard as having a foundation of fact? We say at once that we do not think there is. And the reasons lie upon the surface.

First of all, it is evident that any genuine traditions of the Saviour among those who saw and heard him must have belonged to the years of his active ministry. Then alone he was observed and noted; there alone tradition had its province. Of this period we could not be surprised if a large mass of traditions had existed. The French critics cite as a remarkable parallel (and more to the point, in fact, than the cases of Charlemagne and Arthur) that mass of legendary stories which have already grown up in France round the memory of the first Napoleon. We accept the parallel for the purpose it is meant to serve. But what shall we find in that case? Do not all the stories current among the French peasantry relate

to the mature life of the great Emperor, his campaigns, his administration of affairs, his travels of inspection, his intercourse with the people? So it ought to have been, so assuredly it would have been, with genuine traditions in the sacred history. Yet the two most important of the documents before us have no reference whatever to the period which is their rightful province. They refer solely to that portion of Christ's life the memory of which, if preserved at all, must have been preserved in the narrowest and innermost circle of disciples, that of the mother and brethren of the Lord. But is not this (it may be asked) very possible? Would not these peculiar traditions have a peculiar value? would not the special circumstances of the case, and the pardonable curiosity of devout posterity, account for the special attention bestowed on those obscure details? We point in answer to the documents themselves.

Look first at the Protevangelium. It is a story which, if not written by an eye-witness (a theory all but impossible, so far as the earlier parts are concerned; though advanced apparently by the writer in the last chapter for the later part of his narrative), bears the evident marks of being an elaborate work of fiction, with all the usual accompaniments of descriptive detail and sustained dialogue. Moreover, the story of Joachim and Anna, their long-continued childlessness, and the birth of their daughter Mary, is not only a manifest copy of that of Zacharias and Elizabeth in the New Testament, of Samson's and of Samuel's parents in the Old, but is also filled with extravagant miracles (as of the dove that flew out of Joseph's rod), and is disfigured besides with gross mistakes about Jewish ordinances and customs, as in making Mary nurtured in the temple, making the high-priest enter into the holy of holies for an ordinary purpose, and much besides. How can any importance be conceded to such a narrative? How can it even be thought that the mere names of Joachim and of Anna have any historical reality, when we find the author so ready with a fictitious nomenclature; assigning, for instance, the name of Reuben to the high-priest of the time, and supposing the father of John to have been the Zacharias who was slain between the temple and the altar? Such a composition has evidently no sort of claim to be regarded as of traditional authority.

The same objections apply far less, it is true, to the Gospel of Thomas, which professes to be a collection of anecdotes preserved either by the Apostle, or an Israelite of the same name, respecting the childhood of the Saviour. But even if we could

explain away the assertion of St. John that the miracle of Cana was the first that Jesus wrought, the character of these anecdotes would forbid us to suppose one moment that they can be even distorted recollections of actual facts. That the Holy Child should have struck his playfellows dead for opposing him, that he should have insulted and terrified his teachers, and even that he should have displayed his supernatural power by pulling straight crooked pieces of carpentry, or gathering up spilled water in a mantle, are suppositions too monstrous to dwell upon. A series of stories like this carries its own condemnation with it. Even had traditionary particulars been preserved in some corner of the Christian Church, the character of the narrator's mind would have incapacitated him from so much as transmitting the anecdotes of such a childhood.

Lastly, among those before us in the third class of documents we have the difficulty of even determining which has the best claim to our attention; that claim itself being the right to be accepted as the original forgery! All these documents, moreover, swarm with details abhorrent alike to our religious feeling and to our sense of historical reality; so that we are forced to regard as wholly unreliable those few particulars which of themselves are not incredible nor even perhaps unlikely. It may be (as many critics have maintained, as Dr. Tischendorf himself and even Bishop Ellicott incline to think,) that some grains of historical truth may have reached us, carried down by these turbid waters; but if so, they are wholly unavailable for use, and the presumption is strong that they do not even exist. Judging from internal evidence, we should say, even of the most ancient of the Apocryphal Gospels, that they were composed purposely to fill up the interstices which the Apostolic narrative displays; the imagination of the authors having been stimulated, not by distant outlines just visible in the fading twilight, but simply by the blank which Evangelical tradition had left.

Thus far we are very little at issue after all with M. Douhaire himself, and almost entirely at one with M. Nicolas. But further questions now arise. May we, notwithstanding all this, still accord to these singular writings an indulgent admiration? May we see in them, like M. Douhaire and his disciples, the creations of a pious reverence and a tender poetic spirit? May we regard them as the offspring of artless wonder, of spontaneous imagination, of childlike faith? These are complicated questions, especially in their moral aspect. It is hard to do justice to another age, with the spirit of which we have no natural sympathy. Thus much, however, we may safely

say: that the more we concede the indulgence asked of us in a moral point of view, the more do we exclude the age which produced these stories from all intellectual claim to deference and respect. Not only in its sense of historical truth, but in its power also of forming sound religious conceptions, we show it to be unworthy of serious notice. And with regard even to the poetic faculty manifested in these productions, we confess that we are quite unable to share the French critic's estimate of its value. Indeed, we are struck with the fact, that the pieces and passages which M. Douhaire admires, and justly admires, the most—the 'Gospel of the Nativity of Mary,' the gentle ministry of the Virgin Mother in the 'Gospel of the Infancy,' the picture of the Holy Family in the 'History of Joseph,' the scene in Hades in the Latin 'Gospel of Nicodemus'—are all the products of a later age. The vein of poetry which kindles his enthusiasm is far poorer and thinner as we ascend to the earlier periods where it ought to be found in its greatest richness. It is not the Homers nor even the Arctinuses of his 'Evangelic 'Cycle' that he holds up chiefly to our admiration, but rather some Apollonius or Statius of a later age. In those earlier specimens of Apocryphal literature there is little or nothing of rapt imagination or devout afflatus. The inspiration is merely that of a prurient imitativeness, meddling with what ought to have been left alone. It is as though a child should sit down before one of the masterpieces of Titian or of Rembrandt, and dissatisfied with the parts of the painting which were left in shadowy vagueness, should attempt to fill in the supposed deficiencies under the same strong lights as the rest. The distorted outlines, the raw glaring colours, the impossible perspective which would result from such a process, supply no unapt illustration of the effect of these Apocryphal Gospels, viewed simply as works of art. All is out of proportion, and all out of keeping. The mysterious birth, the hidden infancy, the secluded youth of the Saviour, are dragged forth into a false light, and delineated in a style which disgusts the educated taste as much as it shocks the religious sense; while over the sublime simplicity of the end an obtrusive mass of prodigies is hung.

Still we so far agree with M. Douhaire and his followers as to believe that these Gospels were not written in the spirit of presumption or imposture. It was a crude admiration, it was a species of faith, that gave birth to them. They are so far due to a kind of creative inspiration that it was at least a genuine *impulse* which produced them; not deliberate falsehood, or the pursuit of some heretical object. Rude minds

imagined what rude minds craved for, and here is the result. The cry of heresy, which the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries raised, and which modern theologians have repeated, did not suggest itself to earlier ages: for, indeed, it was undeserved. The French critics in this respect have supplied a useful corrective to the tone of their predecessors; or at least have boldly and plainly argued what some of their predecessors did but venture timidly to suggest. M. Nicolas, for instance, following Fabricius, aptly cites the case of the author of the Apocryphal 'Acts of Paul and Thecla,' who, when reproved for his fraudulent composition, declared (as Tertullian informs us), and declared, it would seem, with all sincerity, that he had done it 'for the love of Paul.' So these early Apocryphal evangelists worked, we must believe, for the love of Jesus. A sense of what was fitting and of what was due to him was their animating motive. This was the creative cause, both of the legends themselves, which, doubtless, were long and widely circulated before they were reduced to writing, and also of the studied compositions by which the authors strove to give consistency and permanence to tales which they believed themselves. M. Nicolas well puts the case thus:—

'These stories are not, properly speaking, pious frauds. They did not originate in any intention of substituting error for truth, or even of overlaying the evangelic history with fictitious tales. The admiration felt for Jesus Christ had no bounds; men saw nothing extraordinary in his numerous miracles; his life was a series of prodigies; in adding to these a few more, one was merely rendering to the Lord that which was his. If he had not worked the new miracles, he might well have done so; from assuming thus much to attributing them to him there was but a step. . . .

'The Apocryphal Gospels are for the most part works of impersonal authorship. In all, without exception, the basis of the work—and in the greater number the form itself—is such as tradition had made it at the epoch when they were severally committed to writing. The authors, if in any case it is permissible to employ a word which for the greater part of these works corresponds in no respects with the reality of things, did no more than collect the legends which were in circulation around them, and transcribe them just as they were accustomed to hear them told.' (*Nicolas*, pp. 9, 318.)

Thus far we might be quoting from M. Douhaire himself; and our author insists no less strongly than his compatriot on the interest and importance which these writings possess to the student of antiquity. But let us see how differently, and as we think how far more truly, he judges of their significance:—

'These legends, indicating the manner in which the mass of the

faithful understood Christianity, are the only documents which permit us to form an idea of the religious state of the Christians of the first centuries. The books of the ecclesiastical writers give us a knowledge only of the Christianity of the upper class, I mean of the educated and the learned. What was below this stratum, which naturally did not descend very deep? Faith in prodigies, in miracles, in legends. . . . These constituted that which one might call low-life Christianity, the religion of the crowd, which was little capable of comprehending Christian spirituality, and which placed pious fables in its stead.' (P. 299.)

Again:—

'These writings are a proof, as sad as it is incontestable, of the rapidity with which Christianity degenerated, and fell into vulgarity and superstition. All the legends relative to the family of Jesus strive to enhance its social position. Joachim is a man of wealth. Anna his wife has an attendant—a kind of lady companion. Joseph is sometimes a priest, exercising by the way and only for his pleasure the trade of carpenter; sometimes the contractor in the chief of the works in construction of the temple. This puerile vanity is not in accordance with the spirit of the Jews. The most illustrious rabbis have practised handicraft labour without injuring their dignity. And the sentiment was not less unknown to the Christians of the Apostolic age. In the beginning Christianity had been the religion of the weak and of the poor; and it gloried in the fact of being so. One would not have thought then of vaunting the riches and high position of the family of the Lord.' (P. 278.)

And now, before dismissing the subject, we may point out a few conclusions which seem naturally to follow from the considerations we have pursued.

First, what strikes every one, whatever be his opinion of the origin and merits of these writings, is their immeasurable inferiority to the Canonical Gospels. Immeasurable, indeed, is a word which faintly expresses the extent of the difference between them. They belong to another sphere. It was shortsighted policy in the scoffing unbelievers of Voltaire's school to bring the two things into contact in the hope of discrediting the Gospel. And the somewhat similar attempt of Strauss suggests the best refutation of his own theory. No more striking proof could be desired by Christians of the unique character of the Evangelic narrative; nor can any fair-minded sceptic fail to perceive the force of it. An impassable line separates the simple majesty, the lofty moral tone, the profound wisdom and significance of the Canonical Gospels from the qualities which we forbear further to particularise in the writings that claim to be their complement. We feel, as we turn from one region to the other, that the difference must

be due to something more than lapse of years, or defect of reliable information. If the contrast between the writings of the Apostles and the Apostolic Fathers is so great that we are reminded perforce of the doctrine of inspiration, how much more when we turn from the sacred volume to the best of the writings before us? To estimate the real extent of this contrast, however, we must not confine ourselves to mere excerpts. Some few passages may doubtless be culled from these puerile productions, which, glowing with the light which had fallen on them from above, will bear to be placed by the side of extracts from the New Testament. But the delusive charm will be broken at once if the reader look before and after. Such a caution is not unnecessary to insist on. The present age, while seeking to do justice to depreciated merit, and to rehabilitate discredited reputations, is often apt to overlook the broad lines of character which our fathers perhaps too exclusively regarded. This tendency needs sometimes to be met with an indignant protest. So, for instance, it has been suggested of late that a few glittering grains of truth and of moral grandeur scattered here and there over the Talmud are sufficient to raise that grotesque production into rivalry with the New Testament; and make it disputable which of the two is the true source of the divine morality which has regenerated the world. But the doubt is as futile as it is unjust. The real test in this case is not the utterances of a few wise apothegms, nor even the enunciation of a few true principles. It is the power of combining the diverse intuitions of the human mind and conscience, of reconciling them with the realities of human existence, and showing how to bring them into action. It is the success attained in seizing the focal points whence the law of the errant curves is determined, from which their directions may be traced, and their branching lines extended. This Christ has done for humanity; pouring a flood of light, which even unbelievers have habitually availed themselves of ever since, on the relations between man and man, and between man and God. What, on the other hand, has the Talmud done, but leave its votaries in an ever-narrowing circle; from which it needs the reflex influence of Christianity, and we may almost add of Mohammedanism also, to release them in some degree? So, too, with the Scriptural narrative of Christ's life and teaching. It is not till we contemplate it as a whole, in contrast with such works as those before us, that we fully feel its right to the character which it claims. Nor is it only in this way, and as it were reluctantly, that the Apocryphal Gospels yield their tribute to the Canonical. They do so of their own

accord, and with a willing homage. We have compared these supplementary delineations to the daubs of a child dissatisfied with the delicate chiaroscuro of some great master. But it must not be forgotten, (for the fact is a remarkable one to notice,) that in the case before us the hand of the imitator has never presumed to touch the original canvas. The homage paid by him, perhaps involuntarily, is twofold. For those parts only have been painted in detail which the great masterpieces had left undefined; and these attempts themselves are made upon a separate canvas, so as not to tamper with the acknowledged original.

Nor is this all. The treatment extended on the one hand to the Evangelical text, and on the other to the Apocryphal imitations, from the first day that they stood side by side, is a remarkable proof of the light in which they were relatively regarded, even by those who welcomed and diffused the spurious appendages. Dr. Tischendorf has well pointed this out in his essay of 1851, and no one earned a better right to make the remark with authority. Numerous as are the various readings in the text of the New Testament, and formidable as the fact may at first appear on the statement of their numbers, it is well known that the points of doubt or difficulty which these variations involve is, after all, trifling indeed. Not so the discrepancies in the Apocryphal text. Here the differences are not such as may be due to the oversight of a copyist and the accidents of human infirmity. Version upon version, recension upon recension, are multiplied here, as MSS. come to light; some of them amounting to a reconstruction of the piece, so extensive and so thorough that its very identity is a matter of dispute. What clearer proof could be adduced of the exceptional reverence paid to the true Gospels, even by the ages which produced and preserved the legendary ones?

We have combated the notion of the French Catholic writers, that the Apocryphal Gospels have been a source of ennobling and elevating conceptions for the Christian world. But we do not deny, and we cannot doubt, that they have served a useful purpose. In the mixed conditions of human society, things in themselves erroneous and debased often prove valuable for the preservation and recommendation of those accompanying truths which else in evil days would have found no acceptance. So it has been, we doubt not, with the Apocryphal Gospels. They have attracted and retained multitudes of professing Christians in the East and in the West, whom the true Gospels would have failed to satisfy. Such being the case, we must accept the ways of Providence with wondering interest;

nor can we refuse something more than interest to the curious documents which have been allowed to serve so salutary a purpose. We are loth to hold them up to ridicule or detestation. Yet when called upon to admire them, and to hail all the effects which they have worked, we must pause before we consent. We may think, indeed, that such a feeling is very consistent with Roman Catholic principles. We may almost wonder how it should be otherwise in those who require submission to oral tradition, and who recognise the truth of the very legends which these writings were the first to embody. And yet even here we should be unwilling to exact such consistency from Roman Catholic opponents. We admit the right which the Church of Rome has retained to denounce the Apocryphal Gospels as unsparingly as the most zealous Protestant. But how comes it that she has retained the legends, and glorified them with all the splendour of religion and of art, whilst she repudiates, as we do ourselves, the sources from which they sprung?

In a small and very sensible volume which has lately fallen under our notice by the Rev. C. A. Row,* the learned author has devoted a chapter to the nature and character of the Mythical Gospels, in which he expresses opinions very similar to those we had formed on the subject. He sums up the striking contrast between the genuine and the apocryphal records of the life of our Saviour in the following terms:—

'1. If these Gospels are the productions of the mythic spirit during the second and subsequent centuries, that spirit could not have produced the genuine Gospels in the first. 2nd. Mythic miracles are invariably grotesque ones. 3rd. Their moral aspect will be a reflection of the character of their originators, and consequently a low one. 4th. The favourite subjects in connexion with Christianity, on which mythologists have exerted their powers, are precisely those on which the Gospels are silent . . .

'We have great reason to be thankful for the preservation of these stories. They enable us to test the tendencies of Christian mythology, and to ascertain not as a theory, but as a fact, that if it had gone on for ever elaborating mythical creations, it would never have produced the Jesus of the Evangelists. On the contrary, when the mythologists had the portraiture before their eyes, all they succeeded in accomplishing was to degrade it. The preservation of the Mythic Gospels supplies us with direct evidence as to the kind of stories which mythologists *would have invented.*

'The case stands thus. Our Gospels present us with the picture of a glorious Christ; the mythic Gospels, that of a contemptible

* The Jesus of the Evangelists, His historical character vindicated, &c. London: 1868.

one. Our Gospels have invested him with the highest conceivable form of human greatness; the mythic ones have not ascribed to him an action which is elevated. In our Gospels he exhibits a superhuman wisdom; in the mythic books a nearly equal superhuman absurdity. In our Gospels he is arrayed in all the beauty of holiness; in the mythic ones, this aspect is entirely wanting. In our Gospels, not one strain of selfishness defiles his character; in the mythic ones, the boy Jesus is both pettish and malicious. Our Gospels exhibit to us a sublime morality; not a ray of it shines in those of the mythologists. The miracles of the one and of the other are contrasted in every point. A similar opposition of character runs through the whole current of their thought, feeling, morality, and religion.' (*Row*, p. 381.)

In a word, if these are the legendary records preserved by the simple faith and unassisted powers of early Christian disciples, to what power are we to ascribe the authorship of the New Testament?

ART. IV.—*Chronicles and Characters.* By ROBERT LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH). In 2 vols. London: 1868.

MR. LYTTON has not only inherited one of the most illustrious names in contemporary English literature—for the author of 'Eugene Aram' and the 'Caxtons' has no superior amongst living novelists—but he has also made good his claim, in these volumes, to no inconsiderable share of the talents which have rendered that name illustrious. He has not indeed trodden in his father's footsteps, and he has not attempted to rival the dramatic power, the fine insight into character, or the witty wisdom of the Bulwer novels. But as a poet he has taken a higher flight. We have never been able to reckon Lord Lytton's poems amongst the highest efforts of his genius; and if the wand of fiction belongs more exclusively to himself, he must be content to divide the bays with his son.

The merits of Mr. Lytton as a poet are somewhat peculiar. His works are, if we are not mistaken, the result of patient thought and persevering exercise, rather than the product of a fiery and spontaneous genius. They do not take the reader by storm, but they win their way by reflection. A second or a third perusal is more favourable to them than a first impression. Yet they are free from that obscurity of thought and expression which is the bane of much modern poetry. They are essentially objective and real, for they present, with great distinctness, a vast variety of scenes and pictures which reflect the very life of human history. And he who seeks might well

find in them a purpose and a meaning that deserves to be studied. With a lively sympathy for the two great elements of all poetry—beauty and grief—Mr. Lytton combines a power of expression which reminds us of the later Elizabethan poets more than of any more recent author. The heroic verse, which he handles with a skilful predilection, is not the couplet of Pope or the resounding line of Dryden, but it is the verse of Marlow; and there are passages in these volumes which we should venture to rank not far beneath the undying beauty and force of the 'Hero and Leander.' These passages would be more prominent and effective if Mr. Lytton had exercised a more severe control over his pen. His capital fault is redundancy; he has written too much, or rather he has not weeded enough. The poet who says a thing once, and says it well, has said it for ever. The perfect form of art has its own metes and bounds, beyond which everything is an excrescence. As long as the outline is not sharp, the work is imperfect. That which has attained its own shape and completeness, stands.

To this fault of redundancy another has been added by Mr. Lytton's critics, of a more peculiar nature. He is accused of a singular readiness in catching the manner of other poets of the day, not indeed with a view of appropriating to himself their performances—for it is obvious that the theft must be instantly detected, if it were a theft—but with the unconscious sympathy of a mocking-bird which leads him to re-echo a measure he has just caught. In the preface to his collected edition of the works published under the name of Owen Meredith, Mr. Lytton himself reckoned among his 'vices of 'immature composition,' repetition of what has been said before by other writers as the worst. A sense of his own liability to that fault led him, he said, to discard much and alter a little in collecting those earlier poems of his for reprint. In the new volumes the same defect continues to be here and there apparent, not so much in the repetition of phrases as occasionally in the apparent shaping of some piece to the manner of another poet. Thus the form of the singing to each other of Mr. Lytton's 'Opis and Arge' somewhat reminds us of the choruses and semichoruses of Shelley's 'Hellas,' and an unfriendly critic might so far strain for an occasion of complaint as to object to some likeness of spirit between this work and Schiller's 'Gods of Greece.' Yet the new poem is no servile imitation. It is the fresh conception of a mind that has drawn near to Schiller and to Shelley, and to many more; a mind that, no doubt, bears marks of a quick sympathy with genius, which

in their way are blemishes—perhaps as honourable as the scars which attest courage in war.

When Mr. Lytton shows the wife of King Candaules unrobing, while Gyges lingers behind the purple curtain, the situation reminds one of the unrobing of Madeline before the hidden Porphyro in Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes.' But how absolute is the difference of colouring. Mr. Lytton has pushed to excess his determination to contrast the moonlight and the wintry air about timid Madeline at her prayer, with the lamplight, heat, and warmth about the superb Lydian Queen at her mirror; between Porphyro's sense of the holiness of her he loves and the Eastern passion of Gyges. The following stanzas from this poem are full of beauty and originality of expression:—

'Thus to the nuptial chamber did they steal.
And in the portal's purple curtains there
The king himself did Gyges close conceal,
And bade him watch behind the golden chair
Whereby the queen her beauty should reveal.
Then to the banquet back, without a care,
Went King Candaules, pleased with folly done;
And Gyges with his thoughts was left alone.

'And first self-scorn shut all his sullen sense
Within himself: but soon the odours sweet,
Stream'd from the misty lamps, and that intense
Rich-scented silence, seeming to entreat
Some sound to ease its sumptuous somnolence,
Lured out his thoughts, and made his pulses beat
With wondrous expectation. The dim place
Seem'd aching to be filled up by her face.

'Meanwhile, the music out of distant halls
Humm'd like the inland sound of hid sea-shores,
And ghostly laughters lapsed at intervals
Along the faint-lit cold-wall'd corridors;
And portals oped and shut, and then footfalls
That wander'd near, and, over other floors
To other silence, wander'd off again,
Kept up continual throbbing in his brain.

'At length, deep-down the opposing gallery,
From out the long-drawn darkness flash'd a light;
And, peering from his purple privacy,
He spied, with red gold bound and robed in white,
Sole as the first star in a sleepy sky,
That, while men watch it, grows more large and bright,
The slow queen sweeping down the lucid floor;
And in her hand a silver lamp she bore.

'Before her, coming, floated a faint fear
Into his heart who watch'd her whiteness move
Swan-soft along the lamp-lit marble clear,
And, lingering o'er her in the beams above,
The wing'd and folded shadow shift and veer,
Her airy follower, fraught with fretful love.
Thro' all his shaken senses rose vague heat
From the sweet sounding of her sandall'd feet.

'Anon, she enter'd, and her lamp down-laid
By the smooth-metall'd mirror; and awhile
Stood, slanting low the glory of her head,
And dipp'd her full face in its own warm smile;
Then look'd she sidelong thro' one loosen'd braid
Of her rich hair, as tho' she would beguile
Some love-sick spirit on the air to linger,
Twining a gold curl round her glowing finger.

'But soon she all that twisted gold outshook,
Till over either shining shoulder stream'd
The sudden splendour; and began to unhook
From those white slopes the buckled gems that beam'd
Deep in the mirror's kindling dark, which took
Her mellow image to itself, and gleam'd
With soft surprises, and grew bright and warm
With the delicious phantom of her form.'

Again, in 'Thanatos Athanatou,' the sacred mystery with which Mr. Lytton represents the turning-point of history in the death of Christ, there are mysterious and invisible personifications, by which we are reminded of the Voices of the Earth and Air, of Furies, Spirits, a Confused Voice, and the like in Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.' Then there is a very superficial, but for that only the more obvious, suggestion of Mr. Tennyson's 'May Queen,' in Mr. Lytton's 'Last Words 'of a Sensitive Second-Rate Poet,' and of Mr. Browning there are several reminders, in favourite measures of his, or weaker peculiarities of rhyme, or in modified acceptance of the loose form of heroic measure by which Mr. Browning added to the obscurity of his 'Sordello.' That heroic couplet in the form imposed on us during the dominance of French criticism, when it was the standard verse measure, may still have for some ears the clink of fetters in it. But if there was too much formality in the old method, there is something to bewilder in the license of the new, if, as in some of Mr. Browning's poems, the reaction takes an extreme form. Mr. Lytton has, in fact, chosen for himself a middle path between the modern tendency to run lines of heroic rhyme into one another with the utmost freedom allowed to blank verse, and the old way of apportioning the sense to the

couplet, and giving to single lines a well-balanced completeness. Still, he takes manifest part in the changes of his time, which are, in fact, but the new forms in literature answerable to the growing needs of men.

To a greater extent than is commonly remembered, this manifest participation in the manner as well as the spirit of his neighbours, belongs, as we have said, at all times to the poet's character. Chaucer gave currency to the seven-lined stanza, which he used in place of the Italian octave rhyme; and it became the standard measure of his successors, Lydgate, Occleve, James I., and others. Surrey in his sonnets echoed Petrarch. Wyat, although in his verse more individual than Surrey, and, upon the whole, more English, echoed not only Petrarch but all the French poets read in his day. From Chaucer's time to Spenser's, Chaucer himself included, there was hardly a poet of mark who did not in some work, usually a large one, imitate closely the allegorical machinery made popular in France by the 'Roman de la Rose' and other pieces. The best poets were in their own pages continually going to sleep over a book, or waking in bed on a May or April morning, and going into a park by a river, where they had an allegorical dream, if it did not happen to be in dream that they went thither. Even the Scottish poets—Dunbar in his 'Thistle and the Rose' and 'Golden Targe,' Gavin Douglas in his 'Palace of Honour,' Lindsay in his 'Monarchy'—which though a work of very practical design, sets out with the poet on a summer morning entering a delightful park, where he is accosted by an old man named Experience—wrote in close imitation of established forms. In Elizabeth's time, Shakspeare himself was called an 'upstart crow beautified with the feathers 'of his neighbours.' The charming song writers who lived in the time of Charles I. abounded in close resemblances of fashion. How many of them sent metrical messages to a lady with a rose? 'Go, lovely Rose,' says Waller; 'Go, happy Rose,' says Herrick. The more the works of Pope are critically examined the more will it be perceived to what an extent he borrowed and appropriated expressions from his predecessors, his contemporaries, and from classical antiquity; and we take as inevitable these resemblances of topic and of treatment among men of the same time. After French criticism had bound most of our poets down to heroic couplets, with occasional escape into the mock classical freedom of what were called Pindarics, the imitations of the few established forms became even more marked. The great reaction at the close of the last century led to a revival of every old measure which would lend itself to

an expression of the new spirit of freedom. It was a reaction against blind acceptance of authority in all its forms. The whole framework of society was laid open for fresh and independent study. Duties of States and rights of citizens, family life and the single mind of man, were exposed to a fresh scrutiny; the basis of all authority, Divine and human, was examined boldly. The energetic life and intense purpose of this reaction produced poets who gave expression to it in all its phases. The calm Wordsworth was, in literature, as much a revolutionary leader as Shelley himself with that passionate enthusiasm for all goodness and beauty which made him pass for an atheist with those who could not feel that he saw too much of the true glory about the Throne to be content with human pictures of the Deity. The poet born a generation later into calmer days has his imagination kindled and his aspirations raised by the songs of his immediate predecessors, and his way is onward in the same direction, although under outward circumstances altogether different. Every camp has its horde of worthless followers. The strong reaction which at the beginning of the century poured into our literature a host of outspoken aspirations with unusual warmth of enthusiasm, and prompted men to compensate themselves for the long reign of formalism with raids into the wildest regions of romance, called up of course a throng of idle or insincere books wearisome with feeble sentiment, half-real or altogether unreal. Thus, as usual, one reaction has been followed by another, and the outward habit of society inclines not only to the ridicule of false sentiment, but to the positive discouragement of enthusiastic speech and even to some affectation of cynicism. In the reaction against Puritan rule, from the days of the Restoration down to Queen Anne's time, men of the world flinched from showing themselves to be religious; and as the young gentleman in the 'Tatler' was at great pains to be thought an atheist, although it could be proved upon him that he said his prayers every night, so we have seen among the most characteristic writers of our time more than one sensitive and very tender-hearted man giving himself as much as he could of the aspect of a cynic in his writings. This temper of the time is hardly favourable to the first establishment of any poet's reputation. The two or three—if there be so many—among true living English poets who have wide acceptance and an unassailable position, laid the foundations of their fame in times when high thoughts could yet kindle high enthusiasms and were met with vigorous, outspoken appreciation.

Mr. Lytton has no fierce antagonisms at war with the spirit

of society. His genius is, indeed, distinctly social. Yet there can be no doubt that, after severe reckoning of all defects of judgment, there is evidence in his verse of a power which has as yet missed the thorough recognition it deserves. His poetry contains more of the light of genius than we might infer from the cold friendliness of its reception. Only a part of its true light appears to shine even upon eyes blind to none of its apparent blemishes. But as thought, moving onward by continuous reaction, keeps the right line, as it were, by undulations and pulsations constantly diverging from it to one side and to the other, it may be that the light of genius is subject, as the light of heaven is, to interferences. Rays of the actual light, say the philosophers, are lost to sight, and produce darkness when their vibrations meet one another under a certain difference of phase. Change the conditions and the light shines out again. Can there not be such interferences with the appreciation of a man of genius? Perhaps we may add, without straining the parallel too far, that reflected light is peculiarly liable to these occasional conversions into darkness, and that the light of Mr. Lytton's genius does come to us modified by reflection from poets whose fervid life is out of accord with the common temper of to-day. They have repaid his love for them, nor was his early verse the less worthy for its evidence that he had caught something of their restlessness of aspiration.

In these volumes the restlessness has given place to settled faith in the divine scheme of life, but still there is the same generous reach of thought, the same disposition to look inward to the duties, onward to the destinies of man. In these 'Chronicles and Characters' the poet deals with the essentials of life. Lucian compared his works to plaster statues which, in some great festival, are made to please the people and not to endure eternally. Yet they are still read because, in a way of his own, which gave the liveliest and best expression to his humour, he by his free handling of the philosophers and gods of the old world spoke for many in a struggle of which, however its outward aspect may change with the generations, the cause, as Mr. Lytton here sings, is eternal. Lucian's plaster statues made for a holiday use represent the large part of all writing which adds to the pleasures of its hour by moulding surface thought into forms known to be acceptable. But they work in marble who, with shaping power of the artist, spend their power upon the most vital questions of their time. Through all changes of outward fashion these endure, and the best thought they yield retains its worth for the successive gene-

rations whose relations to each other it is in these 'Chronicles 'and Characters' a part of Mr. Lytton's purpose to suggest. The view of life that runs through all is of the gradual education of the human race by struggle against evil to the strength for good. God be thanked, says the poet,—

> 'God be thank'd that the dead have left still
> Good undone, for the living to do—
> Still some aim for the heart and the will
> And the soul of a man to pursue!
>
> 'God be thank'd for the ills that endure,
> With the glory that's yet to be won
> From the hearts we may yet hope to cure
> By the deeds yet reserved to be done.'

For these heavenward aspirations, for supreme achievement by unceasing labour of successive generations, all that is human lives, and dies; while the heavenly Ideal never dies:

> 'Made of immortal element, the pure
> Result of man—man's life that doth endure
> Above the dust man drops in. What survives,
> Save this, the ceaseless dying of men's lives?'

The grosser part of life can never prevail over this working of the souls of men. For shall the toil of spirit, stronger far than that of matter, receive from the Father of spirits

> 'No assistance meet,
> Even from the fugitive semblance of defeat
> Securing future triumph?'

We take the direct expression of these thoughts from the poem entitled 'the Scroll and its Interpreters.' From another poem, 'Licinius,' we may complete an expression of the inner spirit of the book; for there we have a glance into the days to come. A poet's license has been taken with the hero of the tale, and the significant side of the story of the rise of Constantine has been used, with some necessary transformation of the character of Licinius, to represent the world of the old gods of Greece and Rome encamped for its last battle with the powers of the future. Licinius, the Dacian peasant, who fought by the side of the Emperor Galerius, rose first through him to sovereignty, extended and endeavoured to assure his power by faithless murders of women and children whom he considered to be in his way, was beaten in Pannonia by Constantine, and, after an eight years' peace, again, when old and unpopular, attacked by him. At this point in his life he is

taken by Mr. Lytton and idealised as the last champion of Pagan Rome:—

'Unavenged, at least
The great Gods die not! groaned the grey old man.
And, breaking bounds from wilds Pannonian,
He, with a remnant, rallied to the name
Of Jove the Avenger, cross'd the world, and came
Camping on Hebrus, to confront the sign
Of that new Creed proclaimed by Constantine.'

For this ideal combatant the poet feigns a vision in which, the careless gods of the old world having appeared to the last upholder of their honour, he sees, in vision too, the aspirations of the present and the future; and foresees the springing of the blind child Love to the full stature of his superlative godhead, the band gone from before his eyes that for ages held their light from flooding heaven and earth with infinite and all-transforming splendour. The following description of the King and Queen of the Olympian Heaven is extremely striking:—

'There, midmost of his kindred godheads, high
In contemplative glory, and calm as morn
On lone Olympus (where no foot hath worn
Heaven's white snow from the summit of the world)
Sat Father Jove. From whose crown'd temples curl'd
The locks that, shaken, shake the woody tops
Of scornful hills, and o'er the full-ear'd crops
Roll blighting thunders, in storms, white or blue,
Of hail and rain. Broad-brow'd, broad-bearded too,
In meditative mood, with slack right hand
The cypress sceptre of his vast command
He, leaning forward, lightly held. All bare
The god's broad chest and ample shoulders were:
For gods, in company with gods, forego
Disguises meant for men: but all below
His spacious waist, in floods of massy fold,
From his large knees the lilied vesture roll'd:
Lest mortal eyes should, even in Heaven, espy
Aught save the robe that wraps the Deity.

'Firm by Jove's foot, watching the heedless play
Of the low-flighted world, his purblind prey,
Perch'd on the sheavèd thunders, with keen eye,
The dusky-feather'd King of Birds. Hard by,
At the right hand of her great spouse, the Queen
Of scorn, majestic, with man-quelling mien,
And regnant eyes, whose large looks everywhere
Were felt in Heaven, gazed from her blazing chair;
Whereon, to left and right, from either side
Four crested peacocks droop'd their Argus-eyed

Junonian trains. Behind, above her head
The attendant Iris, her handmaiden, spread
Her bright bow, woven from the azure grain
Of the midsummer silver-threaded rain.
That eloquent spirit of the woodland air,
Men call the cuckoo (which, being bodiless there,
Needs not, and builds not, any nest on earth)
Sat on her stately sceptre.'

At the close of the trance, in which Licinius sees these Divinities of the past, Love only staying after symbols of creed had departed, Love was all in all.

'Mute with awe,
And lost in light, Licinius mused. He saw
His own life, suddenly, as when, thro' rain
And streaming tempest, on a blasted plain
An instantaneous sunbeam strikes.
Even then,
Even while the vision broaden'd on his ken,
A sudden trumpet sounded as in scorn
From the dark camps.
It was the battle morn.'

The reader will not overlook the significance of these last lines, and of the 'dark camps' of Licinius and Constantine, to which the mind turns from the vision of a future light.

More than one poem completes this part of the general thought by pointing to Christ as the guide whom we must learn truly to follow. Such is the sense of life that is not preached through Mr. Lytton's 'Chronicles and Characters,' but stirs in them as their natural breath. He parades no vast and ambitious plan, for he has none. A poet might fail creditably in the attempt to give a heroic sense of unity in history by taking conspicuous events or characters from successive ages of the world. Mr. Lytton has not failed because he has not attempted this kind of achievement, and in his prologue he takes care to guard his reader against the impression that he has attempted it. There is nothing here of the vast pretension of Victor Hugo's 'Légende des Siècles,' which, not content with its march from Paradise through time, past and future, to the Day of Judgment, is uttered as the first part of a poem which is to have for its continuations two others called 'La Fin de Satan' and 'Dieu.' Instead of claiming to be something of enormous consequence, and yet only a part of something more enormous still, Mr. Lytton's 'Chronicles and Characters' make absolutely no pretension. They are rich in luxury of fancy, reflect from the world images of material beauty, paint antique pomp of

courts, or revive in a bright picture the life of mediæval Venice; but their reader must discover for himself that, however unequal the stories may be, they are told by one who finds a soul under the outward semblance of things, not less when he paints in warm colours the vigour of the flesh than when he thinks with the condemned Anabaptist Münzer, or the dying Jacqueline of Holland.

Justly ready to give beauty of form a place of honour in the scheme of life, Mr. Lytton starts from the doctrine of which Mr. Gladstone, in his address a year or two since as Rector of a Scottish University, has been in our day the most emphatic exponent, that Greek mythology and Greek art were the revelation of the outward world, perfecting the sense of material beauty in man and nature, and thus proportioned to the revelation of things unseen, as the perfect body to the perfect soul. In that sense we take Mr. Lytton's beginning with a vision of the bringing of the gods to Greece. This is a poetical expansion of the saying of the Delians, reported by Herodotus, that the Hyperborean virgins, Arge and Opis (coming before Hyperoche and Laodice, whose purpose only was to pay vows), were honoured with peculiar solemnities because they 'arrived 'with the gods.' Mr. Lytton expands and subtilises them into Titanic shapes of air, singing and prophesying to each other as they glide through space unseen, unheard, carrying to Greece her gods.

'Each great Form, folded fast head and feet,
And swathed in the sweet yellow wheat;
Best befitting for symbol and sign:
For man's first need is merely to live,
His next to make mere life divine;
And the corn-crownèd Ceres must give
The first gift to the god-crownèd shrine.
With the hard hand that hacks out the harvest
From the solid resistance of things,
Poor peasant, a portion thou carvest
Of ease for thy sons that be kings.'

A beautiful version of the tale of 'Crœsus and Adrastus' adds to the ideal record of this deification of material beauty a suggestion of the blank within when Fate seemed irresistible, and blind Necessity led

'Fortune that walks above the heads of men
I' the rolling clouds, the witless denizen
Of airy nothing.'

We take a passage from this poem as a specimen of Mr. Lytton's power. It describes the return to Crœsus of the

hunters with the dead body of his son Atys, slain by Adrastus with the javelin hurled only to defend him from the boar. Crœsus, who had himself purified of bloodguiltiness the hand now dyed with slaughter of his son, claimed vengeance of Zeus as God of Hospitality, since he that was his guest had proved his enemy; as God of Private Friendship, since the man that slew his son was his son's guardian, to whom he had himself given the sacred charge.

'Therefore he pray'd, "Let not Adrastus live!"

But, while he pray'd, a noise of mourning rose
Among the flinty courts: and, follow'd close
Out of the narrow streets by a dense throng
Of people weeping, slowly moved along
The Lydian hunters bearing up the bier
Of Atys, strewn with branches; in whose rear,
Downheaded, as a man that bears the weight
Of some enormous and excessive fate,
The slayer walk'd.
Full slowly had they come,
With steps that ever slacken'd nearer home,
And heavier evermore their burthen seem'd,
As ever longer round their footstep stream'd
The woeful crowd; and evermore they thought
Sadlier on him to whom they sadly brought
His hope in ruins. When they reach'd the gate
The western sky was all on flame. Stretch'd straight
Thro' a thick amber haze Adrastus saw,
As in a trance of supernatural awe,
The high slant street; that lengthened on, and on,
And up, and up, until it touch'd the sun,
And there fell off into a field of flame.
He knew that he was bearing his last shame;
And all the men and women, swarming dim
Along the misty light, were made to him
Shadows, and things of air, for all his mind
Was pass'd beyond them. So, with heart resign'd
To its surpassing sorrow, he bow'd down
His head, and follow'd up the column'd town
The bier of Atys, without any care
Of what might come; because supreme despair
Had taken out the substance from the show
Of the world's business, and his thoughts were now
In a great silence, which no mortal speech
Kind, or unkind, might any longer reach.
Meanwhile, with melancholy footsteps slow,
Slow footsteps hinder'd by the general woe,
Those hunters mount the murmurous marble stair
To the king's palace.'

Here a tragic situation is presented to the mind with simple grandeur, the outward details being so shown through the minds of the persons in the drama, that instead of serving merely as accessories and background to the picture, they give force and beauty to its main expression, add life to its life.

In the fine poem of 'the Siege of Constantinople,' inspired by the old chronicler Villehardouin, the Lower Empire falls under the stroke of the Crusaders. We quote a gorgeous description of a Byzantian hunting-party, at which the Emperor Isaac, all unconscious of his approaching doom, seeks to beguile the weariness of State and power:—

'The morrow morn
At sunrise, to the sound of fife and horn,
Byzantium's spacious marble wharves, from stair
To stair, with broider'd cloths, and carpets rare
Of crimson seam'd and rivell'd rough with gold,
A train of swarthy servants spread and fold,
For the proud treading of Imperial feet,
Down to the granite pedestals; where meet
Thick myrtle boughs, and oleanders flush
The green-lit lymph. There, little galleys push
Their golden prows beneath the glossy dark
Of laurel leaves; and many a pleasure-bark
Lolls in the sun, with streaming bandrol bright,
And gorgeous canopies, that shut soft light
Under soft shadow. Suddenly, shrill sounds
The brazen music, and the baying hounds
Drag sideways at the hunter's hand. The drums
Throb to the screaming trumpet.

And forth comes
The Emperor.
Then his courtiers: then his slaves.

At sunset, to the wilds beyond the waves
They came: light revellers arm'd with bow and spear,
Cinct for the chase, and gay with hunting gear.
With silk pavilions gleam the lonely glens,
Glad of their unaccustom'd denizens
That shout across dark tracts of starry weather.
To grassy tufts young grooms, light-laughing, tether
Sleek-coated steeds. And, where the bubbled brooks
Leap under rushy brinks, white-turban'd cooks
In silver vessels plunge the purple wine.
Within the tents, the lucid tables shine
(Under soft lamps from burning odours lit)
With sumptuous viands; and young wassailers sit,
With heated faces femininely fair,
And holiday arms thick-sheathed with jewels rare,

Babbling of battles. Round the mountain lawn
The sportive court leans, propp'd on skins of fawn,
And quilts thick-velveted of foreign fur,
Marten, and zibeline, and miniver,
Brought by the barbarous fair-hair'd folk that come
Blithe from the north star, where they have their home
Among the basalt rocks, and starry caves
Stalactical, and walk upon the waves
Sandall'd with steel. Low-sounding angelots
Sprinkle light music in among the knots
Of laughing boys that tinkle cups of gold
Round heaps of grapes, and rough-globed melons cold,
And purple figs. There, down the glimmering green
Half-naked dance, with tossing tambourine,
Greek girls, whose flusht and panting limbs flash bare
Across the purple glooms.
At dawn, they dare
The distant crags, and storm the savage woods.
Then, all day long, thro' slumbrous solitudes
Flit the sweet ghosts of glad and healthful sounds
Scatter'd from fairy horns, and flying hounds:
And, in and out, among the thickets lone
The dazzling tumult darts; as, one by one,
Thro' bosk and brake, gay-gilded dragon flies
Flash, and are gone. When mellow daylight dies,
Well-pleased, they bear their shaggy burthen back
To' the silken camp, adown the mountain track,
And roast the bristly boar; and quaff and laugh,
And sing, and ring the goblets gay; till, half
Drowsed, and half roused again by rosy wine,
They drink, and wink, and sink at last supine
On the fresh herbage by their watchfires red;
While the wind wakes the gloomy woods o'erhead
Unnoticed, and unnoticed, now and then,
Sound distant roarings from the rocky glen.
So pass the days, the nights: so pass the weeks,
The months.'

Weariness of crusading and the wholesome home spirit of 'the silvery northern climes;' the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages; the spoiler strong in the rude justice of trial by combat; the Jew persecuted by the Christian, cursed with wealth; power dangerous, but still the spirit of love clinging to human life, and looking upward in the life and death of Jacqueline of Holland—are topics that we cite only to suggest the various texture of the book. The temper of the Reformation time is indicated by the story of the Pope who walked in Rome after his death, and saw how little he was missed, then went up to the gate of heaven, which he was required to open for himself

with the key in his own keeping; but the only key he tried was that of a wine-cellar. Then Anabaptist Münzer on the eve of execution pleads to Luther for the armies of the poor: 'Place 'for the peoples' cause in which I fall.' In the next poem the people scatter the bones of an unjust and cruel duke. Italian diplomacy plots secret murders in the name of God; Vanini speaks bold thought in the Sorbonne, for which, in the name of God, he will be burnt alive after his tongue has been cut out.

Mr. Lytton's volumes, by the variety of their contents, invite to digression; but we must abide by our first purpose, and be content if we have said enough to suggest a fair general estimate of their character. Faultless they are not, but the genius of the writer is unquestionable as its recognition has been slow. All poets learn their art by an admiring imitation of their predecessors. Milton himself told Dryden 'that Spenser was his 'original.' In all cases the question of the influence of poets on a poet can only be one of degree. There is the rhythm of our own time in Mr. Lytton's verse, manifest sympathy with the genius of foremost men, tone of voice, trick of expression caught from communion with kindred singers, just as in life men reflect unconsciously familiar tones and turns of phrase from their near friends and household companions. But as we turn the pages picture after picture forms itself before the mind, always harmonious in colouring, grouped with artistic skill, and never without a trace of genius in the design. Mr. Lytton sings of his melancholy Spirit Queen, whom he calls the mightiest Maker underneath the sun:

> 'Yet never shall be satisfied the need
> Of her deep heart, nor her long tasks be done.'

He too is among the Makers—as we used to call our poets—who feel that they still have heights to climb. And he follows his art with a rare freedom from pretension, arrogating to himself no praise for great designs, and giving himself no airs of the prophet, while in his unaffected strains there is the strength of true devotion to his art. He is one who has felt with Milton—though his own may be no high seat at the table of the poets—'what religious, what glorious and magnificent use 'might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'

ART. V.—*Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of WELLINGTON, K.G. [In continuation of the former series.] Vols. I. and II. 1819–1825. London: 1867.

THE present Duke of Wellington is rendering a service to the nation by continuing the publication of that wonderful correspondence which is the fittest and most lasting monument to his illustrious father. The two volumes of the New Series now before us embrace a period of seven years, from the beginning of 1819 to the end of 1825. This was an important period in the history of Europe and of the great Duke. It witnessed the resumption of his career as a politician and a civil administrator; a career which was not to terminate until he had established himself as the umpire of parties, the Mentor of cabinets, and the trusted counsellor of his sovereign in every critical emergency. It included the Congress of Laybach, the Congress of Verona, the Spanish revolutionary war, the French expedition into Spain, the accession of Canning to the Foreign Office, the English recognition of the Spanish colonies, and the open separation of English policy from that of the Holy Alliance. It included also seasons of distress, both agricultural and commercial, in England of disaffection and insubordination among the labouring classes, and of settled discontent among the Roman Catholics. The situation of England was eminently critical; she had strained her energies to the utmost tension, and expended her resources almost to the verge of exhaustion in fighting the long battle of Europe against French Imperialism. Out of that terrible conflict she had emerged, covered indeed with glory and honour, but maimed and marred with scars innumerable. The Government, aristocratic in its spirit and composition, had taxed the courage and patience of a people which does not like war much and likes taxation less. Battles were won and triumphs achieved, which as often excited sorrow as joy in the minds of a large portion of English subjects. The cost of the glory had been prodigious; the suffering of the bulk of the people had been acute; the cause for which their blood and treasure had been shed was represented by demagogues and believed by classes above the vulgar to be the cause of continental despotism; the government of their own country the

leaders of the mob described as a species of despotism also. No wonder that the halo which had at first shone round the head of the victorious commander had become dim, and the shouts which had welcomed the return of the English Generalissimo of the allied army from the occupation of Paris had been succeeded by a sullen silence.

The heart of the nation was ill at ease. Nor were its relations to foreign countries much more auspicious. While a large section of the English people believed that their Government was conspiring with the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance to fix closer the fetters of despotism on the nations of Europe, England was steadily but slowly disentangling herself from the meshes of a connexion which was consistent neither with her political interests nor with the genius of her institutions. Thus the English Government was an object of suspicion both to its own people and to foreigners for conduct which was understood by neither. And it was through the Duke of Wellington, the man, who, in the estimation of his countrymen, was regarded as the champion and organ of continental despots, that England conveyed to the assembled sovereigns at Verona her determination to separate herself from the policy of the Allies. Nothing in the history of modern politics so clearly shows the magnitude of contemporary errors as the misapprehensions entertained both by continental statesmen and the mass of English writers regarding the language and conduct of the Duke of Wellington during the negotiations of 1822. Of the many who misinterpreted them, none misinterpreted them more than M. de Chateaubriand. According to him, 'le plénipotentiaire Anglais croyait encore 'commander à Waterloo,' and was animated only by a desire to thwart and humiliate France. And the sentiments entertained by Chateaubriand were shared more or less by the representatives of all the Great Powers. They did not comprehend the situation of England. They suspected her of prosecuting a sordid policy of selfish isolation for the sake of commercial aggrandisement. They suspected her of hating and envying France. They accused her of intrigue, Machiavellism, and treachery. They did not care to understand the doctrine or the practice of Parliamentary responsibility, nor could they see how impossible it was for any English Government to embark in a policy of aggressive alliances opposed to the feelings of the English people. The communication of England's independent policy was not exactly the duty which the Duke of Wellington would have deliberately preferred to undertake had the option of refusing it been left to him.

Although the Duke had an innate aversion to a national interference in the domestic quarrels of any foreign country, he had a greater aversion to the Jacobinism which, temporarily repressed in France, was threatening in Italy, rampant in Spain, and neither inactive nor unpopular in England. He was deeply impressed with the importance of maintaining the basis of the alliance which had brought about the triumphs and the peace of 1814. He looked with dislike on the usurpation of the Cortes in the Peninsula, and he had no sympathy with the aspirations of the Spanish colonies in South America. He entertained a sentiment stronger than that of dislike to the schemes of the Reformers in England. With these prejudices and antipathies it might have been supposed that he would respond to the project of the Emperor Alexander to suppress the Spanish Revolution by force, would animate the less violent counsels of Austria by his cordial sympathy, and give to the Legitimist Ministry of France his strongest support. Evidently this had been expected from him. But those who had formed these expectations were doomed to be disappointed. As we shall see, he chilled the ardent purpose of the Czar to put down the revolutionary government of Spain by marching an army through France to the Pyrenees. He confirmed Austria in her attitude of neutral inactivity. He opposed the schemes of the French Ministers and drove them to the necessity of invading Spain alone. In pursuing this line he must have sacrificed his own prepossessions to his sense of duty and patriotism. But to sacrifice his own wishes and prejudices to duty was a task which habit had long made easy to Wellington. And he lived to see the fruits of the policy which he had consented to adopt. It staved off a general war which, in the existing temper of Europe, would have shaken every European crown; and in a few years the momentary triumph of the Duke of Angoulême was succeeded by the humiliation of the cause he went forth to defend.

An important event happened in 1822. On August 12th, Lord Londonderry, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, committed suicide, in a paroxysm of madness which was at least partly due to over-work, and of which he had previously exhibited unmistakeable symptoms. He had been the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna, and was designated for the same post at the Congress of Verona. Lord Liverpool was Premier; a man whose quiet deportment and oratorical deficiencies have prevented full justice from being done to his sound judgment, wise moderation, and strong persistency of purpose. With that anxiety for the public

interests which comes out in the present correspondence no less clearly than his fidelity to his party and his friends, Lord Liverpool felt that this was an opportunity for strengthening his Cabinet which ought not to be neglected. There was one man in England more capable of giving it strength in the House of Commons than any other man; and that was Canning. Canning, indeed, had been offered and had accepted the high post of Governor-General of India; he had made his arrangements for leaving England, and had been entertained at a farewell dinner by his old constituents at Liverpool. But to send the first orator in England out to India, and leave the Treasury benches without a champion in the House of Commons, was a waste of power utterly inconsistent with the Premier's sound common sense. Lord Liverpool determined that Canning should hold the seals of the Foreign Office, if it were possible. One difficulty stood in the way. The King disliked Canning. Probably (as Sir H. Bulwer suggests) there lay at the bottom of this dislike something of an antipathy to 'literary' statesmen. The King had been intimate with two eminent public men of literary reputation, Sheridan and Francis; and what he had known of these was not very likely to inspire him with respect for the class to which they belonged. But Canning was guilty of a far graver offence than that of writing parodies and epigrams. He had been a partisan of Queen Caroline. This was tantamount to defying the King outright, and the King thought himself bound so to regard his conduct. Lord Liverpool was extremely perplexed between unwillingness to offend his Majesty and a desire to secure Canning's aid in the Cabinet. Moreover, he was himself in a very embarrassing position. He had given personal offence to the King by opposing his Majesty's wishes respecting Mr. Sumner. The King had taken upon himself to appoint that gentleman (afterwards Bishop of Winchester) to a canonry at Windsor. The appointment was in the gift of the Prime Minister, and Lord Liverpool absolutely refused to submit to the King's interference. He even resigned office on the question; and George IV. was most reluctantly compelled to give way. The following very remarkable letter relates to this transaction:—

'As I told you at Walmer,' writes the Duke to the Premier as far back as October, 1821, 'the King has never forgiven your opposition. . . . This feeling has influenced every action of his life in relation to his Government from that moment; and I believe to more than one of us he avowed that his objection to Mr. Canning was that his accession to the Government was peculiarly desirable to

you. Nothing can be more unjust, or more unfair, than this feeling; and as there is not one of your colleagues who did not highly approve of what you did respecting Mr. Sumner, so is there not one of them who would not suffer with you all the consequences of that act.

'It must not be forgotten, however, that we have a duty imposed upon us which was never thrown upon any of our predecessors.

'The question for us is not, Whether we shall bear with many inconveniences and evils resulting from the King's habits and character, and which none of our predecessors ever bore, or make way for others equally capable with ourselves of carrying on the public service? but, Whether we shall bear all that we have to endure, or give up the government to the Whigs and Radicals, or, in other words, the country in all its relations, to irretrievable ruin?' (Vol. i. p. 195.)

After an expression of opinion so much in accordance with his own, Lord Liverpool naturally looked for the support of the Duke's influence with his Royal master. The King was very obstinate; but if anyone could overcome his obstinacy it was the Duke. And the Duke was quite ready to make the attempt when the opportunity presented itself. Accordingly in the following September he put forward all his diplomatic address in reconciling the King's mind to this obnoxious appointment. Sir H. Bulwer tells a very dramatic story of an interview between the King and his friend Arthur, which, we fear, must be added to the category of 'events which never 'happened.' Indeed, it is hardly likely that the Duke, who had as strong a sentiment of self-respect as of loyalty, would have exposed himself to the chance of a personal rebuff. Moreover, he strongly disliked 'scenes.' As it happened, he found his *molles aditus* to the King in another way, which saved him equally from the irksomeness of personal solicitation and the annoyance of a personal refusal. He was confined to his bed by a seasonable illness. The King wrote to him through the agency of a confidential friend, and the Duke, profiting by the permission, replied by letter. In this letter the Duke says:—

'I have already detailed to the gentleman whom your Majesty was so kind as to send to me, my reasons for thinking that it was desirable, and would contribute to your Majesty's ease and comfort to admit Mr. Canning into your councils in the situation recently filled by Lord Londonderry. These reasons are shortly, that this gentleman's talents and abilities are much considered, and the continuance of his presence in the House of Commons is anxiously desired by many of the best friends of the Government, whose support would probably be lost if advantage were not taken of this opportunity of introducing him into your Majesty's councils; that I am convinced he will serve your Majesty

in that situation with ability, zeal, and fidelity, and will give your Majesty satisfaction; that his principles and opinions are in all the main points of your Majesty's policy, domestic as well as foreign, the same as those of your other servants; and that there is no other arrangement which will not leave the Government in a state of inefficiency in one or more of its departments, which will be felt in the next session of Parliament, and will greatly disturb and annoy your Majesty.' (Vol. i. p. 274.)

He then proceeds quietly but firmly to put aside the objections which had been urged on public grounds against Canning's appointment by Lords Eldon and Sidmouth. Having done this, he concludes by this sensible notice of the objections which rested on the King's personal antipathy to Mr. Canning:—

'I come now to consider that which is the most important point of all in this question—your Majesty's feelings—and I assure your Majesty that I do so with that interest and dutiful affection by which I am bound to your Majesty in every manner in which a subject can so feel towards his Sovereign. Your Majesty conceives that Mr. Canning has offended you, and that your Majesty's honour requires that you should resent this offence. If I were to consider such a question as between two individuals, as I have just done in relation to the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Canning, I might be of opinion that the public interests and the public duties of those individuals would render it necessary that their private feelings upon such a question should be laid aside, and that the offence, for the benefit of all parties, should be buried in oblivion. But in a case in which the offender is a subject, and the offence given is towards the Sovereign, I can have no doubt upon the subject. The honour of your Majesty consists in acts of mercy and grace, and I am convinced that your Majesty's honour is most safe in extending your grace and favour to Mr. Canning upon this occasion if the arrangement in contemplation is beneficial to your Majesty's service.

'I really believe, as I have before told your Majesty, that Mr. Canning never intended to do anything displeasing to your Majesty, and I feel assured that he would be too happy to explain any part of his conduct which might have had that effect. But I confess that I doubt that any explanation would be satisfactory to your Majesty, and I am quite certain that the call for it, or even the admission of it, would not be so consistent with your Majesty's dignity, and would not give such ease to your Majesty's mind, as the act of royal grace which I have taken the liberty of suggesting.' (Vol. i. pp. 275, 276.)

The Duke's success in this negotiation elicited the following letter from Lord Liverpool:—

'Coombe Wood, Sept. 8th, 1822.

'My dear Duke,—It will be a relief to your mind and a satisfaction to you to hear that I have received the King's letters respecting

Canning; and I am of opinion that they ought to answer every purpose we can desire. I am most truly sensible of the value of your services and assistance upon this important crisis, without which it never might have been brought to such a result.' (Vol. i. p. 279.)

The King, too, was reconciled to the appointment, and grateful for the way in which it had been brought about. This is his Majesty's letter:—

'Carlton House, 4 p.m., Sept. 13th, 1822.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to find by my friend that you are better to-day; and I hope and trust that the indisposition is nearly over.

'Lord Liverpool has just been with me, and the affair respecting Canning may be considered as concluded. The reason given for the delay was what you kindly sent to me this morning, namely, the sentiment expressed relative to my letter, which either you, or I, should have settled in five minutes. I was glad to find that there was no other crotchet or proposition behind. Thus ends the last calamity; my reliance is on you, my friend, be watchful therefore. God bless you.

'Your sincere friend,
'G. R.' (Vol. i. p. 284.)

After Canning was named Secretary of State, the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the office which had been designed for Lord Londonderry, that of English Plenipotentiary at Verona. This mutual relation implies a mutual understanding between the two men on the leading questions of foreign policy. The Duke, when he was using his best endeavours to secure for Canning the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, was aware that the man whose elevation he was planning would soon be the Minister from whom he himself was to receive instructions. He must therefore have believed that on the great subjects which would come before the Congress there would be a general harmony of opinion between himself and his chief. And such, in point of fact, was the case. There may not have been entire and perfect accordance of theory and speculation between the Duke and Mr. Canning; but the differences for a considerable time were only differences of degree, and did not affect the essential character of the policy to which both of them gave their adhesion.

The Memorandum issued by Mr. Canning to the Plenipotentiary touched mainly on the affairs of Turkey and Russia, Spain and her colonies, Italy and Austria, and the Slave Trade. The efforts of England were to be directed to preventing a r between Ru[illegible] [illegible]e Porte, by obtaining for the former

Power such indemnities as she was reasonably entitled to for the infractions of existing engagements committed by the Turkish Government in its war with Greece. In this war England was not to interfere beyond the limit of good offices, or the ordinary recognition of any regular Government that might be established in the Morea. With respect to Spain, she was to abstain from any interference with the internal government of that country. With respect to the Spanish colonies, the right of the English Government to recognise the independence of those in which the conflict was over, Spain having failed to recover her supremacy, and to establish commercial relations with the others, was to be asserted. On the Slave Trade, the British Plenipotentiary was to urge strongly upon the assembled monarchs the necessity of a general and systematic agreement for suppressing it.

The Duke took Paris on his way. When he arrived there, he found that France had an army of 100,000 men posted on the Spanish frontier, on the pretext of keeping a *cordon sanitaire,* and ready to march on the shortest notice. This *cordon* was really intended, not to keep out the yellow fever, but Red Jacobinism. Parties and Ministers were divided in opinion as to the way in which this army should be employed. M. de Montmorency, an Ultra-Royalist, who had learned from his experience of revolutions no other lesson but to hate them, was for taking measures with a high hand and reinstating the Spanish monarch in supreme power. M. de Villèle, who, less enthusiastic and precipitate, still dreaded the contagion of revolutionary principles, was puzzled how to act without embroiling both France and Europe in war, and how to withdraw without compromising the honour of his country. Both parties and both Ministers were anxious to obtain the opinion, and, if possible, the assistance, of the Allies. If the Allies gave material aid, the ultimate success of the expedition was assured. The Cortes would be subjugated in Spain, and the Revolutionary party in France. If they gave their moral support, or even a simple assent, the grave responsibility of invading a foreign country would be shared with those who connived at it. In a conference at Paris, on his way to Verona, the Duke was sounded by the President of the Council on the policy of England. The Duke thus describes his own reply:—

'I told M. de Villèle that it would be quite impossible for us to declare beforehand what would be our conduct upon any hypothetical case. I did not think that if I were in his situation I would beforehand advise the King of France to go to war in case the King

of Spain was deposed or murdered; much less would I advise what line the King of Great Britain ought to adopt in case of the occurrence of such a war. I did not think that any Government could adopt such a measure, and I was quite certain that ours could not, which was liable to be called to account for its conduct at every moment. I beside stated that a declaration of this kind, to be of any use, must be public, and that I thought the Spanish Government would have some reason to complain if the Congress were formally to adopt a measure founded upon a supposition that they might depose or murder their King and his Royal family, or that they might invade France without cause.' (Vol. i. p. 293.)

We shall see how strictly he conformed to his instructions, and kept to the policy of non-intervention. His rank and fame gave him opportunities of frequent conversation with the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Of these he availed himself to speak with a plain and genuine frankness which sounded strange in the circles of high diplomacy. Whether it was his inaptitude to gloze in diplomatic phrase, and to spin fine cobwebs of policy, or his persistent dunning on the Anglo-Austrian Debt, that provoked Metternich to nickname him a 'Big Baby,' we know not. Chateaubriand spoke of him in other terms, and saw in his firm opposition to the French policy nothing but a deepseated hatred of France. Certainly, neither Minister nor Czar could extort from him an opinion in favour of either of the two projects which the Russian Monarch and the French Ministers, respectively, had at heart—a joint menace to, or a separate invasion of, Spain. While at Vienna the Duke had a long conversation with the Russian Emperor, of which he wrote to Canning thus:—

'After the usual cordial reception of myself, and inquiries about my health, and some conversation respecting the late Marquis of Londonderry, for whose loss his Imperial Majesty expressed the deepest sorrow, his Imperial Majesty went immediately into the state of affairs in Spain. He said that he considered that country as the head-quarters of revolution and of Jacobinism; that the King and Royal Family were in the utmost danger; and that so long as the revolution in that country should be allowed to continue, every country in Europe, and France in particular, was unsafe. He then contended that the case of Naples was a precedent entirely applicable to the case of Spain. That in both cases there was danger to their neighbours from what was passing in the interior of the country; and that the Sovereign of each had called for assistance; the Sovereign of Spain repeatedly.

'His Imperial Majesty then stated that he was apprehensive that Great Britain, by her objections, would prevent the good that might be done in Spain.

'I him that it was certainly true that we had insuperable

objections to interfere in the internal concerns of any country. That we considered that we had no such right, excepting in a case in which there should be danger to ourselves from what was passing in the interior of such country. That consideration of prudence or policy might induce us to place danger to our ally on the same line with danger to ourselves; but that such a case was similar to any other case of alliance. That we felt besides that we could not interfere with advantage to the country in question. That we had tried the experiment once in relation to Sicily in a period of war, when our troops were the garrison of that island, and we had found that the institutions of the country impeded the measures necessary for its defence. That we established that which we thought the best of constitutions, viz. a government by a parliament, constituted on the principles of that in Great Britain, without its supposed abuses; but that this government failed in all the duties and purposes of government, even to a greater degree than that which had preceded it; and that very soon it had been found necessary to destroy this boasted constitution as the other had been destroyed. That with us therefore it had become a principle not to interfere in the internal concerns of any foreign country excepting in a case of necessity, being convinced that we could not interfere with advantage to such country, or with honour to ourselves. I added, that these principles were not to be considered as growing out of our parliamentary constitution. That in my opinion they ought to be the guide of all governments, be their constitutions what they might. But that I was about to mention one reason for refusing to interfere, which was the consequence of our peculiar system of government, viz. that the moment his Majesty should be advised to become a party to an interference in the internal concerns of any country, the Parliament had, and would exercise, the right of discussing all the measures adopted in relation to that country, which would not be very desirable to those concerned.' . . . .

'His Imperial Majesty then said that he did not think that France could be relied upon for such an operation as that which he had in contemplation. . . . That French troops might form a part of the army to be employed, but that the great force must be one in whose loyalty and military qualities complete confidence can be reposed; and his Imperial Majesty evidently pointed at his own troops.

'I asked his Imperial Majesty whether he had any data by which he could form a judgment respecting the opinion of the French Government upon the question of allowing an Allied army to pass through France, and making France the basis of an operation upon Spain? His Imperial Majesty answered that he had not a doubt that they would not object; but that he had made it a rule to have no communication with the French Government excepting in concert with his Allies, and that he could not say that he was informed.

'I then told his Imperial Majesty that I was informed upon that point. That on my way through Paris I had considered it my duty

to speak to M. de Villèle and to the King respecting their position in relation to Spain, and to inquire what they intended to do with the troops which they had collected upon the Spanish frontier; and that I had found that those troops were collected with a view to observe what was going on in Spain, to protect the frontier from insult, and eventually to act as circumstances might render necessary. That the French Government considered that certain events might render necessary a war between the two countries, such as the murder or deposition of the King, or any insult or attack upon the French frontier; and that in such a case they should consider the question as one exclusively French, and not only should not require assistance, but should refuse to receive it, and even resist its approach, if such assistance was to be in the shape of troops to be marched through France.' (Vol. i. pp. 343–6.)

Thus it will be seen that the Duke took the best course for preserving the peace of Europe, by discouraging not only a wanton invasion of Spain, but also an unsolicited assistance to France. Nor was his influence thrown away. Later he writes from Verona:—

'The conversation which I had with the Emperor of Russia at Vienna, and which I reported to you in detail in my despatch of the 4th of October, has certainly had the effect of tranquillising the Emperor of Russia; and it appears from a conversation which I had with his Imperial Majesty a few days ago that he has laid aside all notion of an attack upon Spain, and that he was prepared to attend to what the French Ministers had to suggest in respect to the relative position of France and Spain.' (Vol. i. p. 408.)

At this time M. de Montmorency had laid before the Congress a formal note, concluding with queries respecting the attitude of the allied Courts in the event of a rupture between the two countries.

'In my answer' (the Duke says) 'I shall review our line of conduct since April 1820, and contrast it with theirs; and shall very civilly decline to engage ourselves to adopt any measure beforehand, and till we shall have a full knowledge of all the circumstances which have occurred between the two countries. I propose, besides, to point out to them that, considering the relative position of the two countries, it is not probable that Spain will declare against them if they explain as they ought the meaning and object of their corps of observation, and make some allowance for the effervescence of men's minds in Spain in a state of revolution and civil war.' (Vol. i. p. 409.)

The propositions submitted by the French Ministers shook the fickle mind of Alexander into its former bellicose disposition. He became anxious to conclude a treaty with France and declared his intention to march an army through

Germany into Piedmont, in order to assist France if it were threatened by a Jacobin movement from within, or required assistance against Spain abroad. Again the Duke betook himself to the task of cooling this inflammable temperament, pointing out the danger to which the Emperor would expose France, and the difficulties in which he would involve himself by a persistence in this plan. His own experience of Spain and Spanish character doubtless gave greater weight to his counsels than the Emperor was disposed to admit openly. On one occasion the following dialogue occurred:—

'*Emperor.* Nothing can be worse, or more destitute of resources, than *ces gens là.*

'*Duke.* Sir, if you think your cause is just, and think you have the means of attacking Spain, do so. But, whatever may be the strength of the Spanish army, or the state of the Spanish resource, do not suppose that you have to deal with such a country as Naples. The country is strong, immense in extent, thinly peopled, and many strongholds to be taken and kept from a people capable of defending them.

'*Emperor.* I would attack them with the French army, and move mine and others to the support, if wanted.

'*Duke.* If your Majesty will give me leave, I will tell you what I would do if I were the Spanish general opposed to the invading force, and I think you will be convinced there is but little chance of military success, and none of any political result.'

He had two powerful though unavowed and somewhat inconsistent partisans in his pacific counsels. Austria and Prussia had reason to fear the ascendancy which Alexander would acquire if, at the head of a great army, he dictated the terms of future intercourse between France and Spain. This probable result of Muscovitish interference counterbalanced the advantage which they saw in distracting the Czar's attention from the politics of Eastern Europe. So the Austrian and Prussian Ministers did what their knowledge of diplomatic forms enabled them to do. They gave an apparent support to the French propositions, couched in terms which denoted but a lukewarm intention of ultimate co-operation with French views. So thoroughly did Chateaubriand discern this, that he did not hesitate to speak of Austria as the partisan of England. Speaking of the conferences with the Representatives the Duke says:—

'In the different meetings of the same kind with this which I have attended I have never yet been witness to so much difficulty and embarrassment as there has been in the discussion of this Spanish question. . . . I hope that we shall get through these diffi-

culties in a creditable manner, and that we may be able to maintain the peace of the world.' (Vol. i. p. 460.)

Strange as it would have sounded in the ears of many Englishmen in 1822, there was no one statesman more anxious to secure the peace of the world than the conqueror of Napoleon. When it became necessary to discuss formally the French note, the plenipotentiaries of the Northern Powers tried to allure their English colleague into a promise of active co-operation against Spain by exaggerated representations of the danger with which public order was threatened by the Cortes and the Liberals. The Duke firmly replied:—

'The great object of his Majesty's foreign policy is to preserve peace among nations, and he feels the most anxious interest for the happiness of his Most Christian Majesty, and the honour of his Government; and it would be his desire to allay that irritation, but his Government cannot but feel that to make any declaration on any of the three points referred to by his Excellency without a previous accurate knowledge of all the circumstances which have occurred between the two countries, would be not only premature and unjust, but would probably be unavailing, and would in fact deprive his Majesty of the power of discussing and deciding upon the measures of his own Government in this affair hereafter, when he should be better informed. . . .

'His Majesty therefore considers any rupture by Spain, or any measure on her part which may render necessary the immediate discontinuance of diplomatic relations by France, very improbable, and as his Majesty is quite unacquainted with what has passed between France and Spain since the month of April 1820, and as his Government cannot know upon what grounds his Most Christian Majesty's Government may think proper to discontinue the diplomatic relations of France with Spain, or upon what grounds war may break out between the two countries, it is impossible for them now to pronounce what advice they should consider it their duty to give to his Majesty in case either or both of these events should occur.' (Vol. i. pp. 500, 501.)

Ultimately when the three Northern Powers joined with France in sending letters of remonstrance and reproof to Madrid, the Duke contented himself with refusing the co-operation of England, and sent to the Congress a Protest, which concluded in the following terms:—

'But his Majesty's Government are of opinion that to animadvert upon the internal transactions of an independent State, unless such transactions affect the essential interests of his Majesty's subjects, is inconsistent with those principles on which his Majesty has invariably acted in all questions relating to the internal concerns of other countries; that such animadversions, if made, must involve his Majesty in serious responsibility if they should produce any effect,

and must irritate if they should not; and that if addressed, as proposed, to the Spanish Government, are likely to be injurious to her best interests, and to produce the worst consequences upon the probable discussions between France and Spain. The King's Government must therefore decline to advise his Majesty to hold a common language with his Allies upon this occasion.' (Vol. i. p. 559.)

It is superfluous to add that the most sarcastic comments were evoked from M. de Chateaubriand by the paragraph 'unless such transactions affect the essential interests of His 'Majesty's subjects.' Could not the Continental nations, forsooth, have 'essential interests' as much as England? Did England suppose that France had no essential interests; interests more lofty and more essential than new markets for her wares and her silks? Was it nothing that, in the 'suppression 'of a revolutionary movement, France would redeem the 'honour of her flag, and regain her place among the greatest 'and most powerful nations?' This was, in truth, the avowed object of Villèle, and the real object of Chateaubriand and the war party in France. They desired not only to put down a Jacobinical insurrection, but to efface the memory of Waterloo, and restore the military glory of their country. About this time Chateaubriand wrote in the following strain to Villèle: 'J'ai 'vu avec une extrême satisfaction que la France donnera 'encore des lois à l'Europe, quand elle sera bien conduite. 'en profitant des espérances que notre force renaissante com-'mence à inspirer de toutes parts.' Although the Duke had withheld the assent of England to the proposed action of the Great Powers, he was not satisfied with his success. For he discovered his effectual discouragement of Alexander's march into Germany had removed one of the chief terrors of Austria, and had inclined her to side with Russia. To the end of the Congress, the Russian Monarch retained his original prepossession in favour of invading Spain by a Continental, other than a French army. In the Duke's last interview with him, the Emperor said, 'By far the best thing was to interfere by 'means of a good army,' and at the same time added that the French army was not to be depended on 'for discipline or 'efficiency.' After all, the wishes, intentions, consultations and protocols of the Three Powers ended in what Chateaubriand calls 'trois notes innocentes.' The Russian army did not march through Germany; was not posted in Piedmont; was not sent to strengthen the *cordon sanitaire* at the foot of the Pyrenees. There was no joint invasion of Spain. The Great Powers remonstrated, M. de Montmorency was superseded, and M. de Chateaubriand succeeded him. Later, the French

army invaded Spain, and won from the Cortes an easy triumph; but as evanescent, sterile, and illusory as the Duke had prophesied it must be. Looking back to the negotiations of 1822 how poor and barren must the French statesmen of 1831 have thought the efforts and anxieties of their predecessors!

But if neither Canning nor the Duke carried their disagreement from the French policy towards Spain beyond the limits of remonstrance, on another field of diplomacy they showed a more active and independent conduct. The Spanish colonies had long been in a state of revolt against Spain. In Buenos Ayres the revolt had been quite successful. In many of the other colonies it was more than half successful. In none of them did there appear a chance of the complete restoration of Spanish supremacy. The war might linger on for a longer or a shorter time, disfigured and disgraced by ferocious cruelties and ferocious reprisals; but ultimately the colonies must win their independence. In this state of things what was England to do? Englishmen had long traded with these revolted colonies. English ships carried merchandise in and out of ports imperfectly blockaded, subject to the risks usually incident to neutral traffic. English merchantmen had been chased and plundered by Spanish pirates under the guise of privateers, and under the pretext of contraband of war. A vast continent fertile in natural resources was shut out from the benefits of capital and speculation. Nor was this all. There were good grounds for believing that a secret understanding existed between the Government of the French King and the Royalist party in Spain, in accordance with which French aid was to be bought by the surrender of some of the Spanish colonies. A compact of this kind was too offensive both to English interests and English notions of independence not to be effectually thwarted. The keen and rapid intelligence of Canning saw at a glance the double blow which a recognition of these dependencies would strike at Spanish intolerance and French aggrandisement. England might be unable to cope with France backed by the Northern Powers in the Spanish Peninsula; but she could prevent the annexation of the great American Provinces to the French Kingdom. In a private letter Canning writes to the Duke at Verona:—

'My single despatch of this day says all that I have to say to you on public matters; and I will not tax your patience by repeating and enlarging upon the topics of that despatch in a private letter. Only this: every day convinces me more and more, that in the present state of the world, in the present state of the Peninsula, and in the present state of this country, the American questions are out

of all proportion more important to us than the European, and if we do not seize and turn them to our advantage in time, we shall rue the loss of an opportunity never, never to be recovered.' (Vol. i. p. 511.)

But the Duke was more hesitating than Canning. He suspected and disliked the whole tissue of French intrigue; but he as much disliked the persons and the principles of the Colonial insurgents. He was wholly averse to an immediate recognition of Colombia. He saw in it no advantage to English interests.

'I consider it a point of honour' (he wrote) 'that we should not be in a hurry to recognise that independence, and that the measure should be forced upon us by circumstances rather than we should seek for occasions to adopt it. My reasons are to be found, first, in the origin of the disputes with the colonies; secondly, in our various offers of mediation; thirdly, in our intercourse with them; fourthly, in our treaties with Spain; and lastly, in the assistance which British subjects have given to establish their independence. . . .

'I confess that I don't see in what manner the recognition of the independence of any colony will at all relieve us from our difficulties in our questions with Spain. These questions will still depend upon peace or war. Indeed they will come to be questions of war. Spain may fairly say, "We allowed you to trade with our rebellious colonies, and, as far as was in our power, we did not molest your commerce; but now that you have by treaty recognised the independence of Colombia, we withdraw that permission; and we give you notice that we will capture all ships which trade with our dominions in South America." You are then at war; and for what? . . .

'I therefore have always been for going as far as was necessary, and never further; and for justifying to Spain and the Allies each particular case. By so doing, we shall stand as we ought to do in the eyes of the world. If we go further, we shall lose our character for justice and forbearance, which after all is what constitutes our power.' (Vol. i. pp. 516, 517.)

Although he was disposed to defer till the latest moment the recognition of any of these colonies, and then accord it only on the achievement of such success as would make refusal of the right unjustifiable, he allowed his own views of policy to be modified by the opinions of the Premier and the exigencies of the administration. In 1824 Lord Liverpool addressed the following letter to him:—

'Fife House, Dec. 8th, 1824.

'My dear Duke,—I did not receive your letter till just before I was going out yesterday.

'In answer to the latter part of it, I can only assure you most truly that nothing could give me more sincere pain, *privately* or *publicly*, than your separation from any cause from the Government.

'It is with the deepest regret that I differ with you on the subject of Spanish America; but I can most truly say that my opinion has not been hastily formed, and that I am conscientiously convinced, that if we allow these new States to consolidate their system and their policy with the United States of America, it will in a very few years prove fatal to our greatness, if not endanger our safety.

'I am quite aware that the King has strong prejudices on this subject; I am very sorry for it; but I am satisfied that they originate partly in mistake as to the origin of the separation of the colonies from the mother country. I think he should be set right upon this point, as well as made to feel that the opinions which he sometimes avows on the subject of legitimacy would carry him to the full length of the principle of the Emperor of Russia and Prince Metternich.' (Vol. ii. p. 366.)

This seems to have decided him on consenting to act with his colleagues in recognising the independence of the South American States, though with great reluctance. But how effectually he might have prevented this result, if he had only been as obstinate as he was, in fact, pliant, may be gathered from this letter of the King to Lord Liverpool:—

'Royal Lodge, Dec. 17th, 1824.

'The King cannot allow to pass unnoticed the Minute of Cabinet transmitted by Mr. Canning on the 15th instant.

'The King always wishes to concur with the opinion of his Cabinet.

'It is, therefore, with deep regret that the King finds himself under the necessity of differing from the majority of the Cabinet upon the present occasion.

'The King considers that the system of policy of his Government upon this subject has been erroneous, and that instead of seeking for opportunities to promote even that policy, such as it is, the measures now recommended should have been forced upon us by circumstances not to be avoided or controlled.

'However, the King will not oppose himself to the measures considered for the benefit of his subjects and for the promotion of the navigation of the country, by those to whom the King has given his confidence.

'The King wishes that these measures should stand on the ground of the interests of his subjects, and not as measures of war or retaliation against other Powers; and that they should not be put forth to the world as having any other objects in view than those which the King has stated as his motive for assenting to them.' (Vol. ii. p. 368.)

That the material interests of England were identified with this policy was a good defence to urge upon the King. But it was also the one element of consideration which it was most expedient to keep out of view in negotiation with foreign

diplomatists, simply because it was the one which they were always ready to suspect and taunt us with by anticipation. It was not the least difficult or least vexatious of the Duke's labours, whether at Verona or at Paris, to listen to and rebut the most farfetched and baseless imputations of sordid self-seeking which the French negotiators were ever fastening on the plans and policy of England. In a letter to Sir Charles Stuart, in 1822, the Duke says:—

'The fashion and habit of the diplomatic world has been lately to suspect us of selfish policy, and in pursuit of objects of this description, to imagine that we stick at nothing. I had but too much reason to complain of this mistrust of our Government at Verona, and upon my arrival at Paris I found that it was generally believed that we had protected the Spanish Government and cause at Verona, in consequence of some secret engagement, and that an advantageous treaty of commerce was to be the payment of such protection, and that we were to take possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, and what else we could get in the scramble, in case the French Government should invade Spain.

'Even the Ministers were not free from these absurd notions, of which I observed more than one trace in their conversations with me, and most particularly M. de Montmorency; and even when they do not entertain these notions themselves, they feel the inconvenience of their circulation among the French public, because they have to combat these notions before they can venture to embark on any line of policy in concert with us.' (Vol. i. p. 663.)

The foreign Ministers seem always to have suspected or pretended to suspect that our whole hearts and souls were absorbed in acquiring some new colony or intriguing for some commercial advantages. At times the Duke must have startled his fellow-diplomatists by the warmth with which he resented these insinuations; as in the following letter to Prince Metternich:—

'Mon cher Prince,—I received your letter of the 30th this day from General Bubna, and although I feel provoked and hurt that, notwithstanding the daily proofs which my Government gives of its frankness and fairness, there is not a report which any agent of any foreign Power can pick up and vend against us that is not believed, cherished, and immediately acted upon, I feel much obliged to you for giving me an immediate opportunity of justifying the British Government, which I can do most fully. . . .

'I have two reports from Sir William A'Court, of the 9th November, both stating to his Government the measures which the Spanish Government had proposed, and were about to submit to the Cortes, with a view to be cordially reconciled to the British Government, but not a word of a treaty of commerce. As far as I have any information, therefore, I should say that it is not true that a treaty

of commerce has been at all in discussion, and certainly not with Sir William A'Court, and, above all, not proposed by him.' (Vol. i. pp. 622, 623.)

It was this unworthy jealousy which lay at the bottom of the reluctance of Continental, especially French, statesmen to carry into effect their own solemn engagements with us to put down the Slave Trade. The following is the account which the Duke gives of M. de Villèle's refusal to pledge his Government to really strong and effective measures for this purpose:—

'He said that he would not conceal from me the fact that the abolition of the Slave Trade was unpopular in France, not because any value was attached to the colonies, because he believed that there was a very general opinion in France that their colonies were useless to them, but because the abolition had been pressed upon the King by Great Britain; and he begged me to observe that the existing law for the abolition of the Slave Trade, was the only law that had ever passed the legislature without discussion, no person having spoken either for or against it; that this silence upon it was not to be attributed to indifference to the subject, but to the sense entertained that the abolition had been forced upon the King, and that every measure to carry it into execution was a national disgrace.' (Vol. i. p. 295.)

The letter from which these passages are extracted concludes with a proposition, the cool impudence of which the Duke hardly seems to have discerned at the time. 'M. de 'Villèle then said he wished we would deprive them of all 'pretence for resorting to the coast of Africa by depriving 'them of their colonies on that coast, giving them in exchange 'some other colony; for instance, the Isle of France.' Certainly, since the day when Glaucus

πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμειβε
χρυσέα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων,

there never was such an exchange proposed as that of beautiful Mauritius, our only harbour and our only garrison in the Indian Ocean, an island as yet unscourged with epidemics and radiant with that promise of fertility which she has since so well fulfilled, for an arid and pestilential settlement on the coast of Africa. Yet the Minister who made the proposal could not believe in the disinterestedness of England!

There are many points affecting the great questions of foreign policy of the day on which the honesty and good sense of the Duke's opinions are eminently striking. But want of space compels us to forego the pleasure of quoting them.

But there is one paper on the most important domestic ques-

tion of that day, which we cannot resist the temptation to produce at greater length. It is a Memorandum on the case of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, written as early as 1825, consequently about three years before the Duke proclaimed the change in his views on Catholic Emancipation, and proposed to carry that measure. But the Duke already saw in 1825 that the irresistible tendency of opinion and of events was to relax the existing restrictions on the Roman Catholics. The attitude of the Irish People and the Catholic Association staggered him. Ireland was the difficulty of his day as it is of ours. He saw too, clearly, that the elements of the difficulty were more numerous and complex than struck the minds of ordinary Liberals and ordinary Tories. He knew Ireland and Irishmen well. He had been Irish Secretary. He had been a member of the Irish Parliament. He had commanded Irish soldiers. He had heard the opinions of Irish officers. He had had voluminous correspondence with Irish priests both in their own country and on the Continent. He saw in the agitation of the demagogues and in the combination of the people the two powerful forces of Race and Religion; and he knew how hard would be the task of resisting them. He recognised, also, the possibility of their being reinforced by foreign sympathy and aid. To concede religious liberty and religious privileges without stimulating the encroachment of one faith and awakening the fears of another, and to give the Crown a general supervision over the administration of the Romish Church in Ireland without compromising the Constitution and the Establishment, were the problems which exercised his mind. His solution of them would not satisfy the exigencies of our day, and probably would not have satisfied the necessities of his; indeed it hardly satisfied his own judgment. But his remarks are worthy of deep attention, as showing a careful consideration of an entangled question and a liberality of sentiment, with which he has not been duly credited. Let it be borne in mind that when this memorandum was written, there was a strong English feeling against Emancipation, both on religious and political grounds; that O'Connell had not yet come up to London; and that the Clare Election had not taken place. The Duke says:—

'It must be admitted that if any arrangement can be made upon this question, the fittest time for it is one of external peace and of internal tranquillity; and when the Government is strong and universally respected. The concessions hitherto made to the Roman Catholics have been made in times of war and of difficulty; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they must have pre-

pression upon their minds that they were concessions to the apprehensions of the Government of their enmity and strength. As the arrangement to be made, if made at all, must include every point which can be a subject of difference between the two religions, it is most desirable that the impression should not exist that the arrangement, whatever it may be, was extorted from our fears.' (Vol. ii. p. 595.)

'The evil in Ireland is of long standing; and consists entirely in the state of society. There are two parties in that country, the *Protestants* and *the Roman Catholics*. In the Protestant party are the proprietors, the clergy of the Church of England, and the mass of the Protestant population; in the Roman Catholic are the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy and gentry, and the populace now called six millions of people.' (Vol. ii. p. 596.)

'It may be stated as a general truth that there are no Protestant residents in Ireland, who do not in reality apprehend, not the result of another contest with the Roman Catholics for the government of the country, as long as the connexion with England subsists, and England is in her existing state of triumphant strength; but a sudden and general rising of the populace of that religion in which many would fall a sacrifice.

'There are none who reside who have not constantly in their minds the recollection of the histories of former rebellions; and of those more recent of 1798 and 1803; and before their eyes fresh instances of the facility and secresy with which the Roman Catholic population, even the servants in their own houses, combine for the purposes of mischief and outrage.

'On the other hand, there are some Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the higher orders of the clergy, and even some of the priests, who do occasionally exert themselves to promote peace and good order. But these are exceptions to their general line of conduct. The Roman Catholic clergy, nobility, lawyers, and gentlemen having property, form a sort of *theocracy* in Ireland, which in all essential points governs the populace, I believe even to the extent of being able to *prevent* disturbance and outrage; and by the measures of the Roman Catholic Association, and particularly the rent, this *theocracy* has acquired a knowledge of the means of organising this mass which it had never possessed before.

'This theocracy is in strict communion with the Church of Rome; and that Church continues established in Ireland in all its parts, as it was three hundred years ago, with the same hierarchy, the same discipline, but ten times the authority and influence possessed by any National Church whatever; although without the property belonging to the Church.' (Vol. ii. p. 597.)

'This in my opinion is the great distinction between this and other religious parties in this or any other State. The Dissenters of different descriptions in England, however troublesome and factious, and the Greeks in Hungary, are domestic parties, and have no connexion with foreign Powers, nor have the Greeks even in the Turkish dominions, excepting by virtue of treaties between the

Porte and the Emperor of Russia. But this Roman Catholic party in Ireland is, and acts in every respect as, and its existence has all the effects upon the prosperity and greatness of the Empire, of a party connected with and protected by a foreign Power.

'Then, this formidable party not only has no connexion whatever with the State; but considering all the circumstances of preceding wars and confiscations, all upon Roman Catholic principles, and the nature of the settlement of the government, and of the property of the Church and of individuals in the hands of the Protestants at the Revolution, it is obvious that it must be hostile to the Church of England, and to the connexion between the two countries; and therefore to the Government. It is hostile to the Protestants as the proprietors of the soil and the ancient instruments of the conquest and of the suppression of the different rebellions which have taken place; and the supporters of the English connexion and government.' (Vol. ii. pp. 597, 598.)

He then notices and refutes the historical argument in favour of excluding Catholics from the privileges of a Protestant Government. Having shown that the penal disabilities were introduced not by William III. but by his successors, he proceeds to speak of the difficulties of the question in these terms:—

'The difficulty in this most difficult question is much aggravated by the state of enmity towards the Government in which the Roman Catholics in Ireland stand, and by their determination to prevent the Crown and Church Establishment from acquiring an additional security under the settlement. Any other sovereign excepting his Majesty, and his Majesty as King of Hanover, would upon approaching the Pope upon such a question as this have the full support of his Roman Catholic subjects in the discussion; each class of whom would be as anxious as the King's Protestant Ministers that the question should be settled in a manner honourable to the Crown, and beneficial to the public at large. But as referable to Ireland there are three parties to these questions: the King, the Pope, and the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Of these the last named are incomparably the most difficult to treat with. They will not hear of the interference of the Crown to put an end to Papal encroachment or its consequences: and it is obvious that their object is to prevent the exercise of any inspection or control by the Crown, in order that the country may continue under the government of the Roman Catholic theocracy. As long as the Roman Catholic religion exists in this or any other country out of the control of the Crown, it remains a system of secresy and concealment, and therefore of danger. It has not been suffered thus to exist in any country in Europe, whether governed by a Roman Catholic or by a Protestant Sovereign; and we see from antecedent transactions in Ireland, from the existing state of society in that country, and from what [illegible] evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that [illegible]s in

Europe Ireland is the one in which such a system should not be suffered to exist.

'Whatever may be the opposition on the part of the Irish Roman Catholics, our view must be then to bring the Roman Catholic religion in that country under the control of the Crown; and in proportion as we shall be successful in attaining this object, will the arrangement be good, and the security of the Church of England in Ireland be confirmed. Our success in this object is not less necessary for the dignity of the Crown than it is for the security of the Church, and of the Constitution and government of the country.

'It is obvious, however, that these questions cannot be so settled without an alteration of and a departure from the ancient policy of the country, from the period of the Reformation down to the present time. It must be observed that this policy was adopted in this country at the period at which the political divisions of Europe and the religious divisions were the same; and these distinctions existed till the French Revolution and its consequences annihilated Church property in nearly every part of Europe. The political distinctions attending difference of religion have since become but feeble. We see the Protestant Sovereigns of Europe possessing dominions in which the Roman Catholic religion is predominant; and each of them making arrangements with the Pope of the same description as the Concordats made by the Roman Catholic Sovereigns to define and regulate the spiritual authority of the Pope within their several dominions; and settling what the Roman Catholic Church shall be.

'The consequence of these arrangements in every case is, that the sovereign authority becomes secure by the knowledge of and control over the transactions of the Roman Catholic Church; and the municipal law of the country can be put in operation in relation to the Roman Catholic Church and its establishments equally as upon any other establishment in the country.' (Vol. ii. pp. 604, 605.)

The basis of the Duke's plan was, that before Catholics were admitted to offices of trust and power, we should know and determine by a settlement with the Pope in what relation the British Government is to stand towards the Roman Catholic Church; and he adds these emphatic words:—

'Having settled these measures at Rome, they should be recognised by Parliament, and the same Act should *repeal every law imposing any disability upon a Roman Catholic*. . . . We are willing to tolerate, to establish, to regulate, and salary the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, on a principle which will render it not inconsistent with the Church of England.' . . . (P. 607.)

Four years later, Catholic Emancipation was carried by the same Minister who wrote this Memorandum, without any of the preliminary measures and conditions on which he had previously relied.

We have already cited enough to show the Duke's genuine zeal in the cause of European peace while he represented England at the Congress of Verona. The following passage from one of his letters to Sir Herbert Taylor expresses his opinion of the ability of this country to engage in fresh wars, an opinion which should be treasured up by every head of the War Department for all future time:—

'There is nothing so necessary as to look forward to future wars, and to our early preparation for them. Our wars have always been long and ruinous in expense, because we were unable to prepare for the operations which must have brought them to a close, for years after they were commenced. But this system will no longer answer. We cannot venture upon any great augmentation of our debt, if we did we should find the payment of the interest impossible, together with the expense of our peace establishments. We must, therefore, first take great care to keep ourselves out of disputes, if possible, and, above all, to keep our neighbours quiet; and next to put our resources for war on such a footing as that we may apply them hereafter at a much earlier period of the contest than we have ever done hitherto.' (Vol. ii. pp. 381, 382.)

Before we notice such of the letters as were written on private matters, and which most signally illustrate the personal character of their illustrious author, we wish to call attention to those which elucidate his relations to Mr. Canning.

There is a general impression that the Duke disliked Canning, and we believe it is true that he placed no great reliance upon him. The tone in which Canning was habitually spoken of at Apsley House was by no means complimentary. But this impression is not confirmed by the correspondence which we are now reviewing. Through the greater part of these two volumes the two statesmen are, to all appearance, on friendly terms. The letters disclose, indeed, nothing of the cordiality which belongs to intimate friendship. But neither do they betray any indications of mutual distrust or dislike. The Duke always writes 'My dear Mr. Canning,' not 'My dear Canning,' whereas he addresses Peel, who was a much younger man, as 'My dear Peel.' But they write fully and unreservedly to each other. It is only as Canning's policy to the Spanish colonies becomes more and more pronounced, that any dislike on the Duke's part becomes apparent; and then it is dislike to the policy, not to the man. The Duke, we have seen, took no little trouble to reconcile the King to Canning's introduction into the Cabinet. In the same spirit he wrote to disabuse the Duke of Buckingham of his suspicion that Mr. Canning had stipulated for Mr. Huskisson's admission into the C[illegible] fact, from

the preliminaries of the first negotiation with him till his acceptance of the Seals, everything that could be said or written to show the necessity of conferring a Cabinet office on Canning was said and written by the Duke. It is quite probable that the Duke soon discovered that his colleague was more liberal than he himself was in his scheme of foreign policy; and equally probable that Canning may have used more moderate language in reference to Spain in his correspondence with the Duke than with anyone else. But this was not deceit or dissimulation. In fact, deceit and dissimulation were just as impossible as they were unnecessary. The Duke, after his return to England, saw all Canning's despatches and minutes on foreign affairs, and not only saw them but corrected them. And, curious enough, all his corrections are made with the object of infusing into them greater caution and moderation. He is always on the look-out for some unguarded point of which the Austrian or Russian Minister may take advantage; or anticipating some evasive reply; or smoothing down some equivocal or offensive phrase; or narrowing some too general premise or suggestion. In the draft of a despatch, for instance, from Canning to Sir H. Wellesley, this phrase is found:—'Prince Metternich, who considers 'the alliance of the Great Powers of Europe as a tutelary 'Providence watching over the interests of the world,' &c. The Duke makes this reasonable comment: 'All this is not 'necessary to the argument, and would be considered by 'Prince Metternich, who must see this despatch, as *quizzing* 'the Holy Alliance.' In a memorandum penned at the beginning of the Parliamentary Session of 1823, the Duke thus advises Mr. Canning as to the tone which he should adopt in the House of Commons:—

'Mr. Canning is the Minister of the Crown in the House of Commons, and every word that will drop from him will be scrutinized and weighed with the utmost nicety, particularly in regard to our foreign policy, not only in this country but abroad.

'Conclusions will be drawn respecting the future views and intentions of the Government regarding peace or war from what he will say, and every man will be prepared to construe the King's speech accordingly.

'I earnestly recommend to him to confine himself in respect to the future to what was put into the King's speech. Every day's experience shows that this speech was satisfactory to the country, and that it is the desire of the majority of well-thinking people that our peace should be preserved, if possible.' (Vol. ii. pp. 29, 30.)

Thus we may infer that the Duke dreaded rather the Irish impulsiveness of Mr. Canning's nature, and the rhetorical

flights of his genius, than any studied disingenuousness or deliberate dissimulation on his part. Indeed, the wonder is, not how they should ever have disagreed, but rather how for so many years there should have been so general and material an agreement between one who combined the nervous impressibility of the poet and the orator with an artistic love of striking effects, and one who was

> 'with least pretence
> Great in council and great in war,
> Rich in saving common sense;
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.'

The Duke might be trusted to say in the Cabinet or in the House of Lords just what he had said to M. de Villèle or M. de Chateaubriand, and nothing more. But the ardent and imaginative genius of Canning, excited by the cheers of an admiring House of Commons, would hardly be expected to pause in its flight for the purpose of measuring or remembering words and phrases with the same precision. Considering the original difference of their temperaments, and the genuine Liberalism of Canning's foreign sympathies, it is quite easy to explain the estrangement which in course of years separated him more and more from the Duke, without suspecting the Foreign Secretary of anything like equivocation or double dealing. The time came at last when they could no longer act together, either in foreign or domestic politics, and then the Duke went into opposition; but so long as they did act in concert, there was good faith on one side, and confidence on the other. Even after the Duke had become fully alive to the inevitable tendencies of Canning's foreign policy, he used his influence to keep him in favour with the King, and to remove from the King's mind prejudices to which the popular sympathies of the Minister gave colour.

We now proceed to notice the private letters of the Duke. These are models of frankness, truthfulness, simplicity, and good sense. They completely bear out the poet's prophecy:

> 'Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed.'

They show him to have been eminently a 'truth-teller' and 'truth-lover.' Their style is not elegant, but it is perspicuous, telling, and impressive. Its strength comes f[illegible] bject-matter of the composition. The first we ci[illegible] o a subaltern who had asked the Duke to sta[illegible] is child:—

'London, April 5th, 1819.

'Sir,—I have received your letter of the 16th March and am highly flattered by your desire that I should stand godfather to your son.

'You are aware, however, that a godfather has certain duties to perform which it is quite impossible for me to undertake in this instance, and it is at all events expected from one in the situation in which I am placed that he should forward the views of his godson in the world. It is much the best and shortest way to state to you the fact, that there are so many officers and soldiers who have claims upon me for services rendered to the public under my command that I cannot, with justice to them, engage myself either directly or virtually to forward the views of any others. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse my standing godfather to your son, as it is really out of my power to undertake to do anything for him at any time.' (Vol. i. p. 55.)

The next letter, though somewhat long, is too characteristic to be omitted. It was addressed to a gentleman who lost his seals in returning through a crowd, through which he fancied that he had expedited the Duke's passage, and who considered himself entitled to some compensation:—

'London, Feb., 1821.

'The Duke of Wellington recollects perfectly having met a gentleman in the crowd at the door of Drury-lane Theatre on the 6th instant, who, having recognised the Duke, mentioned his name, turned about, and walked before him through the crowd to the door of the house. This service, if it can be so called, was purely voluntary on the part of this gentleman. The Duke is as well able as any other man to make his way through a crowd even if there existed any disposition to impede his progress, which did not appear, and therefore the assistance of this gentleman was not necessary; and, moreover, the Duke's footman attended him.

'In stating this, however, the Duke does not deny that he considered this gentleman's conduct as very polite towards him; and he was much flattered by it, and returned his thanks for it.

'It appears that this gentleman is Mr. ———, who states he lost his seals, not in returning through the crowd after having walked before the Duke, but in returning through the crowd some time afterwards, after having walked through it to the door of the theatre before Lord Palmerston; and he desires to have compensation from the Duke for this loss.

'Upon this statement, and in order to avoid making this case a precedent for others of the same kind, the Duke, however flattered by Mr. ———'s politeness, must positively deny that he has any claim upon him for compensation for his loss. The Duke does not consider that Mr. ——— rendered him any service whatever, and on the ground of service he must refuse to give him compensation for his loss, even if it had occurred in returning from the door of the theatre after having walked to it before the Duke.

'But as Mr. ——— may be a gentleman in circumstances not able to bear the expense of such a loss, and as the Duke certainly considered his conduct towards him as very polite, the Duke feels no objection to assist him to replace the loss he has sustained; at the same time taking the liberty to recommend to Mr. ——— in future to omit to render these acts of unsolicited and unnecessary politeness unless he should be in a situation to bear the probable or possible consequences.' (Vol. i. pp. 154, 155.)

The Duke's position in the country, and his known influence with Lord Liverpool, made him the object of many unsolicited and undesired tokens of respect. In some cases the circumstances under which the presents were offered, suggested the suspicion that the donor had been ignorant or foolish enough to speculate on securing the Duke's good offices by a bribe. No one could have shrunk more sensitively than he did from the shadow of such an imputation. Here is a letter to one of these pushing donors:—

'Brighton, April 9th, 1822.

'Sir,—I had the honour of receiving this morning your letter of the 5th instant, and I am highly flattered by the mark of your respect which you are pleased to present to me.

'It appears by your letter that you are desirous of obtaining some employment, civil or military, an ambition which I think highly commendable, and that you wish me to confer upon you such an appointment.

'When you first did me the honour to address me, I conceived that you wished that the pictures painted by your grandfather, which you declined to sell, should find a place in my collection; and I accepted the offer you made me of two of them on the score of your respect for the services which I had been enabled to render the country, and with a view to gratify this desire of yours. If you had then mentioned your wish to obtain employment I should have declined your offer, as I consider myself obliged to do since the receipt of your letter.

'I am perfectly aware that your desire of employment is quite distinct from the other subject on which you have written to me. If I did not think so, I should probably treat it in a different manner. But you must be sensible that public men in this country cannot be too cautious or too free from suspicion; and upon consideration you will not be surprised that I should inform you, that if by Monday, the 15th, I should not receive from you an intimation to what place you wish the three cases of your pictures, now at my house in Piccadilly, should be sent, I will send them to you at No. 9, St. Vincent's Parade, Hotwells, Bristol.' (Vol. i. p. 231.)

The next is on a similar subject, only shorter and sterner:—

'Ordnance Office, Feb. 23rd, 1824.

'Sir,—Your letter of the 17th reached me this ' I

avail myself of the earliest opportunity to inform you that I cannot possibly accept the present which you have thought proper to offer to me. I am unwilling to express to you the disagreeable feeling which your letter has excited, as I am convinced that an officer who has served with so much credit as you have obtained could not be actuated by an improper motive. A little consideration, however, would, I am sure, show you the impropriety of offering a present to an officer to whom you are a total stranger, and with whom, from being in the same department, you would probably be hereafter in the habit of communicating.' (Vol. ii. p. 220.)

Nor was he less firm in resisting the solicitations of powerful persons. In reading the next letter we should recollect that it was written nearly ten years before the Reform Bill was passed, while pocket-boroughs still flourished, and when a Duke of Newcastle was an important entity in the State:—

'London, Nov. 12th, 1823.

'My dear Lord,—I have received your letter respecting the appointment of Sir W. Clinton to be Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance upon the supposed vacancy in that office in consequence of the employment elsewhere of Lord Beresford.

'I have no knowledge of such employment or of the vacancy; and till the vacancy shall exist I cannot think of any arrangement to fill it, much less make any engagement to make one.

'Sir W. Clinton is perfectly aware of my respect for his talents and abilities and of my regard for his person. But the office of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance is one of peculiar importance, and the selection of the person to fill it one of great delicacy to the individual who fills the office which I have the honour to hold.

'Under these circumstances I am anxious to come to the consideration of the subject unfettered by any previous engagement, and I hope your Grace will excuse me if I decline to say anything further upon the subject.' (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

The Duke of Newcastle was not an intimate friend; but our hero could be equally firm with intimate friends in high position, when they were candidates for offices for which he deemed them unfit. The Duke of Buckingham was a Peer with a large Parliamentary following, the representative of the Grenvilles, the leader of a section of the Tories, and, moreover, a friend of his own. When this powerful chief wished to enter the Cabinet without office in 1823, merely to strengthen his own family connexion there, his application was answered by the Duke of Wellington in this firm and decided manner:—

'To become a member of the Government is an honourable object of ambition, and I am not astonished that a person of your talents and station should be desirous of it. But I cannot but think that I should not serve your cause nor promote your object by laying before Lord Liverpool your letter, to which this is an answer. I

know that it has been felt by the King and by others that the Cabinet is too numerous, and that it is objectionable to admit to it any person not holding a regular Cabinet office. It is not necessary to discuss the difference between your situation and that of Lord Sidmouth; but I am certain that if Lord Sidmouth was to relinquish his seat in the Cabinet, you would experience insurmountable difficulties in being called to fill it. In regard to the other situations to which you refer, I don't believe there is the most remote chance of any of them becoming vacant; and of this I am very certain, that your desire to belong to the Cabinet being known, which it is by what passed in 1821, and again last year, it would be much more dignified in you to wait for an offer than to bring forward your claim and your wishes upon the occasion of every move in the inferior offices of the Government.

'I hope you will excuse the freedom with which I have written to you upon this subject, and will attribute it to its real motive, my desire to show you the true position of the Government in respect to the points discussed by you, and my sentiments regarding the relation in which you stand towards it.' (Vol. ii. pp. 132, 133.)

Again, when the same personage put in his claim to succeed Lord Amherst as Governor-General of India, the Duke thus rejected all personal prepossessions in deference to public considerations:—

'If Lord Amherst should be removed, I am clearly of opinion that you ought to appoint Sir Thomas Munro to be the Governor-General. You ought to do so because he is peculiarly conversant in Indian warfare; and, in fact, the only intelligent papers which I have seen on the subject of this Burmese war have come from Sir Thomas Munro; and he has adopted the best and most judicious measures to enable the officers employed to bring the war to a conclusion.

'In this view of the case I put the appointment of the Duke of Buckingham entirely out of the question for the present; and, indeed, I would do so altogether if it were possible. The Duke has not health to bear the climate, and his talents, however brilliant, are not of the description which would be successfully applied to the government of that country. But from what I have understood from Mr. Wynn, the case has gone beyond that point. The King has been spoken to upon the Duke's appointment at Windsor on the 30th of September, and gave a favourable answer, which was communicated to the Duke; and the Duke might have reason to complain if his wishes were laid aside altogether. But in a case of war, there is no room for trifling about men's feelings. We must adopt the measures most likely to bring the war to an early conclusion; and there is no doubt that Sir Thomas Munro is much better calculated to effect that object for us than the Duke.' (Vol. ii. pp. 517, 518.)

He especially disliked being teased by solicitations in behalf of officers in the army. He thought they should trust '

sense of justice rather than to powerful influence. In one letter he says: 'I am not to be solicited out of doing justice 'to others.' When he found that his known opinions on this matter had deterred his old friend, Sir J. Malcolm, from applying to him on behalf of some friend, he addressed that distinguished officer in the following strain:—

'London, Sept. 21st, 1825.

'My dear Malcolm,—Nothing could give me more pain than that you should imagine that I have any feeling respecting your application to me in favour of anybody. What I object to is, that officers who have served, and who know that I have noticed them, should go and expose themselves for sale, and come to me upon electioneering and other jobs, and claim troops of Horse Artillery, &c. This practice really degrades them and me, and I take every opportunity of letting them know that I don't approve of it.

'When I was in India, and with the army, nobody ever thought of applying for anything, knowing that I would do justice to all as fast as I could. But these confounded corps of Artillery and Engineers are so accustomed to look to private patronage and applications, that I am teased out of my life by them; and there is not a woman, or a member of Parliament, or even an acquaintance who does not come with an application in favour of some one or other of them.

'But although those who apply must receive the answers, they are not intended for them, but for the officers who thus debase themselves; and, indeed, I hoped I had manifested to you the intention of my answer in the private note I sent with it.' (Vol. ii. p. 501.)

When so powerful a person as Sir W. Knighton applied, through the Duke's confidential friend, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, to save an officer in whom he was interested from being sent to the West Indies, the Duke wrote to him:—

'Woodford, Nov. 6th, 1824.

'My dear Sir William,—Lord FitzRoy Somerset has communicated to me your wishes respecting Captain ———, of the corps of Engineers, and I have sent orders that if his embarkation is to take place before I go to town, he may be stopped. But I must observe that this is quite a novel and irregular proceeding. The officers throughout the service, and particularly of the corps of Artillery and of Engineers, perform the duty by what is called in the army a Roster, which is not kept by the commanding officer, but in the orderly room, and is never, to my knowledge or belief, broken in upon or interfered with by the commanding officer. To interfere in any case to prevent an officer from performing an unpleasant duty, or one in an unhealthy climate, is to interfere to throw that duty upon another, upon whom it would not otherwise be thrown, and is, in fact, to incur a responsibility respecting individuals which no person in military command can be called upon to undertake.

'Unless, therefore, Captain ——— can be employed upon some other duty, it is impossible for me to interfere and prevent him from going to the West Indies. . . .

'I must say that I cannot approve of officers running about to look for influence to obtain their regimental objects, instead of confiding in their own claims for employment, founded on their qualifications. I never entertain a very high opinion of these qualifications when I have such a case before me, as there is not one of them who does not know that I am well acquainted with his character and acquirements, and that if he deserves it he is quite certain of being employed as opportunities occur.' (Vol. ii. pp. 332, 333.)

We have quoted enough to show the loyal devotion to duty, and the single-minded zeal for the highest interests of the country by which the Duke was ever inspired when discharging the functions either of an administrator or of an adviser. We doubt if it be possible to find in the correspondence of any public man so thorough and uniform a postponement of all other considerations to those of duty. In no one instance does he seem to have given one moment's thought to the bearing of any public measure or discussion on his own private interests. He went to Paris and Vienna with the memory of his great achievements still fresh in the minds of Continental statesmen and sovereigns. Among the brilliant throng of monarchs and ministers assembled at the Congress, he was the one on whom were concentrated the highest admiration and the fondest hopes. He had raised the military reputation of the country from the nadir of contempt to the height of fame. He had made England for a time the arbiter of Europe. On the Continent he was popularly supposed to be able to contest the throne with his sovereign, and to have waived the contest through magnanimity alone. Whatever course of foreign politics he might counsel, people and ministers, it was thought, would be sure to follow. It was believed that he had the will and the power to bring England within the system of a grand European alliance for the mutual protection of crowns and dynasties. Apart from this, each sovereign hoped that he would find in the Duke a strong abettor of his own schemes and opinions. Both sovereigns and ministers hoped that he would bring the influence of England to bear on the repression of revolutionary movements in Spain. Each individual monarch hoped that his own mode of attaining this end would be preferred by the Duke. Russia wished to have his acquiescence in marching her troops through half Europe; Austria to have his connivance in reading an imperial lecture to modern liberalism; France to be assured of his [illegible]

an invasion of the Peninsula. But the Duke remembered too well that he was an English subject, to become the patron or the tool of any foreign court or faction. His only consideration was, how will this policy affect England, and be regarded by the English people? how far will it compromise the Government which I represent, in the estimation of Parliament or of foreign nations? At times his feelings must have been torn by a strong internal conflict. He loved order and gradation. He hated disorder and confusion. His whole cast of mind was biassed toward a strong and efficient Government; and this he could not dissever from an aristocratic Government. Certainly, his own experience of the Spanish Cortes was not likely to reconcile him to the extension of democratic institutions, nor was his aversion to them likely to be modified by the demeanour of English Radicals to himself. Still, neither political prejudices, nor the love of influence, nor imperial attentions could induce him to swerve one jot from the course which he believed most consistent with the interests of England and the wishes of Parliament. In vain he was solicited by the blandishments of flattery, and of that flattery, too, which few men are strong enough to resist. In vain did Princesses and Duchesses speak grateful homage with the combined eloquence of eye and tongue. In vain was he presented with the bâtons of an Austrian and a Russian Maréchal. Honours, compliments, and flatteries were received by him with a modest pride which repelled the notion of services in exchange. He was not, and never could be, anything but an English Minister. And, if even his great military services can ever be wholly forgotten, his eminent fidelity to his country in his civil capacity ought to endear his memory to the affections of his countrymen for all future time.

This correspondence gives additional proofs of one of his most signal merits—his wonderful industry. We have quoted enough to show how manifold were the conferences and correspondence on the state of Europe. Largely, however, as these taxed his attention, they did not monopolise it. We have seen how he found time to notice the importunities of unknown petitioners, no less than the solicitations of old and intimate friends. But we have still left unrecorded the immense amount of extraneous business forced on his consideration by almost every department in the State. Military affairs in all their branches, in all parts of the British possessions, were naturally referred to him as the ultimate judge of appeal. Nothing connected with this service appears too complicated for his power of work, or too petty for his knowledge of detail. One

day he elaborates a minute on the defence of Canada, another day one on the North American boundaries; then he gives a set of instructions on the Burmese campaign, then another to the Ordnance Commission on North America. Another day he delivers his opinion on the state of fortifications in Mauritius, or on the accounts of a storekeeper in Barbadoes. Then, he sums up the merits of a dispute between the barrack-master and the Respective Officers in a West Indian colony, or settles the patrols of the household troops in London. He never seems to grudge any time or trouble in serving his country, or, as he preferred styling it, 'the King's Government.' Whatever labour conduces to this end he willingly undertakes; and though he never obtrudes an opinion unasked, he never refuses one when he is asked. That his views of domestic politics are always just and sound, we, of course, do not admit. But no one can deny that they are always honest, and always consistent with the principles of the Duke's political faith. Regarded in connexion with his own theory of government his advice is almost always judicious. And if by chance his opinion is ever founded upon an imperfect knowledge of facts, or a too hasty deduction from them, he never hesitates to reconsider it. This willingness to surrender an opinion in deference to that of another is exemplified in his conversion to Lord Liverpool's judgment on the claims of Sir W. Knighton, then the King's Private Secretary, to be made a Privy Councillor.

On the whole, this work does not so much increase as it confirms and perpetuates the merited reputation of our distinguished countryman. Cromwell possessed a profounder intelligence; Marlborough, perhaps, a greater military genius; Chatham a more commanding influence over the sympathies of the people. But in none of these were united such keenness of perception with such laborious diligence, such self-reliance with such modesty of self-appreciation, and such strength of will with such a dominant sense of duty, as were combined in the person of Arthur Duke of Wellington.

ART. VI.—*Sochineniya A. N. Ostrovskago.* [*The Works of A. N. Ostrovsky.*] 4 vols. St. Petersburg: 1859–67.

VERY few of the travellers who every year flit through St. Petersburg and Moscow take the trouble to visit the theatres devoted in those cities to the national drama. And those whom curiosity does lead there seldom stay long; a few minutes are sufficient to give them a general idea of the actors and the audience, and they are soon glad to get away. Nor is it to be wondered at that the Russian stage excites in them so little interest, for it is difficult even for the most sympathetic spectator to enjoy a play written in a language of which he does not understand a single word, and there is something excessively annoying to a stranger in the midst of an audience melted to tears by sorrows which he cannot comprehend, or convulsed with laughter at jokes which for him have not the slightest meaning. Consequently we know very little in England about the merits of the Russian dramatists, and, indeed, most Englishmen are unaware that the Russians can boast of anything like a national drama. Yet that is the case, and the plays which are produced at Moscow, for the benefit of an exclusively Russian audience, would well repay a stranger who understood the language in which they are written for the time and trouble it cost him to become familiar with them. They are, for the most part, thoroughly national, founded upon the actual experiences of their writers, and devoted to the illustration of that kind of life which is led at home by the majority of those who come to see them. Much, therefore, is to be learnt from them with respect not only to the habits and customs of the Russians of the present day, but also to their thoughts and feelings. And it is only by means of writings of this or of a kindred class, that a foreigner who does not reside in the country has a chance of forming a correct idea of what the great bulk of the people are like. Representatives of the upper classes in Russia are to be found at every European capital or watering-place, and it is not difficult to form at least an approximate idea of their characters. But middle-class Russians, with few exceptions, can only be seen at home; and as they, for the most part, speak no language but their own, it is almost impossible for a foreigner who does not live among them to form any idea of the views they take of life, or of the trains of thought which pass through their minds. It has often been said that in Russia there is no middle class, and it is perfectly true [illegible] in the country no such middle class as we can boast of di[illegible]

the landed proprietors from the peasants. But in the towns there is of course a middle class and one to which its wealth gives no slight importance. To it belong all who are engaged in commerce, as well as most of the government officials. They and their families form in each city a little world of their own, one which is well worth studying, but also one into which it is, as we have said, extremely difficult to obtain access. It is that world into which the plays of the popular Russian dramatists give us an insight. They are for us, as it were, windows through which we can see into the otherwise closed houses of our Russian neighbours, and which enable us to watch at our leisure the incidents of their daily life, and to listen to such of their soliloquies and conversations as may enable us to form an idea of what they think and what they feel.

We now propose to call attention to the works of the most popular living writer of this class, with the hope of being able to bring forward a sufficient number of the characters he has created, to enable our readers to judge for themselves what those Russian men and women whom he portrays are like. As far as possible we will allow his personages to speak for themselves, what they say being a literal and unornamented translation from the original. The dramatist with whom we are about to deal is one whose name figures in none of the biographical dictionaries to which we have had recourse, and we have never seen or even heard of a translation having been made into English, French, or German, of any work of his. Ostrovsky began to write about twenty years ago, and soon after the appearance of his first piece he gained that hold upon the minds of his countrymen which he has never lost. He is an essentially national writer, devoting his entire energies to studying and illustrating the various phases of Russian life, seldom affected by foreign influences, never seduced by them from his conscientious studies at home. Spending almost all his time in Moscow, it is his wont to frequent the spots where those persons congregate whose manners he delights to depict. Every likeness he draws has been carefully elaborated feature by feature, every character he introduces is a study from the life; and the result is that, according to the universal testimony of his countrymen, his plays are thoroughly faithful transcripts of the Russian domestic life of the present day. The scene is generally laid in the house of a merchant or government official, and it is with their friends, and their servants that we become y are not always placed in the most favo vsky is a satirist by nature. The leading are unsparingly attacked

in his writings, and it is much to the credit of Russian audiences that they should take in such good part the uncompromising denunciations which he levels against their favourite weaknesses. They thoroughly enjoy his exposure of the Russian merchant's narrow-minded and short-sighted avarice, of his incorrigible tendency to cheat, of his utter disregard of the laws of God and man when business is concerned. They chuckle over his attacks on the propensity to drink which has such a debasing effect on Russian middle-class life, and they are charmed by his thundering tirades against the deceit and corruption which characterise the great majority of government officials. They like to see the vices and follies of their neighbours lashed, even when the thong of the satirist reaches themselves. A race by no means thin-skinned, in whom conscience has been but little developed, but who are endowed with a large sense of humour, they take their moral chastisement kindly, acknowledge its justice frankly, and then going home straightway recommence the habits from which it was intended to deter them. With one class only the dramatist is forbidden to meddle. He may laugh as much as he pleases at the army or at the civil service, at courtiers, lawyers, or merchants. But he must be careful about alluding to the Church; none of its ministers may be represented on the stage. It would be considered a sacrilege to admit an imitation of any of its sacred vestments into the wardrobe of a theatre. Even in a historical drama it is not allowable to introduce a clergyman of any description; a rule which involves the patriotic dramatist in considerable difficulties, the Church having played so important a part in many of those troublous times which he would naturally be most desirous to illustrate. On this point the censorship is inexorable; but upon most others, even where to our eyes the writer seems to be verging upon forbidden grounds, it allows an amount of latitude which may well astonish those who entertain the common notions about Russian restraints upon liberty of thought and speech.

Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of what it is that interests a Russian audience, will be to take a few of the dramas which have created most excitement at Moscow, and give a brief sketch of their leading characters and their principal incidents. For this purpose we will first of all select the 'Storm' (*Groza*), as the most powerful of all Ostrovsky's plays, and as presenting the most elaborate picture he has drawn of a Russian woman in the springtide of her life.

The scene is laid in one of the towns situated on the banks of the Volga, in that part of the vast Russian Empire which is

most of all the home of poetry and of romance, and the time is that season of early summer which in Russia forms by far the most delightful period of the year. The evenings and nights are then so delicious that everyone passes the greater part of them out of doors. The sky is almost always clear and cloudless; the air is soft and balmy and redolent with the scent of flowers. Very pleasant it is then to wander along the walks laid out on the terraces which rise above the southern shore of the river, commanding an uninterrupted view of the vast plains upon the northern bank, flushed by the gorgeous splendours of sunset, faintly glimmering beneath the mellow radiance of the moon, or invested with the mysterious indistinctness of starlight. And still more pleasant do the younger members of the community find the gardens which stretch away behind the houses, in which little family groups sit enjoying the freshness of the night, even after the last loungers have disappeared from the public walks, and lingering there so late that the morning hours often arrive before the echoes of their voices and their songs have died away. At all times the heart of a young Russian girl is very tender, very ready to respond to the voice of love, but it may well become even more than usually sensitive during that happy season of the year, 'when the flowers 'appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, 'and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

In this town, and exposed to these influences, Katerina, the young wife of the merchant Kabanof, has grown up to womanhood. A romantic, enthusiastic girl, with a strong tendency towards mysticism in religion, and a heart yearning for love, she has been married at a very early age to a weak, commonplace husband, whose character is in every way inferior to her own, and who is quite incapable of appreciating the difficulties of her position, or of comprehending her cravings for a different kind of life from that which his home affords. The old Kabanova, his mother, is a thorough domestic tyrant, cold-hearted, and ill-tempered in the extreme. Her one idea is to maintain her dignity in the house. She treats her son like a wayward boy who has to be continually scolded and punished, and she never loses an opportunity of rendering her daughter-in-law miserable, and of trying to break her spirit, so as to reduce her to the position of an obedient drudge. Katerina finds her whole life becoming a burden to her, the days loiter tediously along, nothing interests her now. She is surrounded by people who have no sympathy with her—hard, selfish natures, from which she recoils, and from whom her husband, although he is attached to her, is too timid to defend her.

Hers is a life utterly devoid of light and colour and animation, with nothing in it to please her tastes or to satisfy her affections. It used to be very different before she married, she says to Varvara, her husband's sister, when complaining of the dull monotony of her present state of existence. Here is the sketch she gives of the manner in which her early days were spent:—

'I used to get up early, and if it was summer time I would go to the fountain to wash, and then bring water in to the house and water all the flowers. We had many flowers, very many. Afterwards I used to go to church with my mother and the pilgrims—our house was always full of pilgrims and holy women. Then after church we used to sit down to needlework, generally embroidering velvet with gold thread, and the pilgrims would tell us stories about where they had been and what they had seen, or about lives of saints, or else they would sing hymns. That would last till dinner-time. Afterwards the old women would lie down to sleep, and I would stroll in the garden. Then we used to go to vespers, and in the evening have stories and songs again.

'How dearly I loved going to church. I used to feel just as if I were in Paradise, and I saw no one, and didn't know how time passed or when the service was ended. It was just as if it had all lasted only for a minute. My mother often said that everyone had been staring at me to find out what I was thinking about. For, you know, on a bright day, what a sunny shaft comes down from the cupola, and through it goes up the smoke of the incense like a cloud, and about that shaft I seemed to see angels flying and singing. And at night too, I used often to get up, and, after wandering about the house where the lamps were burning before the holy pictures, in some corner or other I would pray till dawn. Or perhaps, early in the morning, I would go out into the garden, just as the sun was rising, and there, falling on my knees, I would weep and pray, without knowing what I was weeping or praying for. And there they would find me. What it was I prayed about then, or what I asked for, I know not. For there was nothing I wanted then, I had all I wished. And what dreams I used to dream then! Golden temples and enchanted gardens, ringing with the voices of invisible singers and fragrant with the odour of cypresses, and hills and trees unlike what one sees in reality, but just like those there are in sacred pictures—and there I seemed to fly with wings and float upon the air.'

Varvara suggests that there is not much difference between her present and her past life, but Katerina says that there is all the difference in the world. In those days she did just as she liked, but now she is under restraint, and never can do what she wishes. Her life has become wearisome to her, she says, and she gladly thinks that she is going to die soon. For she has strange dreams at night which warn her of her fate.

Strange thoughts, too, haunt her, such as it is wrong for a wife to have, and at times she feels a longing for which she cannot account, a feeling as though she would gladly be gliding down the Volga in a boat, or skimming in a troika across the steppe, with one who is not her husband by her side. Varvara, who is a thorough nihilist, a selfish voluptuary, who cares for nothing but material pleasures, and believes neither in God nor man, laughs at the scruples and fears of her sister-in-law, and urges her to enjoy her life while she can. She is aware that the young Boris Grigorevich, the nephew of the rich merchant Dikoi, is in love with Katerina, and she advises her to reward his devotion, saying, 'If you let the opportunity slip, 'will any one pity you?' This conversation takes place in one of the public walks, and at this point of it an old lady coming from vespers, attended by her two footmen, meets the girls and addresses them in the following strain:—

'Well beauties! What are you doing here? Are you waiting for your lovers? Are you happy, happy? Does your beauty please you? That's where beauty leads (*pointing to the Volga*). There, there—right into the whirlpool! (*Varvara laughs.*) What are you laughing at? You needn't be so merry. You'll all burn in unquenchable fire. You'll all be burnt with everlasting brimstone. There, there! that's where beauty leads!'

Katerina is terribly frightened. Varvara tries to console her, saying that all the little boys in the town laugh at the old lady and her unquenchable fire. But just at this moment a peal of thunder is heard, and Katerina's fears return apace, and she cries—

'How can you help being frightened? Everyone must be afraid. It's not being killed that's so terrible; but this—that death may carry you off just as you are, with all your sins, with all your evil thoughts. I am not afraid of dying, but when I think that I may have to appear suddenly before God, just as I am here with you, after this very talk—that's what frightens me. For what was I thinking about just now! what sort of sin was it! terrible to mention!'

In a somewhat similar frame of mind we find her on another occasion some time afterwards. In the interval she has seen her lover, and allowed him to perceive that he is not indifferent to her. He has told her that he is sure she does not love her husband. 'Yes I do,' she has replied; 'and pity him.' 'Pity 'and love never go together,' has been his remark. But now she is very anxious to perform her duty towards her husband, and when he comes to tell her that he is going away on a long journey, she first entreats him not to go, and then, finding he

will not consent, she implores him, before going, to bind her by some terrible oath not to yield to any temptation to do wrong. Her nature is so weak that she requires help to enable her to resist even what she well knows to be evil, and so she begs him to defend her against herself. The following scene ensues:—

'*Katerina.* Bind me by some terrible oath.

'*Kabanof.* What sort of oath do you mean?

'*Katerina.* Why this sort: that in your absence, I shouldn't dare to talk with any stranger, under any pretence—that I shouldn't dare even to think of anyone but you.

'*Kabanof.* Why, what's all this about?

'*Katerina.* Give my soul peace; do me this little kindness!

'*Kabanof.* Why, no one can answer for his thoughts—such ideas come into one's head——

'*Katerina* (*falling on her knees*). May I never see father or mother more! May I die without repentance, if I——

'*Kabanof* (*raising her up*). What ever are you saying? What sin is this? I don't wish to hear about it.'

He goes away without paying any further attention to her entreaties, and she is left alone. Here is part of one of her soliloquies, as she sits in a room within the dreary house:—

'Is it well? It were better I were ill, for it is not well with me. Some fancy will come creeping into my head, and I cannot anyhow get rid of it. I try to think, I cannot collect my thoughts. I try to pray, but I cannot pray it away. I form words with my lips, but my heart has nothing to do with them. It's just as if the devil were whispering in my ears. . . .

'Ah me, how tiresome my life will be. I wish some child or other would come in. That's why I'm so wretched, because I have no children. If I had, I would always be sitting with them and amusing them. I do so love talking to children; they're just like angels. (*Silence.*) It would have been far better if I had died when I was a little girl. I should have been looking down from heaven now, pleased with everything. I should be able to fly about unseen wherever I chose, far away over the fields, from flower to flower, like a butterfly. (*Reflects awhile.*)

'Well, I'll do this—I'll make a vow to do some piece of work or other. I'll go to the bazaar and buy some linen, with which I'll make clothes for the poor—they will pray to God for me. Varvara and I will sit and work, and never know how the time passes till Tichon returns.'

Her good resolutions last but a short time. Varvara brings about a meeting in the garden between Katerina and Boris. It is on a lovely night, when all is still, and the air is fresh and pure, and from beyond the Volga comes the scent of the flowers in the meadows. Varvara leaves the two together and

keeps watch with her lover, who whiles away the time with music and with song. At first Katerina repulses Boris, and seems to wish him to go away, but suddenly she flings her arms round his neck, and hides her face upon his breast. All her good intentions have vanished, all recollections of duty and honour disappear, and she yields herself to her lover with that thorough abandonment, that total abnegation of self, which characterises a Russian girl's passionate impulsive love.

In the next scene Katerina, who, Varvara tells Boris, has been 'going about the house like a ghost' ever since that night in the garden, is walking on the boulevard with her husband and his mother when a storm comes on. The whole party take refuge in a long and narrow gallery, the roof of which, supported by pillars, affords them shelter from the rain. Katerina is in a painful state of nervous excitement, which increases as the storm approaches. The people outside describe its appearance; how the sky grows black, the thick vapour whirls, the clouds writhe as if they were alive, a strange colour comes over the landscape. Katerina grows more and more frightened. Her husband tries to comfort her, laughing at what the people, who are watching the progress of the storm, say; but his mother rebukes him, declaring that their words are perfectly true. Katerina cries out that she knows she shall be killed, and calls upon her friends to pray for her. Just then in comes the pious old lady with the two footmen as before, and tells her she can see now where beauty leads. 'It's no use trying to hide from God. You'll all burn with 'unquenchable fire.' At this moment the storm breaks over the town. The lightning flashes, the thunder peals overhead. Katerina loses all command over herself, rushes forward and falling on her knees, screams—

'Ah, Hell! Hell! Burning Hell! My heart is torn in two! I can't bear it any longer. Mother! Tichon! I have sinned before God and before you. Didn't I swear to you that I would not even look at anyone during your absence? Do you remember? But do you know what I, the shameless one, did while you were away. The very first night I went out of the house——

'*Kabanof.* Hush, hush! Don't speak! What are you doing? The mother is here.

'*Kabanova.* No; go on, now that you've begun.

'*Katerina.* And every night I used to go—— (*Bursts into tears. Kabanof tries to soothe her.*)

'*Kabanova.* Let her go on. Whom did you go with?

'*Boris.* She is talking nonsense: she doesn't know what she is saying.

'*Kabanova.* Be quiet! So that's what you did. And with whom did you go?

'*Katerina.* With Boris Grigorevich. (*Thunder.*) Ah! (*Faints away in her husband's arms.*)

'*Kabanova.* Well, son! That's where freedom leads. I told you so; only you wouldn't listen to me. Now you're in for it.'

In the next scene Kabanof tells one of his friends all that has passed. His wife, he says, has used him very ill, but he cannot help feeling sorry for her. He has scolded her well, and even beaten her a little, at his mother's particular request. But he is ready to forgive her now. She is always either weeping or moving about silently like a shadow. He pities her immensely; it grieves him to look at her. As for Boris, he has been well reprimanded, and to-day he is to be sent off to China. The husband goes away, and the wife comes on the stage. Boris enters to say farewell. She entreats him to take her with him, but he says that is impossible. She tells him how wretched her life is now. Her mother-in-law is always scolding her, her husband sometimes does the same, at other times caresses her, at all times drinks. He gives her very little consolation and departs. Almost her last words to him are:—

'As you go along the road, don't pass by a single beggar without giving him something, and telling him to pray for my sinful soul.'

After she has gone she murmurs sadly to herself—

'What shall I do now? Go home? No! home and the grave are the same to me. The grave! It would be better to be in the grave. . . . I should like a little grave underneath trees. The sun will warm it, the showers moisten it. In spring the grass will grow over it—such soft grass. . . Birds will fly to the tree and sing; children will be brought there; flowers will blossom—yellow, blue, red, all sorts of flowers. . . How quiet it will be there, how pleasant! It seems as if the thought of it made me feel better. But I don't want to think about life. To live again? No, no! I don't want that—that is not good! Everyone is a weariness to me. My home is wearisome, its walls are hateful. I won't go there! If I did they would come and talk to me, and what pleasure have I in that? . . . How dark it has grown! There is that singing again somewhere—what is that they are singing? I cannot make it out. . . . Would that I could die now! Surely it's all one whether death come to me or I myself . . . I cannot go on living. But it will be a sin, and no one will pray for me—yes, if anyone loves me, he will pray for me. They will place my hands crossways when I am in the coffin—yes, I remember, that's the way. But if they find me here, they will take me home by force. Ah, let me do it soon, soon— (*Goes down to the edge of the river.*) My friend, my joy, farewell!'

By this time Katerina's absence has been discovered, and her friends, fearing that she may have met with some accident

in the darkness of the night, are searching for her in all directions. Their lanterns glimmer about the cliffs and on the banks of the river. Her husband is terribly frightened, and when a voice is heard presently calling for a boat he wishes to run towards it, but his mother holds him back, threatening to curse him if he goes. After a little while there comes a man bearing a dead body in his arms—it is streaming with wet, and on the temple is a wound which has proved fatal. He lays the corpse down at Kabanof's feet, saying:—

'There is your Katerina. Do what you will with her. There is her body; you can take it away, but her soul is no longer yours; it is now before a Judge who is more merciful than you.

'*Kabanof* (*flinging himself on the body*). Katya, Katya.

'*Kabanova*. That will do. It's a sin to grieve for her.

'*Kabanof*. Mother! It's you who have killed her. You! you!

'*Kabanova*. What are you saying? You forget yourself. Don't you know whom you're speaking to?

'*Kabanof*. You've killed her! You! you!

'*Kabanova*. Very well. I'll have a talk with you at home. Thank you, good people, for your assistance.

'*Kabanof*. It's well with you now, Katya. But why should I go on living and suffering? (*Falls on his wife's body.*)

So ends the tragedy of Katerina's life, for whose wild conduct some excuse may be pleaded. One of the principal evils arising from the Orientalism of Russia is the inferior and unworthy position occupied by its women. No such chivalric feelings ever prevailed there as those from which sprang the reverence paid to their sisters in Western Europe. For many generations they were treated much as Turkish women are treated now, cooped up in their own apartments, and allowed to take but a very small part in the occupations and amusements of their husbands. All this has long been changed, it is true, but traces of the old degradation still survive. Except among the upper classes, to whom these remarks do not in any way apply, it is difficult to find a Russian woman who has been educated in the proper sense of the word, whose intelligence has been developed, whose moral nature has been trained aright, whose eyes have been opened to the existence of a higher world than that in which she daily moves. As a general rule she is childishly ignorant, but, if she happens to have been taught some of the wisdom which manuals and catechisms can impart, it usually turns out that she has learnt little except by rote. Her education does not teach her to reflect, or to govern herself; it does not brace the fibres of her mental or spiritual nature, it does not enable her to rise above the dead level of trivial thoughts and petty interests.

Among the women of the lower order this inferiority to those of other nations may at first escape notice, for in no country can any great nobility of character be looked for among those of its inhabitants who are bowed down by want, and who have had their senses dulled by the constant pressure of care. But among the middle classes it cannot fail to make itself evident, especially in those families which are placed in easy circumstances, even if they are not rolling in wealth. There is no excuse to be found, unless the traditions of olden days can supply it, for the ignorance in which the daughters of such families are allowed to grow up, the idleness in which they consume their days after they are married. Those whose tastes are gross, and who have no aspirations after a better state of things, take kindly to this ignoble existence and thrive upon it, devoting themselves without a sigh to the suckling of infantine Muscovites and the chronicling of quass. But others who have a more artistic nature, or are of a more passionate temperament, are conscious during the springtide of their lives of a want which they know not how to express, a craving which they strive to satisfy without knowing whence it springs or whither it leads. To such women life becomes inexpressibly tedious, their days are a burden to them, and so they turn with a sense of relief to the excitement of an intrigue. Then, when once they love, they utterly abandon themselves to their passion, shackled by none but material restraints, deterred by no sense of anything like honour or self-respct. They have no one to look up to or to reverence, or to rely upon for assistance. The men whom they know are probably far from estimable, and even if they were so they would most likely despise women too much to care about rendering them a real service. Here is a picture of the manners of the town drawn by a shopkeeper named Kuligin, a type of the serious class from which spring the Dissenters, *Raskolniks*, men versed in Scripture and the lives of the saints, who have a biblical twang in their speech, and are spoken of as knowing the contents of thick volumes:—

'Rough, sir, are the manners in our town, very rough! Among our people you see nothing but actual poverty and brutality. And we shall never get rid of that; for no one can by honest work get more than his daily bread. As soon as a man has made any money, he begins to get the poor under him, so as to make still more out of what they yield him without recompense. Do you know, sir, what your uncle, Savel Prokofevich, said to the burgomaster? The mujiks came to the burgomaster to complain that they could not get paid properly. So the burgomaster began to say to him, "Listen, Savel Prokofevich; why dost thou not pay thy mujiks

properly? Every day they come unto me with complaints." Your uncle slaps the burgomaster on the shoulder, saying, "Is it worth our while, your worship, to dispute about such trifles? Many men work for me in the course of a year. Now, understand me: I cut a copeck off each man's pay, and so I make a round sum, and that's a good reason for my doing so." That's how it is, sir. And then, just consider how they behave towards each other! As traders they cut away the ground from under each other's feet, and that not so much from greed as from envy. They squabble with each other. They invite drunken chinovniks into their lofty halls. Such chinovniks! men who have nothing human in their features—from whose faces the human countenance has been rubbed out—and who, for a small pittance, will draw up terrible statements on stamped paper to a neighbour's hurt. Perhaps they begin a lawsuit, and then there is no end to their miseries. First they go to law here, then in the Higher Court, where other lawyers are already expecting them and clapping their hands for joy. The story is soon told; but the suit is not so quickly ended. The lawyers lead them on and pull them about, and they seem to enjoy all this pulling about. "I," they say, "shall have to pay up, but it will cost my friend there a copeck too."'

Then he goes on to complain of the conduct of his neighbours at home. They ought to be out of doors on the fine summer evenings, he says, but they shut themselves in, bolt their doors, and turn their dogs loose.

'Perhaps you think they do that to pray to God. Not so, sir; nor is it on account of thieves that they lock their doors, but that no one may see how they grind the faces of their people and tyrannise over their families. How many unseen tears are shed behind those bars! How much drunkenness and dark debauchery goes on there! It is all concealed. No one sees anything of it, God alone sees it. "Look at me if you like," they say, "in public, out in the streets; but you have nothing to do with my behaviour at home. That's why I have bolts and bars, and fierce dogs," they say. "The family," say they, "is a secret thing." We know what sort of secrets those are. Out of those secrets they only get a pleasure: all the rest have to howl like wolves.'

Dikoi, Boris's rich uncle, is a specimen of this class. He is always squabbling, and his acquaintances say he cannot exist without scolding. Every morning his wife addresses the family group in these words:—'Little fathers, don't anger him: little doves, don't annoy him.' But the slightest thing puts him out, and then there is an end to all hopes of peace for the day. If he has a dispute with anyone whom he does not dare to insult, he comes home and vents his rage on his family. As to paying anyone what he owes him, he never will do so unless he is compelled. Even from his own nephew and niece he detains

the money which should belong to them, saying 'I have 'children of my own; why should I give to others?' Of this objection to paying his debts he is fully aware. Once, says he,

'During Lent I had been fasting, and there came a wretched mujik to ask me for money for firewood. It was for my sins that he came at such a time. And I just did sin! I scolded him, I abused him, so that there wasn't another word to be said. See what sort of a temper I have got. Afterwards I begged his pardon. I actually fell at his feet. Verily I say unto you I fell at the man's knees. See what my temper leads me to! There in the courtyard, I knelt before him in the mud: before them all I knelt.'

Dikoi is a specimen of the rough and brutal head of the family. In Kabanova we have a picture of his worthy helpmate. She is always finding fault and scolding. She tyrannises over her weak-minded son and his unhappy wife. She compels him to lecture Katerina, whom he tenderly loves, on her conduct; ordering her to honour her mother-in-law, and never to vex her, not to fold her hands and sit down idly like a lady, and not to look out of window after young men. Here is a specimen of her behaviour, taken from the scene which describes the departure of her son Tichon on his unfortunate journey:—

'*Kabanof* (*offering to kiss her*). Good-bye Mother.

'*Kabanova* (*pointing angrily to the ground*). To my feet, to my feet! (*Kabanof bows down to her feet, then kisses her*). Now take leave of your wife.

'*Kabanof.* Good-bye Katya. (*Katerina falls on his neck.*)

Kabanova. What do you mean, you shameless creature, by hanging round his neck! It isn't a lover you're parting from, it's your husband, your head! You don't know how to behave. Bow down to his feet!'

When Tichon has gone she says it is evident that Katerina does not care for him. A good wife would have howled for half an hour at least, or would have flung herself down on the steps, whereas she has not done anything of the sort; and then, having made her daughter-in-law thoroughly miserable, she goes away to say her prayers.

A somewhat similar character to Kabanova's is that of Ulanbekova, the cross-grained, imperious old proprietress of 2,000 'souls,' who plays a leading part in the *Vospitannitsa.* She is an eccentric, whimsical old lady, and one of her fancies is to take away from their parents any of the young girls on her estate who happen to please her, to educate them in her household, and then to find husbands for them. She treats them

very well while they are in her house, says her old butler, dresses them as if they were her own daughters, lets them take their meals with her, and won't allow them to do any menial work. The consequence is that each *vospitannitsa*—that being the term for a girl brought up in this manner—acquires many of the habits and feelings of a lady, and then some day she is suddenly married to a man of whom she has previously known nothing. The mistress says, 'I have found a husband for you; the marriage will be on such a day,'—and all is over.

'Not a soul dares to say a word. Whatever man she selects the girl must marry. . . . and sometimes the brides don't please their husbands, and the husbands don't please their brides. Then she's terribly angry. Once she wanted to marry one of her maids to a shopkeeper in our town, but he, who was a fellow without any polish, took it into his head to object. "The girl doesn't please me," says he. "Besides, I don't want to get married yet." But she laid a complaint before the burgomaster and the protopope. They soon brought the foolish fellow to reason.'

In most cases the marriage takes place without anyone daring to make the slightest objection, and as soon as the ceremony is over the old lady says to the bride:—

'You've been living with me in ease and luxury all this time. Now you're going to marry a poor man, and you'll have to live in poverty, and to work hard, and do your duty. It wasn't for your sake that I did anything for you. It was a fancy of mine to do so. And you mustn't think about the life you used to lead here. Bear your proper position in mind, and your utter insignificance.'

Unfortunately, continues the butler, these marriages never turn out well. The women somehow pine away and the men make very bad husbands, for they know that, however drunken and dissolute they may be, the old lady will protect them.

Ulanbekova's favourite *vospitannitsa* at the time when we make her acquaintance is Nadya, a young girl of unusual beauty, just seventeen years old, whose father, formerly a serf engaged in the household 'on confectionery business,' had been emancipated by the late possessor of the estate. She is therefore not a serf, but still she is virtually quite at the disposal of her mistress. During the early part of the play she shows herself modest, prudent, and dignified. Respecting herself, she knows how to make others respect her. The young master, Ulanbekova's son, greatly admires her, and tries to get up a flirtation with her, but she will have nothing to say to him, for, she tells her companion Lisa, she looks forward to being married soon, and she hopes to be a good wife, and to do nothing that will make anyone ashamed of her. Suddenly she hears to her horror

that her mistress destines her to be the wife of her godson Negligentof, a dissolute, uneducated chinovnik, 'who drinks 'beyond his years.' No one can abide him except his godmother. 'The Ispravnik is a very strange man,' says that lady, on returning from a visit she has paid the official in order to ask him to give her favourite a place.

'I ask for an appointment and he replies, "There's no vacancy at present." I say to him, "You don't seem to understand who it is that is speaking to you." "Surely," says he, "you don't want me to turn off a good official to make room for your godson." A coarse fellow! However he ended by promising. "Of course he did," replies her lady-companion, a needy dependent, "we all know you could make a man out of mud."'

The old lady then proceeds to say that Negligentof only needs a good wife to keep him steady, and therefore she is going to let him marry Nadya. At this moment that destined victim rushes into the room, and implores her mistress not to sacrifice her to so degraded a drunkard.

'You know nothing about these matters, my dear,' says the old lady, 'you're a mere girl. You must be guided in everything by me, your benefactress. I have educated you, and even engaged to provide for you. And you mustn't forget that he is my godson. You ought to be thankful for the honour I am going to do you. And now, let me tell you once for all, I don't like people who want to think for themselves. That's a thing I dislike exceedingly. I can allow no one to do that. From my youth up I've been accustomed to have every word of mine obeyed: it is time you should know this. And I'm very much surprised at your daring to answer me. I see that I've spoilt you.'

Nadya goes out of the room in despair. When we next see her she seems entirely to have changed her character. Her modesty, her self-respect, her maidenly reserve are all gone. She no longer repels the advances of Leonid, the young master, she even courts them. As she wanders through the garden with Lisa in the twilight, her companion remarks upon the change in her behaviour.

'*Lisa.* Why you used to hide from Leonid, now you run after him.

'*Nadya.* Yes. I used to run away from him; I don't mean to do so any more. I don't know what has come over me all of a sudden. When the mistress said that I mustn't dare to answer her, and that I was to marry the man she had chosen, my whole nature seemed to alter. God help me, I thought, what sort of life is mine to be! (*weeps.*) What is the use of my living honourably, of my keeping myself from ever speaking amiss or looking astray! Then anger seized on me against my will. What is the use, I thought, of keeping myself from doing wrong! I will do so no more. Then my

very heart grew cold within me. If she had said another word, I think I should have died on the spot.

'And then, forsooth, she says, "Marry this drunkard, and don't presume to argue with me," and you mustn't even dare to cry. Ah! Lisa . . . only to think that this coarse brute will be able to do what he likes with you, will make his power felt, will spoil your whole life. And you'll grow old by his side without ever having got any enjoyment out of your life. I think my heart would break. And so our young master is preferable to all this.

'*Lisa.* Ah, Nadya! you shouldn't talk like that. I oughtn't to listen to it.

'*Nadya.* Stop, Lisa! don't pretend to be so modest. What would you do if it was you he loved?

'*Lisa.* How can I tell? Well, as they say, the tempter is strong.

'*Nadya.* Just so. I wish I could tell you how changed I feel—could explain how such thoughts came into my head, how I suddenly began to think about the young master, and how he became dear to me. . . . So dear that I don't know what to say of him. When he used to court me before I thought nothing of him. Now it's just as if some power drew me to him.

'*Lisa.* That's what it is, girl. It's your destiny.

'*Nadya.* And such a strange spirit has got hold of me—I fear nothing. I feel as if you might cut me to pieces, and yet I would do what I want. And why this is so I know not. I can scarcely wait for night—I feel as if I could fly to him through the air. One thing I'm glad of. It isn't for nothing that I am pretty. I shall at least have something to make me remember my youth. Oh, how handsome he is! what am I that he should love me! If it hadn't been for him I should have withered away in this wretched place.

'*Lisa.* How now, Nadya! you seem out of your senses.

'*Nadya.* How can I help being so! As long as she was kind to me, caressed me, I thought I was like other people. My ideas about life were very different from my present ones. But when she began to treat me as if I were a doll, when I perceived that I was no longer free, that I was without defence—then despair fell on me, Lisa. Shame and fear are gone, I don't know where. One day more is left me anyhow, I thought. I don't care about knowing what will happen afterwards. Let them marry me to a cowherd, let them lock me up in a castle, thirty counties away, it's all one to me.'

Leonid comes on the scene and she throws herself into his arms. There is a lake at the end of the garden, and fastened to its bank is a boat into which Leonid and Nadya enter. Lisa waits for them, and when they return she tells them that she fears they have been discovered, for their mistress's companion has been spying about the banks of the lake. But Nadya does not seem to care whether it be so or not. All she wishes to know is whether Leonid really loves her, and when he has assured her he does, she goes quietly away.

When the old lady learns what has taken place—for her companion has seen enough to convince her of the truth—she is very angry, and declares that Leonid has acted abominably, adding, 'It might have been excusable if he had been in the 'army.' Then she sends for Nadya, and tells her she shall be married at once to Negligentof. Nadya falls at her feet, and entreats her to be merciful; but she will not listen, and leaves the room after sending for her godson. The play ends with the parting between Leonid and Nadya, a scene which brings into strong relief the contrast between his feeble selfishness and her passionate love for him and carelessness about what becomes of her. After a time she bids him think of himself, and leave her to her fate:—

'*Leonid.* But what will become of you, Nadya, if you find living with your husband very hard to bear?

'*Nadya* (*weeping*). Cannot you let me alone! I beseech you let me alone. (*Sobs.*) One thing only I ask of you, for God's sake leave me to myself. (*Sobs afresh.*)

'*Bystanders* (*to Leonid*). Do go away.

'*Leonid.* Why do you drive me away? Don't you see how sorry I am for her? I'll think it over, perhaps there may be some way of escaping after all.

'*Nadya* (*in despair*). I don't want anyone to help me, I don't want anyone to defend me. If it's too much for me to bear, well, the lake is not far off.

'*Leonid* (*nervously*). Well, suppose I go away. Only what's that she says. I say, you must look after her. Good-bye, then. (*Goes to the door.*)

'*Nadya.* Good-bye. (*He goes away.*)

'*Lisa.* The proverb is true enough—What's sport to the cat makes the mouse squeak.'

In these two plays the erring woman is represented as being, to some extent at least, driven into dishonour by the harshness or the folly of those who surround her. But in the painful story of *Grékh da Béda na Kogo ne jivet*—'Whom may not Sin 'and Sorrow touch?'—there is very little excuse to be made for the heroine, for she has a husband who is an honourable and worthy man, and who loves her tenderly. Yet she deliberately betrays him, and that for the sake of a lover whose character is in most respects very inferior to that of her husband, and who carries on an intrigue with her chiefly because it affords him the means of passing away some of the time which hangs heavily on his hands. Tatiana and Jmigúlina are the daughters of a chinovnik, who held, during his lifetime, a post as 'cancellarist,' which brought him in the enviable income of thirty roubles a year, a little more than 4*l.* of our money.

At his death they found themselves reduced to absolute want, and so it came about that Tatiana, although a girl of unusual beauty, and entitled to move in official society, was obliged to accept an offer of marriage made her by a shopkeeper—a mere grocer—named Krasnof. He is a kind and good husband, says her sister, while giving an account of what has taken place to the young proprietor, Babaef, who is a provincial dandy, much resembling what the Leonid of the last play would become after a few years of dissipation. Krasnof is exceedingly proud of his wife, she says, and would give her anything she asked for, even if it cost him his last copeck, and he will not let her do any work, though he works himself from morning till night, so that she lives 'quite like a lady.' But she declares he is very little better than a mere peasant; he has had no education, and his language 'confuses' his wife and her sister at times. 'Such blots as these in a man's character 'cannot be got rid of, not even if you were to boil him seven 'years in a cauldron.' Still there is no fault to be found with him as far as his treatment of his wife is concerned. But as much cannot be said for his relations, and Tatiana is not liked by, and does not like, his blind old grandfather Arkip, his sickly young brother Afonya, or his married sister and her husband Kuritsin.

Some idea of Krasnof's character may be obtained from his reply to his sister's insinuations against his wife at a later period of the play, after she has granted an interview to Babaef:—

'What is it you want?' he asks Kuritsina, 'is it to make me quarrel with my wife? Are you jealous because I love her? Understand this, that I won't set her aside for anyone. For thirty years I lived only for my family, worked with all my strength for them, and didn't even think of marrying till everything was put on a good footing at home. For thirty years I took no thought of pleasure for myself. I used to be your servant, now I serve my wife and shall do so always. I would sooner work myself to death than deny her a single gratification. I ought to kiss her feet, feeling that I and all my relations put together are not equal in value to her little finger.'

So many warnings, however, are addressed to him on the subject of his wife's behaviour towards Babaef, that at length he becomes alarmed. He expostulates with her, and the result is a coldness between the husband and wife, which makes him very miserable. After a time her sister induces her to pretend that she does not care for Babaef, but is very fond of her husband, and the grandfather is charged to bring about a recon-

ciliation. Krasnof, who has been in despair at the idea of losing the only pleasure of his life, is enchanted at hearing that his wife confesses to loving him. He had told her that, much as he loved her, he didn't expect her to care much about him —mere mujik that he was—perhaps for several years to come, but that he hoped she would learn to love him some day. Now he is enraptured at being told that the moment he has been looking forward to has come.

'If you were to give me such a choice as this—Here, Krasnof, are hills of gold and royal palaces for you, only you must give up your wife; and, on the other hand, Here's a cabin without a roof, and all sorts of hard work to do, only you may live with your wife —I wouldn't even sigh, or say oh! Why I would be content to carry water all day long if I might live with her. So then listen, grandfather. I feel just as if a whole mountain had fallen off my shoulders: just as if I were born again. I was a dead man just now; you've brought me to life again. And just then such terrible thoughts were crowding into my mind—not in a whole lifetime could I have prayed the sin away.'

A scene ensues in which Tatiana thoroughly succeeds in deceiving her husband, feigning for him a love which does not exist. He is overjoyed, and when he is obliged to leave her, he looks forward to returning soon, and finding her still in the same loving mood. But the moment she finds herself alone, she exclaims

'At last he's gone. How unhappy, how wretched am I! People say one ought to love one's husband. How can I love him? a rough, unpolished fellow who hugs one like a bear. One whose behaviour is always that of a mujik. And I am obliged to feign affection for him! It's horrible. I wouldn't have done it for anything in the world if it hadn't been for this affair. What's to be done? I hate it and yet I must submit to it. (*Silence.*) What's become of everybody? Here I have to sit alone. How tiresome! There is not even anyone in the street to look at. (*Sings to herself.*)

'Oh, mother; how grievous; lady how sad.
My heart aches; aches, and is troubled.
My lover knows little how my heart suffers.'

When Krasnof returns joyously home, he is told that his wife is with Babaef. At first he refuses to believe it. 'You 'lie, you envious slanderers,' he cries. 'It is not an hour ago '—not an hour, I tell you,—since I sat with her on that sofa. 'We kissed and embraced each other, looked into each other's 'eyes; couldn't look enough.' But as more and more evidence is offered him, his belief in his wife's honour is staggered. At last she comes in, and looks wildly at them all. He charges her to say if she has been at Babaef's. 'I have,' she says,

seeing that it is no use hiding the truth any longer. Then the others begin abusing her, but Krasnof stops them, saying,

'I am her husband, I will judge her. Tell me now, how came this to pass? . . . Perhaps you didn't know what you were doing. Perhaps you gave no heed to it at all; or was it of your own free will that you went into this sin? Well, what do you think of it now? do you repent of your evil deeds? or do you think you did quite right? Answer me, don't stand there without saying a word. . . . Are you made of stone? down, down upon your knees before all of us and humble yourself in the dust. Or else tell us you did it deliberately. I want to know what I'm to do with you, whether I'm to pity you or to kill you. Did you ever love me even a little? Have I any reason at all to pity you? or have you been cheating me from the first? Have all my bright hopes been empty dreams?

'*Tatiana* (*weeping*). It is I, I who am to blame. I have cheated you. I never loved you and I don't love you now. You'd better leave me alone instead of torturing us both—we'd better separate.

'*Krasnof.* What do you mean by separate? where are you to go then? No, that's the speech of a false woman. On whom shall I revenge myself for all this? You say you don't love me, and never did love me. And there was I going about the whole town, telling all the world about the beautiful lady who was so fond of me. Whom shall I call to account for that shame? Be off into the kitchen. As you don't know how to behave like a wife, you shall be a kitchen-maid. . . . You've made me an old man in a day—now I'll see how long your beauty will last. Every day, as sure as the sun rises, you shall get a blow and a scolding from me down to the last day of your life. And some day if I happen to be in a savage mood I may kill you like a dog. There, give me a knife.'

Tatiana runs out of the room, and then is on the point of escaping from the house in order to seek Babaef, when Krasnof, urged by his brother, rushes after her, knife in hand. Her voice is heard behind the scenes, crying, 'Let me go.' Then there is silence, and presently Krasnof returns. Here is the end of the story.

'*Krasnof.* Bind my hands. I have killed her.

'*Afonya.* So she's done for at last.

'*Kuritsina.* Ah, poor fellow, what will they do to you!

'*Arkip.* Where is he? where is he? Lead me to him. What have you done? who gave you the right to do it? Do you think that it was against you alone she had sinned? It was, above all, against God she had sinned, but you, proud, self-willed man, have thought fit to judge her yourself. You would not wait for the merciful judgment of God; now you yourself shall be judged by man's judgment.'

The heroine of the *Bédnaya Nevésta* — 'The Penniless Lass,' literally 'The Poor Bride'—is a girl whose situation

greatly resembles that in which Tatiana was left by her father's death, but whose character is far superior to that of Krasnof's light-headed and ungrateful wife. Marya Andreevna Nezabudkina is the daughter of a chinovnik who, when he died, left his family very little, and so his widow, the foolish and tedious Anna Petrovna, almost despairs of ever getting her daughter married. Marya, herself, is in no hurry about the matter, and her mother's constant schemes and lamentations are the plague of her life. She cannot help shuddering, she says, at the idea of marrying a man whom she does not like, and she complains bitterly of the manner in which girls in her position are wooed.

'Everybody thinks he is entitled to claim your hand, and even fancies he is conferring an obligation upon you. "She's only a poor bride" says one of my suitors, and bargains for me as coolly as if I were something on sale. "I have money" he says to my mother. "You have nothing, but I will take your daughter on account of her beauty."'

At the present moment, she has three principal admirers, Khorkhof, an honest, good-hearted young fellow, but without means, who has been a student at one of the universities, and is therefore somewhat refined and well educated, and two ornaments of Moscow middle-class society, named Milashin and Merich. The latter is an empty-headed egotist, who is always making love to some young lady or other, and who has nothing to recommend him beyond a showy exterior and manners which are supposed to be fashionable, but, after a little time, he makes himself thoroughly master of Marya's affections. Up to this point her life has been a very dreary one, vexed with small cares, never free from the chill of poverty. It has had little enjoyment for her, she says, but now that Merich has told her that he loves her, all seems altered.

'Oh, how happy I am,' she exclaims, after one of his visits, 'my life is no longer dreary—what a change has taken place in everything—I have something to hope for now.'

But just as she is beginning to allow herself for the first time to hope, disappointment comes upon her. A lawsuit on which depends the little fortune she and her mother have to live on is decided against them, and downright want stares them in the face. At this juncture, an old friend of her father's introduces a rich chinovnik, who is in want of a wife. The new suitor, whose name is Benevolensky, explains to Anna Petrovna that what he really requires most is a good housekeeper. If he can get a beautiful and well-educated wife, so much the better. But her housekeeping capabilities

are those on which he lays most stress. As he is not a man of high rank or of good family—his name showing that he is a priest's son—he knows that he cannot expect a large dowry with his wife, but he thinks that he may find the article he is in search of among the ranks of the 'penniless lasses.' When Marya is spoken to on the subject, she flatly refuses to entertain his proposals, for she thinks Merich is about to ask her to be his wife. And she also assures Khorkhof, who about the same time ventures to tell her of his love, that it is no use for him to think of her. He, poor fellow, has passionately admired her for three years, ever since he left the university, and her love is the only thing he prizes on earth. If she would only care for him ever so little, he says, the world would seem to him a Paradise. And he feels sure that he could make her happy, for he loves her so much that his whole life would be devoted to her service. But she tells him that although she likes him well, she does not love him, and so she dismisses him, firmly and decidedly, though with all womanly tenderness and respect for his disinterested affection. Khorkhof goes away almost heartbroken and enters upon a course of drinking which lasts three whole days, uninterrupted except by intervals of weeping. Meantime Marya is so much pressed by her mother's entreaties that she will marry Benevolensky, that she agrees to reconsider her decision, and give a final answer in three days. She consents to do this because she thinks that Merich will extricate her from her difficulties before that time has elapsed; but when she next sees him, and he finds himself asked what his intentions are, he suddenly backs out of his implied engagement, explaining that he is not a free agent—that he is in a very uncomfortable position as regards means—that his father objects to his marrying—and so forth. All Marya's bright hopes suddenly vanish, all her prospects of happiness grow dim and faint, all her trust in man's fidelity and honour is destroyed. She finds that she has lavished her affection upon a man who has no heart, and is utterly incapable of appreciating the tenderness and generosity of her character. She feels that all hope of happiness in life is over for her, for it is now too late for her to expect a renewal of love. All his selfishness, his cruelty, and his meanness are revealed to her at once, but still she does not utter a word of reproach. Before he goes she tells him that she is not angry with him, but when she is alone she cries bitterly. While she is weeping, Milashin comes in, bringing with him a number of letters proving the infidelity of his supposed rival, Merich. Marya will not look at them, but flings them into the fire.

Then she tells Milashin that she is going to marry Benevolensky. He attempts to dissuade her, offering in a patronising manner to marry her himself. But she says No; that will not do. She has determined to marry for money in order to please her mother and make her comfortable. And she wishes her mother to know nothing of the suffering which her decision costs her. So she dries her eyes, asking Milashin if the tears have left traces behind—tells him to laugh and talk about theatres and other places of amusement—and finally makes him sit down and play at cards with her. Presently her mother comes in, and Marya tells her to write to Benevolensky and say that his proposal of marriage is accepted.

Before the wedding takes place Marya receives two visits. The first is from Khorkhof, who has now been drinking for three days, and who enters the room staggering and copiously weeping. He entreats her to pause ere it is too late, to throw over Benevolensky, and to marry him who has so long adored her. So passionate is his appeal that it melts Marya's heart, and when Khorkhof falls on his knees before her, she tells him that she feels she loves him now, and she is very, very sorry for him too, but it is too late; her word is given to Benevolensky, and she cannot go back from it. 'Ah, what a sacrifice!' he cries. 'She is going to do it for her mother's sake,' exclaims Anna Petrovna. 'Benevolensky is a man of irreproach-'able position.' At this moment Marya faints, and the bystanders all crowd round her, except Khorkhof, who supports his unsteady frame against the wall, and weeps bitterly.

Her second visitor is Merich, who has changed his mind again, and begins making love once more. But she tells him, also, it is too late. The wedding feast is ready, the bridegroom is at hand. She will have nothing more to do with her fickle lover, except to part from him on friendly terms. The scene, during the whole of which her language is exceedingly natural and affecting, ends thus:—

'*Merich.* Marya, I love you——

'*Marya* (*interrupting him*). It is too late, Vladimir, too late.... A new path opens before me, one in which I well know lies much that may terrify a woman's heart. They say he is coarse, uneducated, a taker of bribes. But all this may come of his having had no honest man or woman to befriend him. They say a wife can do so much if she only will. That's where my duty lies, and I feel I have the strength for it. I will make him love me, respect me, listen to me. And besides—there may be children. I will live for the children. I see you smile. How generous that is of you! Why even if all I am saying is a mere dream which can never come true, you oughtn't to disenchant me. I need such dreams to support

me now. Ah, Vladimir, God be with you! . . . With me all is very dreary, and I must not let people know that it is so.

'*Merich.* I hope you may be happy. But it seems to me that happiness with such a husband is impossible.

'*Marya.* Well, Vladimir, you shall not see that I am unhappy—you shall not have the satisfaction of pitying me. Whatever happens I am determined to be happy. Why should I be made to suffer? Judge for yourself, for yourself. Is it because I have been mistaken, because I have been cruelly deceived, and because I am going to do my duty and save my mother from misery? No, no, no! I will be happy, I will be loved. Isn't it true? Say, yes, yes! Speak—I do so need it—don't say it isn't so.

'*Merich.* Yes.

'*Marya.* I thank you. Farewell.'

The wedding guests arrive, and when they are all assembled, Marya enters. She is very pale and sad, and she goes to her mother, and hides her face upon her breast. But still she says, 'Don't notice my crying. It's only because I am agitated. 'I think I shall be happy. . . . But even if I am not happy, 'you won't be to blame. You've done all you could for me, 'everything you could think of. I thank you, mother;' and then as the bridegroom enters the room, she goes up to him, and gives him her hand, but with the tears still running down her cheeks.

We have dwelt long enough on sad stories. Let us turn to a few scenes of a less tragic nature—such, for instance, as are afforded by the *Dokhodnoe Mesto*, the 'Profitable Appoint-'ment'—a satire on the corruption which universally prevails among government officials throughout Russia. The subject is one which has already occupied many a Russian pen, indeed no satirist has failed to make an onslaught upon what every Russian of common sense and good feeling acknowledges as a national disgrace. Ostrovsky does not hit quite as savagely as Gogol did, but his attacks are by no means wanting in vigour. They occur in many of his plays, but this one is particularly devoted to their service. Jadof is a young chinovnik, who wishes to lead an honest life, and who bitterly offends his rich uncle Vishnevsky, who is high up in the service, by declaiming against bribery and corruption. He is in love with, and ultimately marries, a girl named Paulina, whose sister Yulinka is the wife of one of his colleagues, Bélogubof, an official of very little capacity or information, but who is wise enough to swim with the stream, instead of against it, and thereby lives in comfort and plenty. Jadof's mother-in-law is exceedingly angry with him on account of his Quixotic notions, the only

result of which, according to her, is to keep her daughter Paulina in poverty. Here is a specimen of her complaints:—

'There's a stupid new philosophy come into fashion which says men must not take presents, must live on their salaries. These fellows think themselves better than all the rest of the world. What a word this "bribes" is! Why there are no bribes. It's merely gratitude, and they must needs declare that gratitude is a sin. This may be all very well for unmarried folks. But when a man marries a lady, one who understands life and who has been properly brought up, it's too bad to coop her up in a kennel and talk such nonsense to her.'

She then proceeds to state what it is that a wife really requires:—

'It is absolutely necessary for a woman who respects herself,' she says, 'to be always well dressed, to have as many servants as she wants, and, above all, to be left in peace. She oughtn't to have to trouble her head about all sorts of household affairs. That's how Yulinka lives. She never troubles herself about anything but herself. She lies in bed late. Early in the morning her husband makes all the arrangements for the day, and looks after everything. Then the maid gives him his tea, and after that he drives to his office. At last she gets up herself, finds her tea or coffee, or whatever she wants, waiting for her, has her meal all by herself, and then dresses splendidly. After that she takes a book and sits at the window waiting for her husband's return. In the evening she puts on her best clothes and drives to the theatre or goes into society. That's what life ought to be; that's a proper state of things; that's how a lady ought to be treated. Can there be anything more noble, more delicate, more refined?'

Meanwhile Jadof is doing all he can to earn an honest livelihood. He works all day long, in the morning at his office, afterwards giving lessons, and at night going over official documents for extra pay. He used to think that his wife would assist him in his work, or at least join him in reading, so that he might improve her mind, but she seems spoilt by her mother's foolish precepts. Family bickerings become common, one of which ends as follows. Jadof's mother-in-law has been praising the education her girls have received. Jadof says that he has been trying to overcome its effects on Paulina's mind, but in vain:—

'Why,' says her mother, 'our house was always managed admirably. Everything in it was refined. My means were of the smallest, yet my daughters were brought up like duchesses—in a state of perfect innocence. They didn't even know which was the way into the kitchen, nor how to make cabbage soup. All they ever did was, like properly educated young ladies, to converse about their

feelings and sentiments and other elevated subjects. . . . People like you are not fit to judge of what respectable behaviour is like. But it's my own fault. I was too hasty. If Paulina had married a man of proper feelings and education he wouldn't have known how to thank me enough for having brought her up so well. And she would have been a happy woman, for respectable people don't make their wives work. They leave that to the servants, and all the wife has to do is to dress as well as possible, so that her husband may admire her, take her into society, find her all possible enjoyments, and obey her slightest wishes as if they were laws.

'*Jadof.* Shame on you—you have grown old and brought up daughters and yet you don't know what a wife should be to her husband. A wife ought not to be a mere plaything—she ought to be her husband's helpmate.'

She then goes on to say that poverty drives women to commit terrible sins, and that she can't blame them for it. They hold out for a time, but at last they have to give way. Then Jadof orders her to leave the house, and she does so, saying as she goes, 'Weep, weep, poor victim; weep over your fate. 'Weep till the grave. I would that you were dead, poor girl. 'My heart wouldn't suffer then so much.'

Jadof finds that all the world is against him. His uncle declares that he is a fool. Yusof, the chief clerk at his office, is of much the same opinion. A commonplace man like Bélogubof, says Yusof, makes a much better official than an original genius like Jadof. He had never had much education himself, but yet he has got on. Here are some of his recollections:—

'Long ago, when I knew nothing beyond how to read and write, I was introduced into the presence clad in a mere dressing gown. There sat ever so many serious, important-looking people. Men didn't shave frequently in those days, which made them look more important still. Fear fell upon me; I couldn't get out a word. For two years I acted as errand-boy, executed all sorts of commissions, ran to fetch brandy, or cakes, or kvas, if anyone was suffering from the effects of a debauch. I never sat at a table or upon a stool, but in the recess of a window and on a bundle of papers. I never got my ink out of an inkstand, but had to use an old pomatum-pot instead. Yet for all that I became a man. Sometimes my wife and I wonder why God has been so good to us. I've three little houses now and four horses.'

In spite of his good luck, however, he is not proud, but is ready to treat a mujik as a brother, and has a kindly feeling for even the most inferior clerks—men who have been turned out of the seminaries, and are obliged to begin at the lowest point of official life (such men as may be sometimes seen sitting barefooted in a public office, their boots having been taken

away from them for fear they should slink out and get drunk). But he admits that some chinovniks behave badly. He would agree with a number of officials who talk the subject over, and unanimously condemn a clerk in a law court who got a rich present from a suitor by showing him a supposed copy of an imaginary verdict in his favour. Such behaviour they all say is mean. Chinovniks ought to live by rule. They should act so 'that the wolf may be content, and yet the sheep remain 'whole.' They ought to remember that 'the hen picks up only 'one grain at a time, and yet gets enough.' 'Tricks like these 'bring a man to the red cap,' that is, to Siberia.

Jadof contrives to make head against all his opponents until his wife joins their number. Although she really loves her husband, she pretends to be so angry with him that she will not live with him any more. Accordingly a plot is prepared. Paulina gets up a quarrel with him, and goes away to her mother's house. Poor Jadof is heart-broken, and sends to beg her to come back. She returns and tells him he must make up his mind to give up either her or his Quixotic theories. A terrible conflict arises in his mind. He tries to touch her feelings. 'There are some few men,' he says, 'who have run counter to 'the tide of public opinion. The struggle is a very hard one, 'but all the more glory accrues to them. Posterity will praise 'them. Without them lies and violence would have grown to 'such a pitch as to blot out the sunlight.' She declares he is stark mad and she will go to find some sensible people like her sister and Bélogubof. 'What!' he cries, 'do you compare 'Bélogubof to me?' 'He's far superior to you,' replies Paulina, 'a man well thought of by the authorities, one who loves his 'wife dearly and keeps his own horses.' He sits down and hides his face in his hands. At last he gives way.

'*Jadof.* When one has a pretty wife it's right to dress her well.

'*Paulina* (*enthusiastically*). Quite right.

'*Jadof.* And to drive her out in a handsome carriage.

'*Paulina.* Excellent!

'*Jadof.* When one has a young and pretty wife, one must love her, must indulge her; yes! and dress her out (*with despair*). Farewell dreams of my youth! Farewell noble lessons! Farewell my honourable Future. Well! I'll grow old, have grey hairs, bring up children——

'*Paulina.* Stop!

'*Jadof.* Let me go on crying a little—I'm mourning it all now for the last time in my life (*sobs*).

'*Paulina.* What's come over you?

'*Jadof.* Nothing, nothing—I'll do it. I'll give in, hide from all my old companions, won't go where anyone talks about honour, of

the sanctity of duty. I'll work through the chief part of the week, and then at the end invite various Bélogubofs, and we'll get drunk on the proceeds of the stolen property like robbers. I shall become accustomed to it.

'*Paulina.* That's something bad you're saying.

'*Jadof.* Let's sing. Do you know this song?

> 'Take—you need no great skill for that,
> Take whatever can be taken.
> What were hands given to us for
> Except to take, take, take.

'A pretty song that, isn't it?

'*Paulina.* I can't make out what is the matter with you.

'*Jadof.* Let's go to my uncle and ask him for a good berth.'

In the last scene Jadof comes to his uncle and proffers his request, intending to promise to live as other chinovniks live. But the old gentleman triumphs so coarsely over his nephew's relinquishment of his fancies about a growing race of philosophers who would be above taking bribes and a coming time of general honesty, that Jadof grows angry. All on a sudden he makes up his mind to be true to his old resolves.

'Uncle,' he says, 'I never said our generation was honester than those which went before it. There always have been, and always will be, honest men, honest citizens, honest chinovniks. But there always have been, and always will be, weak people also. I myself am a proof of this. All I said was that in our time society begins to throw off its former apathy with respect to crime. A loud and energetic protest is being raised against our social ills. At last we are beginning to feel our drawbacks, and in this feeling lies some hope for the future. I said that at last a public opinion is beginning to be created, that among the youth of our day there has sprung up an appreciation of justice, a proper understanding of what a man's duty is. And it grows, and grows, and will bear fruit. If you are too old to see it we are not, and seeing it we shall thank God. I'm no hero. I'm an ordinary weak man. I've not a strong will. . . . But I wish to maintain the cherished right of looking everyone straight in the face, without shame, without secret pangs of conscience. I want to be able to read and see satires and comedies about bribe-takers, and to be able to laugh at them heartily with a frank and honest laugh. Even if my life is to be all hard work and privation, I'll never grumble more. There's only one consolation I will ask of God, there's only one recompense I'll seek. What do you suppose it is? I will look forward to a time when a bribe-taker will be more afraid of the judgment of public opinion than of that of the criminal court itself.'

It is a pleasure to find that his courage and determination meet with their fitting reward and that all goes well with him.

It may be as well now to select a play of a merely farcical nature, one which has no high purpose to fulfil, but is only intended to amuse. In *Svoi Sobaki*, &c., we are made acquainted with the struggles to get well married of a poor and foolish chinovnik named Balzaminof. He is always running up and down the city in hopes of finding a rich wife, and he has also called in the aid of a Svakha, or professional match-maker. At last one day he sees a lady at a window who strikes his fancy, so he straightway composes a loving letter and sends it to her. She replies by an epistle informing him he may come and see her whenever he likes, and ending, 'I blow you a 'kiss.' Balzaminof is overjoyed, takes a lesson in polite conversation from his mother, whose chief advice to him is to use French phrases whenever he can, and thinks of getting his hair curled. Unluckily, when he is introduced to the lady, he talks such nonsense, quoting what he calls 'sentimental and 'savage poetry,' that she cannot help feeling he is a fool; at the same time she receives from a former admirer a letter declaring he will kill himself if she does not marry him, and ending with these words: 'You will have to answer for my 'life before God, the Government, and the public. Evil 'demons are watching my black soul. I feel their approach. 'A pistol is loaded and awaits me. I shall meet death with 'joy and close my eyes with a hellish laugh.' This proves too much for her, and she instantly throws over Balzaminof and accepts her correspondent.

When this piece was performed at Moscow it pleased the audience so much that they insisted on hearing some more about its hero. Accordingly a play soon afterwards appeared called *Balzaminof's Marriage.* In its opening scene he is discovered asleep in his mother's parlour. The servant wakes him when she removes the tea things, and he scolds her for having aroused him just as he was dreaming that he met a lovely lady in a splendid garden who cried 'I love and adore 'you.' He goes on to complain of the life he leads. The neighbours are so rude, he says, that they insult him if he lingers a little near any window. At every gate sit coachmen, 'like butchers,' caressing savage dogs which resemble lions. 'Now in our business'—love-making to wit—'a man has 'to pass a window perhaps a dozen times, and then these 'fellows set their dogs at him!' He has had to run away from them many a time, and 'only conceive,' he says, 'the 'misery of having to do so while one's mistress is looking at 'one out of the window.' So he declares he will give up the civil service for the army. At present no one respects him,

but if he were an officer he would be able to go about, twirling his moustache, and not fearing anyone. Presently the Svakha comes in and tells him she has found him a rich widow, one who never receives company at home and never goes out, so she has grown very fat and almost ill. Her doctor has recommended her to get married, and she has told the Svakha to find her a husband. But Balzaminof does not receive her information gratefully, for he has fallen in love with two sisters who live next door to the widow, and he imagines they both regard him with affection. The truth is they both laugh at him, but they encourage his visits because one of them is going to run off with a friend of his who finds him a useful messenger. One day when he is in their house, disguised as a shoemaker, their brothers, who are on bad terms with them, suddenly return home. Balzaminof is obliged to run away, so he gets over the paling into the next garden, which belongs to the widow, and there he is seized by the Svakha who happens to be spending the evening with the other lady. The Svakha, persuades him that he is in danger of being had up as a thief, and that his only way of escape is to propose to the widow at once. He agrees, and is therefore introduced to her. This is how the scene ends:—

'*Widow.* How dreadfully I was frightened! I thought I should have died.

'*Svakha.* Don't be alarmed. He's a friend of mine. He came here by mistake (*takes him by the hand, wishing to introduce him*).

'*Balzaminof* (*aside*). She's awfully fat!

'*Svakha.* Are you still hesitating? (*introduces him*) Kiss her hand (*he kisses it*).

'*Widow.* Why do you do that?

'*Balzaminof.* Because I'm in love.

'*Svakha.* To be sure. He's in love. That's it exactly. He tells the truth. Settle the matter between you. I'll take a stroll in the garden (*goes behind the bushes*).

'*Widow.* We had better sit down (*they sit down*). How did you get here?

'*Balzaminof.* Across the paling—are you angry with me?

'*Widow.* No, I'm never angry. I'm too good humoured. What's your occupation?

'*Balzaminof.* Mine? nothing.

'*Widow.* I do nothing too. It's wretched work doing nothing when you're alone. It's much pleasanter to have some one to help you.

'*Balzaminof.* Much pleasanter.

'*Widow* (*laying her hand on his shoulder*). Do you wish us to be united?

'*Balzaminof.* I shall think it a happiness.

'*Widow.* I'm very easy to please. I believe everything that's told me. I hope you are not cheating me.

'*Balzaminof.* How could that be? I think it's mean to cheat.

'*Widow.* Good. You love me then; and I ——

'*Balzaminof.* I thank you most humbly. Let me kiss your hand.

'*Widow.* There (*giving him her hand*). But come a little closer, I —— (*Balzaminof bends towards her; she kisses him. The Svakha comes out from behind the bushes, saying*)

'That's capital. That means all is settled.'

A somewhat more romantic scene of courtship may be found in the *Tyajeluie Dni*—literally 'Heavy Days'—a play which also gives a good picture of Russian laws and lawyers. Tite Titich Bruskof is a merchant of the coarse, quarrelsome class. He has money, but he has never had any education, and he is totally destitute of anything like delicacy or refinement. He is constantly drinking, is always using bad language, and not unfrequently resorts to brutal violence. His son Andrei Titich, on the other hand, is mild and sensitive, so he is greatly annoyed at his father's conduct. Bruskof is always abusing his son for not getting married, but as soon as ever the old man has decided upon choosing any young lady to fill the position of his daughter-in-law, he is sure to quarrel with her family and break off the negotiations. As a general rule young Andrei Titich does not admire the girls to whom he is introduced, but he makes an exception in favour of one named Alexandra. Here is his account of how he fell in love with her:—

'She and her mother were paying us a visit one day, and they stayed so long that it grew almost dark. Then the old lady said, "How shall we get home now that it's so late?" Says my mother, "Here is Andrei, he'll go with you." I was overjoyed at that. So I seize my cap immediately, and say "With the greatest possible pleasure." Off we go then, the old lady behind and we in front. Alexandra says to me "Don't you like driving fast?" I reply "It's the greatest pleasure I have." "I too," she says, "love it mortally." After a while, "It would be a good thing," says she, "if one could tell what men's thoughts are like." "Why do you want to know?" say I. "Because," says she, "one could tell then if they were speaking the truth or not." "But," say I, "can't that be found out by any other means?" "I," says she, "can never tell. I always believe everything that's said to me." Then she says, "Why do you never come to see us?" "Because," say I, "I'm not my own master." "Look at that window," says she, "I'm always sitting there. You drive by every day, but you never look up. I'm not like you. I never leave the window till I've seen you come back from the town." These words made my whole soul rejoice, but I hadn't a word to say in reply. "I pity you," she says, "you're so

shy." "I am very shy," say I. At this moment we reach the house. We stop short and let the old lady go through the garden gateway. I look round and see that no one is in the street, so without saying a word, I seize Alexandra by the waist and kiss her.'

On this it appears she runs into the house and slams the door to. Andrei thinks she is angry and does not dare to go near her for several days. At last, however, he musters up courage enough to visit her:—

'I enter the room where she is sitting alone at her work. She looks up at me, and in a moment tears come into her eyes. I begin begging pardon for my rudeness, but to all my excuses she doesn't answer a word, except to say several times, "Why didn't you come? Why didn't you come? I suppose you were only amusing yourself." I begin again, even with tears, to entreat her forgiveness. "Only forgive me," say I, "and I'll never again be so rude." She looks up at me, and then she laughs. "What have I to forgive?" she says. "The sin wasn't a great one." And again I see that there are tears in her eyes. Then her mother comes into the room, and I take up my cap and go home.'

The old Bruskof at first seemed very unlikely to consent to his son marrying Alexandra, who has no dowry; but about this time he gets into trouble. Having gained one of his many lawsuits, he gives a feast to a party of lawyers. After the banquet they become so lively that they insist on tossing him in the air, a way of evincing respectful admiration which is common in Russia, but not agreeable to the person honoured by it. They manage to let Bruskof fall, and when he gets up, in a not very amiable mood, he runs against, and proceeds to beat, a stranger who has for some time being trying to force himself upon the company. The injured man turns out to be a chinovnik named Pertsof, who makes a living by bringing actions against any unfortunate persons whom he can drive into insulting or striking him, and he straightway commences a suit against Bruskof. The old merchant is frightened and appeals to Mudrof, a lawyer of his acquaintance, who tells him that the law of self-preservation demands that he should hide. Bruskof, who thinks that is one of the laws in the penal code, consents. Mudrof then says he must travel for a time between two districts, that being an ordinary method of evading justice in Russia. So Bruskof gets into his tarantass, in which, says his wife, 'he sits exactly like an orphan.' Presently Pertsof arrives and begins bargaining with Bruskof's wife as to the sum for which he will condone the offence. At first his claims are exorbitant, but eventually he accepts a hundred rubles, being constrained to do so by the arrival of a chinovnik named

Dosujef, a friend of Andrei's, who is aware of a forgery which he has committed, and threatens to disclose it if he does not accept that sum quietly. In return for this service Dosujef insists on old Bruskof's consenting to his son's marriage with Alexandra.

Our readers will have seen from the outlines of these plays that the chief merit of the Russian Drama is not to be found in the ingenuity of their plots. They are, in fact, entirely devoid of original contrivances or startling situations. The story generally unfolds itself as the piece goes on, with a simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China. There is very little composition in the pictures the artist exhibits, which follow each other something after the fashion of panoramic illustrations. But as representations of Russian family life, they are not devoid of interest. There is certainly at present no reciprocity in literature between Russian and Western Europe, which is sufficiently accounted for by the remote and exceptional character of the Russian language, and by the peculiar habits of the people. Yet the writings of our own authors are received in Russia with the heartiest recognition. Every book of note that creates a sensation here is at once reproduced there, and our leading novelists would be surprised if they knew how anxiously the fortunes of their heroes and heroines are followed by thousands of Russian readers, not only in the two great capitals of the empire, but in every town into which the chief magazines make their way, from the borders of Germany to the Chinese frontier and from the wastes of the Arctic circle to the shores of the Caspian and the mountains of the Caucasus. We hope the time will come when Russia will pay back her debt and make us ashamed of our ignorance, for she is certainly not destitute of a national literature.

ART. VII. — *Leon Faucher. Correspondance. Vie Parlementaire.* Deux Tomes. Paris: 1868.

THESE volumes are dedicated to the memory of one of the most upright and intelligent men who have lived in France in the present century. They have evidently been prepared for publication by an editor very nearly and dearly connected with the subject of the Memoir, although Madame Léon Faucher has not thought it necessary to place her own name beside that of her husband. But she has acquitted herself of her task with remarkable good taste and good judgment; and we are indebted to her not only for these memorials of a man who deserves some place in the history of his times, but for a contribution to history itself.

As a biography this book will be read with interest and advantage; for it relates the life of a man born in circumstances the least favourable to personal success or political distinction—provincial, poor, friendless, obscure—who fought his way by sheer energy and dauntless resolution to the head of affairs, until the helm of the State rested for a short time in his hands, at two of the most critical periods of the existence of France. This success and this distinction were attained by none of the arts commonly practised and relied upon by those who seek to rise in the world. Léon Faucher was not pliant, not solicitous to humour or to please, scornful alike of the favour of the great and the favour of the people, absolute in his own convictions of right and duty, incapable of modifying them for any present or future advantage. His ambition and his self-confidence were great, and they were unbending. It is no small mark of the value of true dignity and rectitude, that in an age of feeble convictions and unsettled opinions, these qualities did prevail, in the case of Léon Faucher, over a thousand obstacles. They placed him in power, and they deprived him of power when power could only be retained by a sacrifice of principle. Had Léon Faucher, who was one of the first and most active of the ministers of Louis Napoleon when he was elected to the Presidency of the Republic, chosen to cast in his lot with the fortunes of the future Emperor and to condone the great offence of the 2nd December, on the ground of political necessity, he would undoubtedly have shared largely in all that the Empire has showered upon its adherents: wealth, power, station, office, influence, were all within his grasp. Personally he had no obligations to the former governments of France, and his relations to the President were

friendly and even cordial. But in his judgment the conspiracy of the 2nd December was criminal and dishonourable alike to those who engaged in it and to those who profited by it, because it involved the destruction of the liberties of his country. He spurned the modern Octavius in the hour of his triumph; and retiring into private life, overwhelmed with grief at the catastrophe he had failed to prevent, he died soon afterwards, as he had lived, poor, independent, free, and honest. We do not remember an example in political history of greater sacrifices made by an ambitious and ardent man to his sense of public duty and personal dignity. And in proportion as such things are rare among men, a biography that relates them may be read with instruction and advantage.

As a record of opinion, too, M. Faucher's letters and speeches are valuable, though they form but a slender portion of the enormous amount of literary labour he threw into the vortex of the political press. But they indicate the tendency of all his writings. Faucher was one of the first practical men in France who was thoroughly imbued with sound and liberal principles of political economy, and who sought to bring them to bear on the policy of his country. Amongst the ministers and statesmen of the reign of Louis Philippe, the majority were, like M. Thiers, completely blinded by the protective system; others, like M. Guizot, supported that system for political reasons; and even those who were converted to the doctrines of Adam Smith, like M. Duchâtel and M. Passy, recoiled from the difficulty of applying them in France. Léon Faucher was a Free-trader throughout his career. Long before Mr. Cobden's name was known in the world he was defending in the 'Temps' and the 'Courrier Français' Mr. Cobden's commercial principles; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to see the successful application of those principles by the power he had twice served. So, again, on the vexed questions of currency and banking M. Faucher's opinions were perfectly clear and sound. Some of his most masterly productions are his financial papers and his essays on the precious metals. These studies and these opinions had naturally drawn him more closely than most of his contemporaries to follow the progress of political opinion in this country. Several of his friends were English, and indeed his correspondence with them fills a large space in this volume: though his own tastes and habits were intensely national. But nothing was more deeply rooted in his mind than the conviction that a close and intimate alliance between France and England ought to be the basis of their foreign policy, their commercial relations, and

their political influence as the great constitutional States of Western Europe. Even when he betrayed in his letters irritation against us, as in 1834, 1840, and 1846, it was because he conceived the policy of the English Cabinet to be unfavourable to the maintenance of the alliance. But it is obvious, from the whole tone of his letters and his life, that his attachment to this country, as the great bulwark of free institutions and free thought, was second only to his patriotic affection for his own. A remarkable instance of that congruity between the best minds of France and England, in spite of a multitude of personal discrepancies, which it has been the honour and the good fortune of this century to foster and to preserve during more than half its course.

The history of the reign of Napoleon III., beginning from his election to the Presidency of the Republic in December, 1848, is still unwritten, and probably another generation must pass away before the world can be possessed of authentic materials to describe the extraordinary circumstances and the secret causes which placed a man, who was commonly regarded as little more than an outlaw and an adventurer, on the most splendid throne of Europe, and invested him with a power practically more absolute than that of any sovereign who has governed France. But M. Faucher's papers are a genuine and valuable contribution to that history. When Louis Napoleon first entered the National Assembly as a simple deputy of the people, with scarcely a friend or an adviser in that tumultuous body, accident threw Léon Faucher in his way; and probably the future ruler of France saw, or thought he saw, in his colleague on those benches, a man whose energy of character and administrative ability might one day be of use to him. During the Presidency Léon Faucher was called to fill high offices in the State. He powerfully contributed to restore order in the country and to repair the damage which the catastrophe of 1848 had inflicted on France. With a little more subserviency to the personal policy of the Bonapartes, he would readily have played the part which has since been filled by such men as M. Billault and M. Rouher. But the author of the conspiracy of the 2nd of December soon discovered that whatever might be the ability and ambition of M. Faucher as a constitutional Minister, his incorruptible attachment to the cause of freedom and legality totally disqualified him to be the tool of despotism or the agent of a military revolution. He was in fact retained in office only to serve as a mask or to blind the designs of others, and his fall was the surest indication that the days of the Republic were

numbered. The consciousness that he had been overreached by the President aggravated the bitterness with which he beheld the overthrow of all liberty in France; and from the moment of the *coup d'état* the breach between them became irreparable. He who would hereafter trace the course of public opinion which followed the revolution of 1848, and raised Louis Napoleon to supreme power, will find a sure and accurate picture of the spirit of that time in Léon Faucher's correspondence; and the publication of it is, as far as we know, the first attempt that has been made to disclose the relations which subsisted between the President of the Republic and one of his Ministers.

Léon Faucher's rude experience of life and long struggle for existence began at his birth. He came into the world on the 8th of September, 1803, at Limoges, but he was one of twin boys; the scanty resources of his mother compelled her to put him out to nurse, and he was half-starved by the she-goat which suckled him. His father and mother quarrelled and separated. The family removed to Toulouse, where their position was more miserable than before, but where Léon contrived to pick up an excellent education. It is characteristic of the inimitable self-confidence of the future Minister, that when this child was still on the benches of that provincial school, he had made up his mind that he should one day govern France, and was laughed at by his comrades as the 'Statesman.' Such was his proficiency in Greek (a rare accomplishment in French schools) that later in life he translated two books of Telemachus into that language; he projected a complete translation of the works of Aristotle; and he proposed to write a work on Greek vases, illustrated by the poetry of Theocritus. He was still at school when he threw himself with extreme fervour into the practices of religious asceticism and Catholic belief; and though this was only a passing phase of his life, it left the mark of discipline on his character and contributed to rear him in the hard school of duty. In the midst of his academical studies and success he continued to help his mother to earn the daily bread of the family by designing patterns for embroidery, at three francs a day, or rather night, for the work was done in stolen hours with stolen candles' ends. By these shifts he contrived, before he was nineteen, to amass a few hundred francs to take him to Paris, to continue his studies there. In 1824 he obtained a place as preceptor in the family of General Delaître, and for the next six or seven years he continued to work at the instruction of others and his own. Soon after the Revolution of

July, 1830, he became one of the principal editors of the 'Temps,' and entered upon that laborious career to which the best years of his life were exclusively devoted. In 1834 he was appointed editor in chief of the 'Courrier Français,' a journal which was for many years identified with his own opinions.

Justice is not often done to that able body of men—more numerous and more able at the present time than they ever were before—who expend the vital force and energy of their youth on the thankless, but important, labour of the daily press. It is common to hear them accused of base or interested motives, of reckless disregard of consequences, of indifference to the rights and feelings of others. We believe that upon the whole the newspaper writers of our time are actuated by much higher motives. The satisfaction they may derive from serving a cause they believe to be just and true, is in fact their only reward. They are the privates in an army, whose victories will be counted only to their chiefs. But we believe there are fewer examples of men trading with their opinions, betraying their convictions, and abandoning their principles in the press than in any other walk of political life.

Léon Faucher, at any rate, was the type of an independent and honest journalist. His convictions had the strength of passions. He defended them with extreme eagerness, whether they were popular or unpopular. He combined the fiery patriotism of his race with a genuine love of self-government and freedom; and although no man was more sincerely attached to the constitutional monarchy, then existing in France, he was constantly haunted by the thought of its insecurity. In the latter years of the King's reign, he had attained the object of his ambition, and was sent to the Chamber of Deputies by the ancient city of Reims. He took his seat by the side of his friends in Opposition, M. Barrot and M. Thiers. But however fiercely he may have been opposed to the existing Administration, he foresaw the danger of carrying the warfare of the liberal party to the extreme lengths of agitation, and he was not surprised at the catastrophe which ensued. The following letter to an English friend was written twelve days after the Revolution of February, 1848. It is a page of history:—

'It has been my fate for several years, but especially in the last eight months, to foresee what was going to happen, but to be listened to by no one when I announced it. Ever since the month of August, alarmed by the violence which the reform movement was assuming, against our will, by the faults of our adversaries and of our friends,

I determined to mark my own line of political conduct. At the banquet at Reims, which was given to me, and made a great sensation, I insisted on the King's health being drunk. My friends did not all follow my example, in spite of my urgent entreaties. That, therefore, was the last banquet in which my name figured.

'At the opening of the Session, the blindness of the King and the insane violence of the Ministry gave a more serious character to the struggle. Debate degenerated into civil war. I was not of a standing in the Chamber to alter its tone; I therefore stood aloof. I had not desired, and I should have been glad to prevent, that banquet of the XII. Arrondissement which the irritating language of the tribune had rendered inevitable. I therefore gave, though reluctantly, my assent to this meeting, knowing that we were about to force the King's hands by a popular demonstration. It might still have ended peacefully if Barrot and Duvergier had not allowed Marrast to draw up a programme which smelt of the Republic a mile off, and if the Government had not betrayed its weakness in attempting to display its strength. The impeachment of Ministers, a premature step, was signed in the hope of preventing the outbreak which occurred two days afterwards. The infatuation of the dynasty did the rest. If M. Guizot and Louis Philippe were not expiating their mistakes in foreign exile, I would tell you what I think of the men who have lost France.

'On the Thursday, which was the last day of the monarchy in France, I went early to see Barrot, who was tossed about for a couple of hours, first by the King, and afterwards by the people. I urged him, as he had the power, to do something with it; but seeing my advice was useless, I went to the Chamber. You know how the mob turned us out. I was one of the last. The mob, instead of pointing their guns at us, had better have shot us; that would at least have ennobled our fall.

'You know what frightful disorder prevailed in Paris and around Paris the three first days of the Republic. I was no longer a deputy, so I took my musket, and fell back on the ranks of the National Guard. We expected pillage and incendiarism. A member of the late majority lay hid in my house. I at first thought of endeavouring to rally my colleagues, and raise their courage. But soon afterwards I set to work to give employment to the workmen on the Strasburg Railway. I reflected that anarchy had triumphed in 1793, chiefly by the withdrawal of the upper and middle classes, who had despaired of their cause too soon; that the country was too enlightened, too rich, too strong, too reasonable, not to be saved if it set earnestly to work; and I therefore agreed with my friends to give to this Government, which we neither like nor esteem, an independent support, as far as they can ask or accept it. The Government accepted the offer. I have already drawn up for them a plan for the reorganisation of the police of Paris, and I am engaged in preparing a scheme of discount offices. I am also consulted on the basis of taxation. I feel the responsibility thus cast upon me, and I shudder at the carelessness with which the men who are ruling us support this load.

'But oh, my friend! what a cataclysm! How guilty is the dynasty to have opened an abyss which its own fall is insufficient to fill! We have in prospect a general bankruptcy, war, anarchy, and, what is worse, the hatred of the lower classes against everything that is above them. The Government is well aware that France neither likes nor cares for the Republic, so revolutionary means are to be employed to inflame our enthusiasm. In two words, everybody is ruined, everybody is terrified, and no one is free. The country is making marvellous efforts to restore order; taxes are paid in advance, people flock into the National Guard; the whole Liberal party are coming forward at the elections. But all this may be neutralised by a Government without intelligence or experience, and brutal in its instincts. Cast your eyes sometimes on the perilous struggle we are carrying on here against the uprisen elements!'

After a sharp struggle with the revolutionary party, Reims again sent Léon Faucher as its representative to the Constituent Assembly of 1848. He took an active part in the measures of the conservative party, which restored order to Paris and to France after the frightful carnage of June; but on the important question of the choice of a President, he separated himself from many of his former friends. He respected the uprightness and honour of General Cavaignac, but he was convinced that his strength was not equal to so great a task, and that no one but Louis Napoleon had any chance of uniting the suffrages of the French people. The acquaintance of Faucher with the future President and Emperor had begun in the Assembly on the 17th September. The Prince arrived there, enthusiastically elected by five great constituencies, but apparently without a supporter to encourage him in the House. A murmur of curiosity followed his entry. Faucher looked up from his desk, and exclaimed, 'Where is he then, this Louis 'Napoleon?' The member next below him made him a bow in answer to the question. It was the Prince himself. Without ever being in the slightest degree a Bonapartist, Faucher conceived that in the then state of France, no other government could maintain itself. He therefore supported Louis Napoleon in the Presidential election, and a few days afterwards he accepted the office of Minister of the Interior, which was at that moment by far the most arduous post in the State. The whole internal administration of France had to be re-organised. The position of the government to be defended in the Assembly, against a formidable and revolutionary Opposition, and the spirit of insurrection to be crushed in the streets of Paris, which was done most effectively on the 29th January by the combined measures of General Changarnier and the new Minister of the Interior.

Our limits forbid us to follow the details of Faucher's career in these eventful years. But though he was personally attached to the President, and served him with zeal in his constitutional position, no man was more opposed than Faucher to the Imperialist tendency which was becoming every day more perceptible, under the mask of Republican institutions. But his conception that the President might be induced to accept the position of a constitutional ruler, by the voluntary and legal prolongation of his term of office, was obviously a delusion. A period of Imperial despotism, sanctioned by an all but unanimous vote of the French nation, was the fatal and inevitable consequence of the February Revolution. In November, 1849, Faucher, who had then some experience of the character of the President, wrote:—

'The President is not meditating a *coup d'état*. He says nothing of that Empire of which all the trumpets of the Elysée are announcing the approach. But the *coup d'état* will come by the force of events.' (Vol. i. p. 260.)

The *coup d'état* came two years later, and Faucher was again Minister of the Interior during the eight months which preceded the catastrophe. His fall on the 22nd October was a sure sign that the President had at length made up his mind to act, and that Faucher was no longer the man to serve him. From that moment the Presidential government was at an end, and the conspiracy of African generals with the mutes of the Palace had begun.

Public services, however great, which are rendered in the midst of confusion, and which serve to relieve people from the consequences of their follies or their fears, are apt to be forgotten; and it is probable that no incident in Léon's Faucher's political life will be remembered so long as that which marked the close of it. Although he was ardently attached to the cause of the Assembly, his name had not been included by the President and M. de Morny in the lists of proscription and arrest of the 2nd of December. They hoped to make another use of him. His former connexion with the Government gave a certain plausibility to the supposition that he might be induced to stand by it now; and whether he stood by it or not, his name was to be pressed into the service of its supporters. Accordingly on the 2nd of December, immediately after the outrage which had consigned almost all his personal and political friends to the prison of Mazas or to exile, a 'Consultative Commission' (as it was termed) was named by the President, in which Faucher's name appeared without his consent. In vain he remonstrated against this new species of

robbery. 'We want your name,' said M. de Morny, 'and we shall keep it.' Every form and mode of publicity was closed. Then it was that Faucher addressed to the President of the Republic the following memorable letter:—

'It is with painful surprise that I see my name figure amongst those of a Consultative Commission which you have just appointed. I did not suppose that I had given you the right to offer me this insult. The services I have rendered you, thinking that I rendered them to the country, might perhaps have authorised me to expect from you a different acknowledgment. My character, at least, deserved more respect.

'You know that in a life already long, I have been alike faithful to the principles of liberty and to the cause of order. I have never taken part, directly or indirectly, in the violation of the laws; and to decline the charge you confer on me, without my assent, I have only to remember that which I received from the people and which I retain.'

Louis Napoleon crumpled the letter in his hands. It struck home. No bolder protest was addressed in that crisis to the Ruler of France; and when the story was known, Faucher was called all over France '*the man of the letter!*'

The blow, though long foreseen, fell with tremendous violence on every liberal and independent politician in France; but on none more than on Faucher himself, who had vainly flattered himself that, by the judicious exercise of ministerial power, he could avert it. On the 31st December, he again writes to an English friend:—

'I write, my dear friend, from the bottom of the abyss. The February Revolution, that parody of the Revolution of 1789, is to have its period of despotism, after having had its period of anarchy. The only thing that is real in all this is the humiliation and intense grief of every man who is sincerely attached to constitutional government. As for the masses, the excesses of liberty have taught them to tolerate the excesses and all the abuses of authority. This dictatorship is already aping the Empire. The President will make his entry to-morrow at Notre Dame under a daïs; he receives at the Tuileries. . . . In the midst of this disaster we have some consolations. The head of society is untouched. Personally, I am at once the man who is hardest struck, and who is most justified, by what has occurred. I was endeavouring to bring about a solution of the difficulty by legal means—and the possibility of such a solution is now more than ever manifest—but the old parties in the Assembly would not understand my policy, and the President would not adopt it. The violent course has prevailed, but the time will come when the more moderate course will be regretted.' (Vol. p. 302.)

Faucher survived the *coup d'état* three years. He con-

tinued in private his financial and economical writings. He gave a ready and generous support to the government, whose origin he abhorred, when it cemented its alliance with England and engaged in the Crimean war, which he cordially approved. And possibly, if he had lived, the course of events, and more especially the adoption by the Emperor of a free-trade policy, might have reconciled him to the form of government which has now subsisted for upwards of sixteen years in France. But the violent exertions he had made in the course of the Revolution, and the severe disappointment which attended its close, gave a shock to his nervous temperament from which he never recovered; and he had scarcely completed his fifty-first year, when an attack of typhoid fever terminated his existence at Marseilles, on his way to Italy.

The record of such a life is necessarily, like the life itself, incomplete; but it is of use, because it is genuine and sincere. By the side of those who fill the broadest page in history, because they have most effectually accomplished the objects of their ambition, by whatsoever means, some space may be reserved for those who have laboured to serve their country with equal energy, but with more conscientiousness, and with less success. Léon Faucher was a man, who, born under less unfavourable circumstances, and with some imperfections of character corrected, would probably have arrived at real greatness; and if he missed it, it was not for want of talent, or of will, or of integrity, for these qualities he possessed in a degree not inferior to any of his contemporaries.

ART. VIII.—*The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, and its Results.* By R. H. MAJOR, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. London: 1868.

THE illustrious subject of this biography, it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, is a conspicuous figure in the history of Europe. Prince Henry the Navigator—we adopt the appellation added to his name by his revering countrymen—was the originator of one of the greatest revolutions that has ever affected the destinies of mankind. Born towards the close of the Middle Ages, and filled with their spirit, he caught a glimpse of the new light then beginning to dawn on the horizon of thought; and he became the herald of the noble discoveries which form the glory of the fifteenth century, and have had such a prodigious effect in creating modern society and civilisation. From a promontory on the verge of Portugal

he beheld with the eye of scientific genius, how the untravelled Atlantic might yield a way, round the mysterious African continent, to the ancient seats of Asiatic commerce; and he devoted a life of patience and toil, crowned fortunately with no inconsiderable success, to opening this unknown path to his countrymen. Year after year, spite of scorn and neglect, he laboured at his self-allotted mission of exploring the western coasts of Africa; and though it was not given him to see the triumph of his conception in the voyage of Da Gama, he prepared the way for that glorious enterprise, anticipated its results with certainty, and laid bare, so to speak, the secrets of the deep for even more magnificent adventures. What this indefatigable and daring projector accomplished in the interests of our race is written on many a page of history. At a remarkable crisis of human affairs, he turned the attention of the civilised world to the ocean as the true link between nations; and he directed to it the immemorial traffic by land between Europe and the Asiatic continent. He first reduced navigation to a science, at least for any practical ends; it was owing to him, in a great measure, that the mariner was enabled to abandon the coast, and turn boldly towards the open sea; he formed the school of the first seamen who braved the terrors of the untried Atlantic; but for him, and the ideas he diffused, Da Gama, Magellan, and even Columbus, might have never traversed the illimitable ocean. Nor should it be forgotten that this eminent man has other claims to general admiration. In the age of Henry V. and of Talbot he was reckoned one of the most heroic of soldiers; he was a pattern of antique chivalry and faith; and in circumstances when unscrupulous ambition might have placed a sceptre within his reach, he approved himself no ordinary statesman and a patriot of unsullied virtue.

We can hardly believe with the author of this work that the name and deeds of this illustrious man are almost wholly unknown in this country. Every record we have happened to read of the discoveries of the fifteenth century alludes to Prince Henry in terms of praise, and such popular historians as Robertson and Helps have each devoted an interesting chapter to his achievements and their far-reaching consequences. Yet it may be allowed that full justice has not hitherto been done to the pioneer of discovery and commerce upon the ocean, that sufficient prominence has not been given to his interesting and imposing figure among those of contemporary or succeeding worthies. Mr. Major has undertaken to supply a deficiency caused in some degree by the imperfect

state of the Portuguese archives, in part by the early decline of that Power and the eclipse of the fame of its greatest men, and in part by the extraordinary renown of the famous discoverers who have overshadowed and lessened Prince Henry's reputation, though in truth they entered upon his labours. Mr. Major, at the enlightened suggestion of Count Lavradio, who has so long filled the office of Portuguese Minister at this Court, with the highest honour and utility, has addressed himself to a task, for which his professional position and previous writings well fitted him; and whatever may be thought of this book as a whole, he has certainly formed an accurate conception of Prince Henry's services to mankind, and he has collected much information on the subject. He is, perhaps, the first English author who has seen all the merits of the celebrated Portuguese; and though his researches into State-paper offices, and among ancient chronicles and records, have not been so fruitful as he imagines, they have not been barren of new matter, while, at the same time, he has digested carefully the results of the work of other biographers. On some points he has added considerably to the existing stock of knowledge on the subject; on others he has displayed skill in elucidating truth by acute criticism. For instance, he has laid down more accurately than any other writer, the limits of mediæval discovery on the ocean before Prince Henry attempted the task; he has illustrated his book with curious maps which throw a striking light on ancient geography, and on the early discoveries of the Portuguese; and his examination of some of the old voyages to which credit has been hitherto given, deserves attention. This volume, in short, is an excellent compilation of interesting and carefully considered facts, accompanied by a judicious commentary on them. Unfortunately, however, the literary skill of the author does not correspond with his learning, industry, and good sense. Mr. Major is wholly without the faculty of brilliant narrative and even of arrangement; and his book, we are reluctantly compelled to say, is a failure as a piece of composition. What should be a tale of surpassing interest becomes in his hands a dull mass of details, put together confusedly, difficult to follow, and uninformed by a ray of imagination.

Prince Henry the Navigator, fifth son of John I. of Portugal, by his Queen Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' was born in 1394. Though of Royal descent, and of the mingled blood of Plantagenet, Valois, and the House of Hainault, his youth fortunately escaped the influences that too often injure those born in the purple.

His father, the illegitimate son of Pedro I., surnamed the Cruel, won his way to the throne by ability and valour; and his children, as they grew up, saw in him a pattern of a vigorous and good ruler, maintained in his state by the loyalty of his subjects. The Portuguese monarchy, which had taken life and shape when the decisive battle of Ourique had freed the land from the Moslem hordes, was torn by intestine divisions, and weakened by wars with the Kings of Castile, until John I. consolidated its provinces, and secured for it a glorious peace by the great victory of Aljubarotta, still the brightest day in the national annals. This triumph, and the vote of the Cortes, placed the crown on the head of the conquering soldier; and his reign, fortunate at home and abroad, is commemorated in the history of Portugal as its most prosperous and brilliant period. Prince Henry, like all the sons of the King, was brought up with assiduous care, the Queen, who seems to have been not unworthy of her noble ancestress, Philippa of Hainault, having minutely superintended his education; and he was trained in the various accomplishments of the soldier and scholar of the Middle Ages. He became well versed in martial exercises, and in the theory of war as it was then understood; and his mind was enlarged by visits to the Courts of Henry IV. and the Duke of Burgundy, where the already brilliant results of the trade between England and the Low Countries may possibly have attracted his attention. But from earliest youth his thoughts were turned to the art in which he was to gain an illustrious name for himself and his country; the chart, the compass, and the nautical instruments of the age were constantly in his hands; and he applied himself with precocious industry to mathematics and the science of navigation. In these studies he received the aid of several of the most eminent men of the day, Arabian astronomers and Venetian seamen, and before twenty he had amassed a vast store of information on these subjects. An accident, perhaps, directed his mind to the peculiar line of experiment and inquiry that was to lead to his future discoveries. When quite young, his brother Don Pedro had travelled to the Republic of Venice; had been well received by the haughty signoria; and had obtained a copy of the extraordinary travels of Marco Polo, till then concealed, and a map of the globe on which the geographer had indicated faintly a possible limit to the African continent in the Southern Ocean. These documents, pregnant with matter of thought to an inquiring intellect of that day, may have suggested to Prince Henry the ideas that inspired him in his subsequent efforts.

It was not, however, by these pursuits that the royal student was first to attract the notice of the civilised world. By the commencement of the fifteenth century the vehement tide of Mohammedan invasion which had once rolled over the Guadarramas, and had penetrated to the stream of the Douro, was beaten behind the Sierra Morena, and the power of the infidels had rapidly declined with the growth of the Peninsular monarchies. Though they still held the rock of Gibraltar, as well as the mosques and palaces of Granada, their departure was felt to be at hand; and the Peninsular nations had already begun to assail them along the coasts of Africa. In 1415 John I. fitted out an expedition to besiege the Moorish city of Ceuta, which, placed on the inner verge of the straits, was at that time a considerable emporium for the trade between the East and Western Europe. This expedition, which was on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown in Portugal, was undertaken in order to gain distinction for the sons of the King, and had been planned by the Queen, 'who 'like an Englishwoman,' in the chronicler's words, 'was a 'noble lady and a good hater of Jews and Moriscoes.' She just lived to see the preparations completed in the harbours of Portugal; and, having summoned her sons to her bedside, she enjoined them 'to win like knights their spurs,' and gave them 'new swords to fight the Moslem.' The armada, composed of more than two hundred vessels, among which, as we learn from Walsingham, 'twenty-seven English were very 'notable,' and with fifty thousand combatants on board, had Prince Henry for its principal commander; and after a passage in which his seamanship and coolness stood him in good stead, it cast anchor in the straits of Ceuta. Delays and disappointments intervened to render success for a time uncertain; until, probably at Prince Henry's suggestion, the Portuguese fleet, having formed two squadrons, enabled the assailants to effect a landing on both sides of the narrow isthmus on which the town and fortress were built. Prince Henry led one of the attacking detachments; and fell on the enemy with such skill and force, that though the contest for a time was doubtful, and he was even reported as dead, he made good his way into the heart of the city. Meanwhile the rest of the Portuguese army had entered the place from the other shore; and after a bloody struggle in which we are told 'the English sent many 'to hell,' the citadel was abandoned to the conquerors. This exploit, being the first decided triumph gained over the Moors on their own soil, resounded far and wide over Christendom, and the chief glory of it, by common consent, was attributed to

the young sailor-Prince who had been the genius of the expedition. A few years afterwards we are informed that the 'Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of Castile and England' wished to give Prince Henry a command in their armies; and he must have been no ordinary soldier who was thought not unworthy to ride at the head of the troops of the hero of Agincourt.

Prince Henry, however, was not to be turned by the pursuits of war from his proper vocation. The expedition to Ceuta gave him the means of increasing his knowledge of Africa, and probably confirmed his purpose to explore the coasts of that unknown continent. The Moorish prisoners spread the report, till then hardly believed in Europe, of vast regions in the distant West abounding in ivory, gold, and slaves, which fed the commerce of the Mediterranean, and of the fertile countries and mighty rivers which invited adventure and discovery. The Prince, already perfectly informed with all that mediæval geography and science had collected upon this curious subject, had satisfied himself that a way by sea to India could be opened by sailing round Africa; and he applied himself with characteristic energy to finding out the unknown passage. The difficulties in his path might have appalled a less earnest and resolute spirit. Up to this time the African coast had not been explored beyond Cape Non; Cape Boyador, it is almost certain, was the extreme limit of known discovery; and this dangerous point, with its sands and reefs, and cross currents felt leagues at sea, seemed to forbid the mariner to proceed southwards. The rude and feeble vessels of the age, with their scanty tonnage, their low waists, their clumsy rigging, and their awkward sterns, were ill-fitted to brave a tempestuous ocean or even to attempt a long voyage; and though the compass had been invented, few navigators had dared to leave land at a distance, and to plough boldly the broad waste of waters. The appliances by which the modern seaman ascertains unerringly his position were unknown or imperfect as yet; observations were taken only by the stars; no means existed to fix the longitude; no exact charts mapped out the deep; no welcome lights held out their signals to beacon the port or the hidden peril. Under these conditions were European sails to set out on the wild Atlantic—that vast untravelled mystery of creation, which was still mentioned with awe as the sea of darkness, and considered by thousands as the boundary of the world, though faint glimpses of light of late years had been cast on its hidden secrets, and lands had been found concealed in its bosom? And was the course of discovery

to proceed along Africa—that immense region which ancient geography had never mastered, which was known to contain vast torrid deserts unapproachable by the feet of men, and which probably ended in a burning zone of uninhabitable sands and parching solitudes? How could India be reached across obstacles made insurmountable by nature herself?

Neither these difficulties, nor the popular notions that invested them with visionary terror, were sufficient to daunt the illustrious Portuguese. More and more convinced, as he extended his studies, that the circumnavigation of Africa was possible, and was the most easy way to the East, he made preparations to carry out his object. He left the Court and Palace at Cintra, and betook himself to a lonely promontory on the extreme south-western verge of Portugal named Sagres, from an ancient tradition that it had been an abode of the gods of the Iberians. The place was suited to the enthusiastic thinker who had chosen it as the scene of his labours. A barren isthmus of sand and rock, almost cut off from the main land, looked out everywhere upon the Atlantic, and seemed as it were placed there to send out the explorer from its dreary bounds to the broad ocean. Prince Henry made his abode in this spot and surrounded himself with a learned following of scientific and able fellow-workers to aid him in his arduous project. An observatory was built; geographers were encouraged to make reports on the probable configuration of Africa; charts and maps were examined or designed; the best pilots of Genoa and Venice were consulted upon the navigation of the ocean; ship-building was studied, and efforts were made to fit out ships for distant voyages. By 1418 the Prince had despatched two vessels to explore the coast beyond Cape Boyador and to discover the regions that lay beyond; and for years afterwards an annual expedition was sent out with the same object. But his efforts were for a long time fruitless; the waves and rocks of the dreaded Cape drove back mariners as yet too timid to venture into the open sea; and season after season the returning sails brought back a tale of the hopelessness of the attempt, and of the many dangers of the tempestuous ocean. The wisest and greatest men of Portugal denounced Prince Henry as a wild dreamer, and uttered the usual doleful prophecies that too often have marred the prospects of genius. He would ruin the kingdom and drain it of men; he was bent on a wicked and useless enterprise; Cape Boyador was evidently marked out by Providence as the limit of navigation; whoever ventured to go beyond it would be shipwrecked, or certainly perish miserably through intolerable heat or over-

whelming storms. But confident, self-contained, and patient, the royal projector toiled on; and at last a vista of hope was to open through what seemed an impenetrable maze of darkness.

At this point Mr. Major, we think, would have done well if he had described the state of the commerce of the age and navigation amongst the European nations, for such an account would have set the labours of Prince Henry in their true light. At the commencement of the fifteenth century the Venetian Republic was the carrier of the world; its galleys commanded the Mediterranean; its pilots and sailors were unrivalled in skill; it possessed almost a monopoly of the traffic between the East and the people of Europe. In the north there was a considerable intercourse between England, the Low Countries, and the Hanse Towns; and British merchantmen made their way regularly to the coasts of France, and even as far as Iceland. But the open seas were almost unvisited; the mariner shunned the Atlantic main; and the trade which from the first dawn of history had flourished between the West and Asia went on steadily in its ancient channels, up the Red Sea, or through Persia and Syria. This state of things shows how grand was the conception of the Portuguese Prince, and how immense was the revolution he contemplated and resolved to accomplish. Mr. Major, however, in order to prove the merits of the Prince as an explorer has investigated with praiseworthy diligence from ancient documents, maps, and books, the extent of knowledge possessed at this time respecting Africa and the adjacent ocean, and has reviewed the claims put forward to prior discovery in this region. This is by far the best part of his work; it contains a great deal of new matter and of ingenious and exact criticism, and it will be exceedingly useful to a future historian of the period.

As regards the groups of the Atlantic islands to the west and south-west of Spain and Portugal, it is probable that the vague traditions of the ancients were never wholly forgotten; and, with the exception of those off Cape de Verde, they seem to have been partly discovered before the generation of Prince Henry; these discoveries, however, having been made in a great measure by accident alone, and having recently fallen out of memory. Thus the Azores are laid down with distinctness in a map of 1351, now in the Laurentian Library at Florence; though no record exists of a European sail having at this period approached their shores, and though they seem to have been unexplored until long afterwards in the following century. A

legend exists that as far back as the days when the Moslem were supreme in the Peninsula, eight exiles landed in the woods of Madeira and even returned to the continent safely; and it may be inferred from another map at Florence that the adjoining islets of Porto Santo and the Desertas were touched by a Genoese expedition about the middle of the fourteenth century. Here again, however, the slight thread of discovery appears to have been broken, and for years afterwards the entire group remained unknown in the wastes of the ocean. As regards the Canaries—the Fortunate Islands of classic lore and even of the Roman Empire—they were never completely lost sight of even in the darkness of the Middle Ages; as early as 1405 they were colonised by a Norman adventurer —Jean de Bethencourt of Grainville near Dieppe; and Mr. Major has shown that they were visited sixty years previously by Genoese vessels in the service, probably, of the King of Portugal. The account of this voyage, it is said, was written by the poet Boccacio; it is very curious and abounds in interest. We quote the following passage, for if at all accurate it disproves the tradition of the extraordinary barbarism of the aborigines of the Canaries related afterwards by the Spaniards:—

'On the northern coasts of the island (the Great Canary), which were much better cultivated than the southern, there were a great number of little houses, fig trees and other trees, palm trees which bore no fruit, and gardens with cabbages and other vegetables. Here twenty-five of the sailors landed, and found nearly thirty men quite naked, who took to flight when they saw their arms. The buildings were made with much skill of square stones, covered with large and handsome pieces of wood. Finding several of them closed, the sailors broke open the doors with stones, which enraged the fugitives, who filled the air with their cries. The houses were found to contain nothing beyond some excellent dried figs preserved in palm baskets, like those made at Cesena; corn of a much finer quality than the Italian, not only in the length and thickness of its grain, but in its extreme whiteness; barley and other grains. The houses were all very handsome, and covered with very fine wood, and as clean inside as if they had been whitewashed.'

This was the aspect of the group to those early navigators in the true spirit of marvellous exaggeration:—

'On leaving the island, they saw several others at the distance of five, ten, twenty, or forty miles, and made for a third, in which they remarked nothing but an immense number of beautiful trees shooting straight up to the skies (most probably Ferro, remarkable for its magnificent pines). Thence to another, which abounded in streams of excellent water and wood (Gomera). At length they discovered another island, the rocky mountains of which were of immense height and almost always covered with clouds, but what

they could see during the clear weather seemed very agreeable, and it appeared to be inhabited (Palma). A phenomenon which they witnessed on one of them (Teneriffe) deterred them from landing. On the summit of a mountain which they reckoned to be more than *thirty thousand feet* high they observed what, from its whiteness, looked like a fortress. It was, however, nothing but a sharp point of rock, on the top of which was a mast as large as a ship's mast, with a yard and a latteen sail set upon it. The sail, when blown out by the wind, took the form of a shield, and soon afterwards it would seem to be lowered, together with the mast, as if on board a vessel; then again it was raised, and again would sink.'

As regards the continent beyond which Prince Henry proposed to attain the East, the amount of positive knowledge on the subject was of a vague and uncertain character. Men of science, arguing from geographical analogies and from the authority of Aristotle and Herodotus, believed that Africa was circumnavigable, and traditions survived of the ancient voyages of the Phœnicians and the Carthaginian Hanno. In a remarkable map of 1351, preserved in the Laurentian Library—a facsimile of it will be found in this work—the coast-lines of Africa are laid down with some accuracy as far east and west as Nubia and Cape Non; the course of the Nile and the Senegal is indicated, though the two rivers are represented as forming one; and a distinct limit is not only assigned to the continent to the south, but its great bend eastward by Guinea and Benin is delineated with sufficient correctness. As this map, however, is a mere outline as respects everything below the region included between the Nile and the Senegal, Mr. Major contends, and we agree with him, that in its sketch of the west of Africa it simply expresses a learned conjecture based on theory and historical traditions, and that it in no wise sets forth the results of actual or contemporary discovery. The farthest bounds of positive discovery on the western coast, as we have already said, at least within the memory of man, were at Cape Boyador; and eastwards, perhaps, the trade with India by sea, or overland through Egypt, had made Europeans imperfectly acquainted with the coasts north of the mouths of the Zambesi. It is true, indeed, that claims have been urged on behalf of certain Moors and Genoese, of having even before the fourteenth century rounded Cape Boyador, and run as far as Cape Blanco in a southerly direction; but Mr. Major has shown that these pretensions are groundless or slender. The knowledge of the interior of Africa at this period was hardly more than it had been in the days of Herodotus. Vague reports were heard by the Europeans, who traded with the Moors on the Mediterranean, of fertile and wealthy regions in the south-west; but

to the mass of the world, all that lay beyond the seaboard, Egypt, and the Great Desert, was a dim, awful, and mysterious blank, peopled with savage beasts and hideous monsters, and terminating in a burning wilderness. On the whole, when Prince Henry commenced his labours, it may be affirmed that even the configuration of Africa was not really known, and that the route he chose was wholly unexplored except for the first few hundred miles, though hints of the truth were not wanting to diligent and scientific inquirers.

It has been urged, however, against this conclusion, worked out ably by Mr. Major, that, years before the birth of Prince Henry, the western coasts of Africa had been visited as far as Guinea by French adventurers, and that some colonies were founded by them, especially one upon the site of the great Portuguese station of Mina. This claim rests on documents and statements that appear to deserve attention and criticism. The tale seems to have been heard for the first time in 1669, its author having been a M. de Bellefond, a trader to Guinea, who addressed a memorial to Colbert upon the subject. We quote from an authoritative summary of M. Estancelin, published in 1832:—

'France, so long and so cruelly the victim of the folly of her masters, began to breathe again under Charles V. This monarch knew how to appreciate the advantages of commerce, and saw the interest of encouraging that of a province which had formed his own appanage. The Dieppese took advantage of these favourable inclinations. In the month of November, 1364, they fitted out two vessels of a hundred tons each, which set sail for the Canaries. About Christmas they reached Cape Verde, and anchored before Rio Fresco, in the bay that still, in 1669, bore the name of the Baie de France. Passing the coast of Sierra Leone, they stopped at a place named afterwards by the Portuguese Rio Sestos. Struck with the resemblance which the place bore to their native city, they named it Petit Dieppe. Their trade with the natives procured them, for objects of little value, gold, ivory, and pepper, from which, on their return in 1365, they gained immense profit. Encouraged by this first success, in September in the same year the merchants of Rouen joined those of Dieppe, and the Company fitted out four ships, of which two were to trade from Cape Verde to Petit Dieppe, and the other two were to go farther to explore the coast. One of the ships, destined to pass on farther, stopped at the Grand Sestre, on the coast of Malaguette; for, finding a great quantity of pepper in this place, it took in a cargo. The other ship traded at the Côte des Dents, and went as far as the Gold Coast. It returned with a large quantity of ivory and a little gold. . . . These expeditions were all made during the reign of Charles V. Factories, which they then called loges, were established to facilitate their intercourse with

the natives. . . . The abundance of spices which the Normans brought back in their annual voyages produced a diminution of their value. This branch of commerce no longer offering such great profits, the Company sent out, in 1380, a ship of a hundred and fifty tons, called the "Notre Dame de Bon Voyage," which sailed from Rouen in the month of September to trade at the Gold Coast, and, if possible, to form a settlement there. This expedition was very successful; the "Notre Dame" returned to Dieppe, seven months after, heavily laden. "Thus commenced," says Bellefond, "the prosperity of the commerce of Rouen. The year following (1382) three vessels, 'La Vierge,' 'Le Saint Nicholas,' and 'L'Espérance,' set sail on the 28th of September. 'La Vierge' stopped at the first place which had been discovered on the Gold Coast, which had been named La Mine, because of the quantity of gold found there. 'Le Saint Nicholas' traded at Cape Corse and at Moure, below La Mine; and 'L'Espérance' went as far as Akara, having traded at Fantin, Sabou, and Carmentin. . . . Three vessels, two large and one small, were sent out in 1383. The small one was to go to Akara to discover the southern coasts; the two large ones were ballasted with building materials, which were employed in constructing a station at La Mine. . . . The colony soon afterwards became of sufficient importance to build them a church, which," says Bellefond, "the Dutch now make use of, and in which may still be seen the arms of France." The development of this prosperity was checked by the frightful calamities which burst upon France shortly after the accession of Charles VI. The decay of commerce followed that of the State, and when its sovereign had lost his reason, France, delivered over to party contentions, became the prey of England. At this unhappy period the African trade began to decrease from year to year, and finally disappeared. The station of La Mine was abandoned before 1410.'

In support of this extraordinary claim French writers have been able to adduce only two pieces of corroborative evidence. A M. Braun, a native of Basle, who went to Guinea in 1617, has recorded that he had met on the Gold Coast natives more than one hundred and thirty years old, who informed him that La Mina had been built many years previously by French merchants. And a Dutch writer, Dampier, whose book is well known, has stated that when, in the decline of their fame, La Mina was captured from the Portuguese, his countrymen found there a ruined battery, still bearing the name of Batterie Française, and marked thus 13—; the rest of the inscription being effaced, from which he infers that it had been constructed at some time in the fourteenth century.

We have no space to examine at length the arguments by which, we think satisfactorily, Mr. Major disposes of these pretensions. In the first place, he convicts M. Bellefond of several errors and mistatements; and he contends justly that

little credit can be attached to a tale of the seventeenth century which contradicts the entire tenor of tradition and history on the subject. As regards the assertions of M. Braun, they obviously are exceedingly strange, and if fairly criticised they amount only to this—that many years before 1617 the French had occupied part of the Gold Coast—a fact that does not admit of dispute, but that does not prove that La Mina was built by Frenchmen in the fourteenth century. It is not possible to draw any inference from the alleged figures on the ruined battery, not to mention that Dampier is an incorrect writer; and besides this evidence, such as it is, is rebutted by considerations and proofs that leave but little doubt on the question. Every contemporary document assigns to the Portuguese the glory of having discovered the Gold Coast of Africa, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and does not refer to these French adventurers. The archives of Dieppe and Rouen do not once allude to a series of enterprises that, if they ever really occurred, would inevitably have been put upon record and treasured as the proudest of memories; and no trace of the colonies, supposed to have been founded by these early explorers, appears in the beautiful Dieppese maps which commence in the sixteenth century, while, as we should have expected, their names are seen in the Dieppese maps of 1626–1631, when the French had become well acquainted with Africa. Besides, if these discoveries had been made, they could hardly have been unknown in 1405-10 to Jean de Bethencourt and his Norman followers—his estate being in the neighbourhood of Dieppe—and yet the chroniclers of his expedition, the chaplains who accompanied him to the Canaries, are completely silent upon the matter. Mr. Major further refers to a curious diary of a Dieppese captain, written in 1539, as affording evidence that up to that time, a century and a half after the alleged exploits, no claims of the kind had been preferred by the inhabitants of Dieppe or of any other part of France.

It is fair, nevertheless, to add that while this work was going through the press, these pretensions have been reasserted with emphasis in a volume lately published in Paris, which relies upon a set of documents said to have been found in the British Museum. Mr. Major, however, has satisfied us that these papers reached their compiler's hands from a questionable source, and that, in any case, they deserve little credit. We transcribe, however, the curious narrative, in the hope that the truth may be elucidated:—

'In the month of September 1364 of the Incarnation of our

Lord, those of Dieppe and Rouen equipped two ships, and had for admiral or captain, Monsieur Jehan le Rouenois, a man of great renown in the land of Normandy, and sailed a long time on the sea till Christmas, to a place called Ovideg, where those of Normandy had never been as yet, and anchored to advance their affairs at a very hot place which is called now-a-days Cape Bugiador which belongs to the kingdom of Guinea. The Gilofs (as the people of these parts are called, who are quite black in their faces and skins, and quite naked, except where covering is necessary) had never seen any white men, so that those who saw the ships were frightened, and all turned back together to the sea, with a great number of their companions, to see these Normans, but did not dare to get into their ships till they were assured that the Normans did not wish to hurt or grieve them. The good sailors who were all generous, gave them a profusion of little toys and presents, and made them drink good red wine, so that they rejoiced and emboldened them much. Then the blacks in their turn gave them ivory, skins of wild beasts, and other things of their country very strange to see. . . . Then Monsieur Jehan asked permission of the people of these parts to take lands and build several houses wherein to put his merchandise and men in safety. Which the chiefs willingly granted him, and helped them to build their houses, and then those of the ships drew up their vessels on the coast. The chiefs of these parts much desired the alliance of Monsieur Jehan, and from this time began the commerce between the sailors of Normandy and the black men. . . . In the year 1379, Captain Jehan le Rouenois equipped at his own cost a very large and beautiful ship, which he called "Notre Dame de "bon Voyage," because it was richly carved in wood and beautifully painted. But he launched it early in September, for he knew, as has been said, that the tempestuous rains which poured down on these foreign coasts, three months before, were very furious, and that there had died of the pestilence and illness a great number of men in their houses, as the water and the air at this season have a bad smell and burn with continual thunder. Then died there (may God rest their souls) Legier, brother to the captain, Gervois, Sebille, Haibiers, Torcol, Tiebau, Doumare, Odon, Cambers, all valiant sailors of Normandy, without finding a single physician in the country. But the good sire, Jehan the captain, returned after Easter in his ship, with the fleet that remained to him, and a great quantity of gold which the black men had given him. The King, who was at Dieppe, sent the Count of Ponticux to Monsieur Jehan and his companions, and desired him to tell them that he wished to see them immediately. . . . And the King prayed Monsieur Jehan, the captain, to relate to him the news, and the marvels of the country whence he came. When the King heard of his great prowess he gave him gifts and bestowed on him a fine estate in land. He also made him admiral of his navy. . . . Then after Monsieur Jehan and his companions were well feasted they turned towards Rouen; and Monsieur Jehan, the bold sailor, rode with his shield at his side, on a palfrey richly harnessed and adorned, and the rest followed

as they could. . . . Then at Rouen with the Archbishop, came to meet Monsieur Jehan and his companions, a grand cavalcade of lords and much high folks, and many peasants on foot, serjeants, and burghers of Dieppe, Caen, Cherbourg, and all the cities of Normandy who had come to see the gentle captain and his bold companions. . . . The following year Monsieur Jehan remained with the King's agency, but sent beyond sea his ship "Notre Dame" as before; those of Dieppe and Rouen their ships "St. Nicholas" and "L'Espérance." "Notre Dame" anchored in the place which they called La Mine, because of the quantity of gold which was found round about. Here is that chapel of the Blessed Mother of God which Monsieur Jehan founded, as we have said, with a little strong castle and a fortalice and a square house which he had made on a hill, which was called the land of the Prunans, in remembrance of them and of their admiral, as also Petit Dieppe, Petit Rouen, Petit Germentrueville, and Petit Paris, because they had come from Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. Then they built also forts and castles at the places called Carmentin and Acra. In the year 1410, many of the Norman sailors went away, and the merchants lost their wealth which was devoured by the wars which then were, and in eleven years only two ships went to the Gold Coast and one to the Great Siest; and a little while afterwards, as the wars raged at sea as well as inland, the mercantile affairs were disturbed and destroyed.'

On a general review of the evidence therefore, we may say, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that when Prince Henry formed his design, the western coasts of the African continent had not been discovered south of Cape Boyador, which had long been considered an impassable barrier; and that, although the adjoining group of islands may have been imperfectly known, but little, save in theory and speculation, had been accomplished to remove the veil that hung over the mysterious Atlantic. For years, as we have already said, the expeditions sent out by the Prince were baffled by the formidable Cape; but his navigators, though almost by chance, were more successful in another direction. In 1418, 'two 'squires in his household, Zarco and Vaz,' having been driven out of their course by a storm, struck the desert islet of Porto Santo; and soon afterwards Portuguese sails were seen in the beautiful roads of Funchal, and gleamed through the then dense woods of Madeira. This was not, as we have seen before, in all probability, a discovery made for the first time in the strict sense; and Mr. Major shows that the old tale of the English lovers flying from Bristol to take refuge in France, who reached the shores of Madeira and there died, is not only in substance true, but that Zarco and Vaz were indebted to a person accidentally acquainted with it, for information and guidance in their voyage. This expedition,

nevertheless, was an event of a remarkable kind, for it turned the attention of the learned steadily to the possible results of exploring the Atlantic; and it formed the beginning of the far-spreading empire founded by Portugal beyond Europe. Prince Henry took possession of the islands with the usual solemnities on behalf of the Crown; and favourable reports having come to him of their natural fertility, their ports and streams, and their excellent position as a station in the ocean, he resolved, with true genius and forethought, to plant in them a Portuguese colony. Madeira was divided into captaincies, Zarco and Vaz being the first chief governors; allotments of land were given to adventurers; the Prince endeavoured to promote agriculture and to encourage trade with the mother country; and to him was due the introduction of the grape whose celebrated produce for centuries formed the great staple and wealth of the island. One of the first colonists was Bartholomew Perestello, father-in-law of the illustrious Columbus, who himself inhabited Porto Santo for a time, and, on the shores of that speck in the ocean, found fragments of the Gulf-stream drift, that indicated to his sagacious mind the existence of a far Western Continent, this being one of the many links that associate with Prince Henry's labours the exploit of the discovery of America. The infant settlement throve rapidly and soon became well-peopled and flourishing. One of the most graphic of the old chroniclers who wrote in 1455 declared that Madeira at that time could muster eight hundred armed men; and he has described minutely its churches and convents, its garden-like fields and fragrant woods, its rich stores of sugar-cane and wine, and its busy trade with Oporto and Lisbon.

The settlement of Madeira, however, did not immediately promote the object to which Prince Henry had devoted his life. For a long time the yearly caravels were despatched on their appointed mission, and, as we have seen, came back in vain, with gloomy tales of the terrors of the Cape. As late as 1433 one of the most experienced of the Prince's navigators put back after reaching the Canaries, a storm and the angry Atlantic waves having prevented him from proceeding on an errand considered by most men fruitless or impious. His master, however, rebuked his cowardice; bade him 'trust the needle 'and sailing chart,' and, disregarding the 'Flemish sailors, ac-'customed only to the narrow seas, to stand out boldly and 'derive great honour.' This command prevailed, and in 1434, Gil Eannes—his name deserves to be mentioned—beheld far at sea from his masthead the dim line of surge on the distant

Cape; and keeping away from its angry currents, ran down along an unknown shore that trended league after league southerly. The obstacle of years was overcome; and the Portuguese having put to land found patches of roses of a kind sacred to the Blessed Virgin at home, a sure sign of their Lady's favour, and a fair omen for a future enterprise. Gil Eannes and his crew were splendidly rewarded; and Prince Henry, 'giving glory to God,' redoubled his efforts to improve the great discovery that had been accomplished. In 1436 an expedition, with Gil Eannes on board, was entrusted to a nobleman of his household with orders to double Cape Boyador, and to explore the new-found region beyond it. The chronicles of this voyage are extremely meagre, and the imagination must picture to itself how the amazed adventurers saw point after point open on their gaze as they sailed onward, with land ever on the distant horizon, and how, contrary to their fears and traditions, the shores became more green and fruitful, as, in their progress, they left behind the arid verge of the Great Desert. This expedition attained a spot four hundred miles south of Cape Boyador; and it became apparent that the mysterious continent extended far in the same direction.

The course of discovery thus opened, it might have been thought, would have run smoothly; yet it was to be interrupted by events that brought out the high qualities of Prince Henry in another sphere. In 1433 John I. died after a long reign that had founded the prosperity of his subjects, and his crown devolved on his son Edward, so named from his Plantagenet descent. Some disorders having broken out among the nobles, the King was urged to bring them to an end, and to arouse popular enthusiasm in his favour, by directing a crusade against the Moors, and Tangier was indicated as the object of attack. An expedition blessed by the Pope was placed under the command of Prince Henry—he had been one of its chief promoters—and, in September 1437, a Portuguese army was disembarked near the Moorish fortress which, commanding the straits at their outer verge, was already a stronghold of much importance. The issue was unfortunately different from the great triumph achieved at Ceuta. Prince Henry's forces were too small for his task; his materials for a siege were inadequate; and after an unsuccessful assault in which he displayed his wonted courage, the Portuguese found themselves surrounded by an immense host of infidel foes poured in to the relief of the city by the neighbouring chiefs of Fez and Morocco. Their situation appeared desperate, for retreat to their ships was cut off, and, like the Athenians before Syra-

cuse, they were hemmed in in a narrow camp from which escape was almost impossible. Their leader, however, was not a Nicias; and the infuriated assailants were repeatedly driven back discomfited by the handful of men whom he animated by his noble example. At last a capitulation enabled the Portuguese to return home; but Don Fernando, one of the King's brothers, was retained by the victors as a hostage, and they even stipulated for the surrender of the great prize of the last war, Ceuta. If in this affair Prince Henry is liable in some degree to the charge of rashness, he proved himself an undaunted soldier; and soon afterwards he won golden opinions as a patriotic and able statesman. Don Fernando having died in a captivity made horrible by his barbarian jailers, the King followed him ere long to the grave, leaving the throne to an infant as his successor. The country was distracted by factions, and revolution appeared imminent, the widowed Queen having declared her intention of governing in the name of her son in opposition to the will of the Cortes, and of disregarding the Regency they had favoured. Prince Henry fortunately put an end to a quarrel that threatened disastrous consequences. Insisting with all the weight of his authority on the paramount rights of the National Estates, he effected a compromise by which the Queen remained the guardian of the young King, and the Regency devolved, as the Cortes had decreed, on Don Pedro, one of the late King's brothers. In this crisis the princely arbiter might, perhaps, have acquired a crown for himself; but he preferred the path of duty, and his country gratefully acknowledged his services.

After the settlement of the affairs of Portugal, Prince Henry returned to his self-imposed task. For a time fortune appeared unpropitious, and his navigation made but little progress. It is unnecessary to dwell on the records of voyages in which only a few leagues are discovered, to describe how Cape Blanco was doubled, to revive the forgotten names of explorers whose memories have faded into oblivion. About 1442 one of the Prince's captains succeeded in taking a chief of the Anazegue tribe, the southernmost of the Moorish races, which, spreading down to the Senegal, reaches at that river the Land of the Negroes. This event made the Portuguese acquainted with the traffic which from remote ages had been carried on through the Great Desert overland between Guinea and the Mediterranean, and afforded a prospect of intercepting it by the easier route that had been just discovered. By this time Prince Henry had obtained, after the pious fashion of the Middle Ages, a grant from the Pope to the Crown of Portugal of all

lands south of Cape Boyador, and his brother Don Pedro had accorded him the monopoly of the trade with those regions. In 1444 a fleet of six caravels was despatched to explore more fully the Anazegue coast. This expedition—which, if we are to believe the old chronicler, had for its main object the conversion to Christianity of the natives—proved the forerunner of the slave-trade by sea, the reproach of Europe during four centuries. Yet documents show that Prince Henry endeavoured to arrest or mitigate this commerce, until its increase had made it the condition of success of exploring Africa farther, and we may believe that he really wished to win over souls to a better religion. The following sketch of a scene witnessed on the return of the Portuguese betrays a sympathy with the captives a later historian would not have shown:—

'On the 8th of August, 1444, early in the morning, on account of the heat, the sailors landed the captives. When they were all mustered in the field outside the town they presented a remarkable spectacle. Some among them were tolerably light in colour, handsome and well proportioned; some slightly darker; others a degree lighter than mulattoes, while several were as black as moles, and so hideous both in face and form as to suggest the idea that they were come from the lower regions. But what heart so hard as not to be touched with compassion at the sight of them! Some with downcast heads and faces bathed in tears as they looked at each other; others moaning sorrowfully and fixing their eyes on heaven, uttered plaintive cries as if appealing for help to the Father of Nature. Others struck their faces with their hands and threw themselves flat upon the ground. Others uttered a wailing chant after the fashion of their country, and although their words were unintelligible they spoke plainly enough the excess of their sorrow. But their anguish was at its height when the moment of distribution came, when of necessity children were separated from their parents, wives from their husbands, and brothers from brothers. Each was compelled to go wherever fate might send him. It was impossible to effect this separation without much force. Fathers and sons who had been ranged on opposite sides would rush forward again towards each other with all their might. Mothers would clasp their infants in their arms, and throw themselves on the ground to cover them with their bodies disregarding any injury to their own persons, so that they could prevent their children from being separated from them. The Prince was there on a powerful horse surrounded by his suite, and distributing his favours with the bearing of one who cared but little for amassing booty for himself. In fact, he gave away on the spot the forty-six souls which fell to him as his fifth. It was evident that his principal booty lay in the accomplishment of his work. To him in reality it was an unspeakable satisfaction to contemplate the salvation of these souls which but for him would have been for ever lost. And certainly that thought was not a vain

one, for as soon as these strangers learned our language they readily became Christians.'

How true a description of what followed, not merely as regards the horrors of the slave-trade, but of the abominable doctrine that humanity should be completely set at nought in order to gather proselytes to the Church!

After this time the march of discovery along the coast was considerably quickened. Those who had denounced the projects of Prince Henry were among the first to extol their wisdom, and the prospect of gain allured hundreds to obtain his license to trade with Africa. In 1445 a fleet of not less than twenty-six caravels was engaged in exploring and in the new commerce, and part of them sailed from Madeira, in a course due south towards the mainland—a sign of increasing boldness in navigation. Some of the adventurers did not slacken sail till they reached the estuary of the Senegal—the fabled Arabian Nile of the West—and had made their way along the fertile shore which, watered with a multitude of affluents, and rich with the vegetation of the tropics, here breathes fragrance far into the ocean. The Land of the Blacks had now been attained, and within a few years Cape Verde was doubled; the country around the Gambia was visited, and the sails of Europe had been furled in the streams that collect into the Rio Grande. By this time the Portuguese had organised a regular trade with these regions. A fort had been built by Prince Henry's orders at Arguin, in the Anazegue country, and merchants resorted hither who dealt with the Moors and Arabs, whose caravans had for centuries penetrated into Negroland from the coast-line of Tunis and Morocco. In this way the still unexplored and remote interior became partly known; reports were brought of the mysterious realms of Timbuctoo, Gogo, and Melli; the avarice of the Portuguese was excited by tales of gold; and notwithstanding Prince Henry's opposition, troops of slaves were frequently torn from their homes and sold in the markets of Lagos and Lisbon. There is little interesting in the accounts of the chroniclers touching these events, nor is it necessary to dwell on the exploits of Marco Tristram, of Diniz Diaz, of Gonsalvos, Pirés, and other explorers; but the following passage, which exactly bears out what Herodotus recorded of the commerce of the Carthaginians with an African tribe in Libya, outside the Pillars of Hercules, shows how unchanging have been for ages the manners of these regions:—

'The salt is carried by the negroes, who go in a long procession, each with a large block on his head, and carrying in his hand a fork,

on which he rests the block when he is tired. In this way they reach a piece of water, and here a singular traffic commences with another tribe of negroes. When the first party reach the water, they pile the salt on mounds, each marking his own pile. They then retire half a day's journey to give place to the purchasers, who will not be seen or spoken to; these come in large boats, as if from an island; they examine the salt, and put a quantity of gold by the side of it, and then retire, leaving the gold and the salt together. When they have left, the others return, and take the gold if they find it enough; if not, they again withdraw. The purchasers come back, take the salt for which the gold has been accepted, and leave more gold with the remainder if they think it worth more.'

A graphic account of these old expeditions will be found in the narrative of Cadamosto, a Venetian merchant, who, at Prince Henry's instance, made two voyages along the coasts of Africa. Cadamosto set sail in 1455, in a caravel equipped by the Prince, and under the care of a Portuguese pilot; and in a few days reached the colony at Madeira now settled for more than thirty years. He has described vividly the fertile appearance and flourishing industry of the island; it had become already a station and trading place of importance. The Canaries were the next land visited; and the Venetian has given us a lively sketch of the rude simplicity of the aborigines who, under the rule of De Bethencourt, seemed to have lost the faint traces of civilised life they formerly may have acquired. Cadamosto, on his arrival off the mainland, touched at the Portuguese port at Arguin; put in at some points of the Azanegue country; and has sketched clearly the character of the traffic then lately established in these regions. The Azanegue—the natives of a land which for ages had been the scene of the slave-trade between Guinea and the Mediterranean—were, as may be supposed, a most degraded race:—

'They were a poor race, and the most lying, thievish, and treacherous people in the world. They were of middle height and thin; they wore their black hair flowing down their shoulders, and anointed it daily with fish oil, which caused a most offensive smell, but was looked upon as a great embellishment. They had never seen any Christians but the Portuguese. They thought the ships were great birds, with white wings floating on the sea; then, seeing them with the sails furled, they took them for fish; some thought they were phantoms wandering through the night, which caused them great fear, the more so that they could not understand being attacked at different places at a great distance within so short a time.'

The adventurers next proceeded southwards, passed the broad estuary of the Senegal, and sailing slowly along the

coast, beheld the forests upon Cape Verde, and penetrated into the mouths of the Gambia. Standing on farther they reached a point not far probably from Cape Roxo; and, as they drew nearer the equatorial line, the North star seemed to sink into the waves, while the unknown signs of the Southern Cross shone lustrous above the level of the ocean. In this voyage the Portuguese repeatedly landed upon the coast; and Cadamosto has described faithfully the manners and life of the aborigines. The race, wherever it has been found, has always shown the same characteristics; this sketch of a chief in the fifteenth century might stand with some of the modern portraits of Grant and Speke or Dr. Livingstone:—

'The negro kings and nobles had neither cities nor forts; their richest habitations were miserable villages. The Prince Budomel's authority depended chiefly on the respect the negroes had for his riches. Personal merit, strength, terror, justice, courage, and good looks also produced an effect, and Budomel possessed these advantages. He had assigned to him, for himself and his wives, a certain number of villages which he visited in succession. The one in which Cadamosto stayed contained between forty and fifty houses covered with thatch, built close to each other in a round, encompassed by a ditch and screens of large trees, with two or three passages for entrance; each house had an enclosed court. Budomel had nine wives in this place, and more or less in his other villages. Each wife had five or six young girls for her service with whom their lord was permitted to live as with his wives, who did not consider this an injury.'

The slave-trade had exasperated the race in many places against the Europeans, and had given them a courage not its own. This is an account of one of these encounters:—

'The canoes surrounded the prow of Cadamosto's ship, which was in advance of the rest. There were fifteen of them, containing about one hundred and fifty negroes, all tall, well-made men. They had on shirts of white cotton, and white hats with a plume which gave them a warlike air. At the prow of each canoe was a negro on the look-out, with a round shield that seemed made of leather. When close to the caravel, they remained with their oars raised, looking at it with admiration, till the other caravels came hastening up at the sight of danger. As soon as they came quite near, the negroes laid down their oars and took to their bows, from which they discharged a heavy shower of arrows. The three caravels remained stationary, but fired off four cannon, which astonished the negroes so much that they threw down their bows, and looked on all sides in the greatest terror for the cause of so frightful a sound. When the noise ceased they again took courage and resumed their bows, coming within a stone's throw of the ships, and bearing the fire of the cross-bowmen very bravely. One of them was killed by

a shot from the son of the Genoese gentleman, but they continued their attack till a great number had been slain, without the loss of a single man on board the caravels.'

Cadamosto, in his second voyage, went some distance south of Cape Roxo; and he laid claim to the discovery of the Cape Verde Islands on his return to Portugal. But though Mr. Helps gives him a high character, and he certainly was a graphic writer, Mr. Major has proved that the real author of this discovery was Diego Gomez, a Portuguese in Prince Henry's service. We quote this passage from his narrative, long buried in a public library at Munich, and for the first time now translated into English:—

'I and Antonio de Noli then left the fort of Zaga, and sailed two days and one night towards Portugal, and we saw some islands in the sea, and as my caravel was a lighter sailer than the other, I came first to one of these islands, and saw white sand, and it seemed to me a good harbour, and I cast anchor there, and so also did Antonio. I told them that I wished to be the first to land, and so I did. We saw no sign of any men there, and we called the island Santiago; it is so called to this day.'

While the mysteries of the coast of Africa and of the Atlantic were being thus unfolded, Portugal was agitated by revolutionary troubles. The animosity of the widow of the late King against Don Pedro broke out afresh; and a marriage between the daughter of that Prince and the young monarch, Alfonso V., had only aggravated the domestic quarrel. Civil war ensued; and Don Pedro fell by the hand of a soldier in his nephew's army. Prince Henry, who with his wonted patriotism had endeavoured to compose these dissensions, rallied the nation around Alfonso's throne when the contest had been finally decided, and became his most valued and most trusty counsellor. The King, afterwards an able ruler, was fired with zeal against the Moslem excited by the recent fall of Constantinople, and the first act of his reign was to attack the infidels on the coast of Morocco. An expedition commanded by Prince Henry laid siege to the fortress of Alçaçar; the place surrendered after a short delay, and by this exploit he more than redeemed whatever loss of reputation he had incurred by his unfortunate misadventure at Tangier.

He returned, however, at once to Sagres, to resume labours now gladdened by success; for ere long one of his captains passed the most westerly point of Africa, and heard the roar of the distant thunder on the cloudy summit of Sierra Leone. This voyage attracted very great attention; the south-easterly bend

of the continent seemed to assure an easy passage to the East, and the Prince welcomed with legitimate pride a pledge that his projects would be realised. The work of his life had, indeed, been more fortunate than is usually the case with those who endeavour to carry out conceptions beyond the ideas of their age. On his lonely promontory upon the Atlantic he had kindled a light which already streamed far over an ocean before unknown; he had dissipated much of the impenetrable gloom that over-shrouded a vast continent, and seemed already to throw out images of lands, still hidden in remote seas, of more than oriental wealth and magnificence. Nor had his practical industry been less than his far-seeing scientific genius. He had formed a school of trained navigators who, for a time, were the foremost in Europe, and became the forerunners of the illustrious seamen who accomplished the marvels of the sixteenth century; he improved so greatly the art of shipbuilding that Cadamosto has left it on record that no ships equalled those of the Portuguese; and under his care the nautical appliances and geographical knowledge of the age made rapid and astonishing progress. The noble art by which the mariner puts out boldly in the most open seas unquestionably all but originated with him; and if we consider the grandeur of his designs, the skill with which he assured success, and his steady and persevering energy, we quite agree with Mr. Helps that he should rank as second to Columbus alone among the great explorers of the ocean.

The time, however, had now come when this illustrious man was to end his career. 'Prince Henry the Navigator'—so runs the phrase of the chronicler—'having fallen ill in his own 'town upon Cape St. Vincent, died in the year of our Lord '1460. And King Alfonso, who was then at Evora, and all 'his people mourned over the Prince, and he was buried in 'the Church of St. Mary at Lagos.' One of his faithful 'captains' watched over the remains, 'while the priests were 'occupied in services and vigils;' and he told how decay spared the noble corpse, 'so well has it been sung by the 'Church that thy Holy One should not see corruption.' The country of Prince Henry at least did not fail to do honour to him, and through its chequered yet not inglorious history has always dwelt with pride on his name, though it has been comparatively neglected elsewhere. A magnificent tomb was raised over the Prince; and in the monastery at Batalha, built by his father, his sculptured effigy may be seen, rich with the blazonry of the Middle Ages, and with orders, among which is conspicuous the Garter bestowed on him by Henry VI. There

is, also, a statue of him at Belem; and as lately as 1840 a monument was erected at Sagres by the pious care of Doña Maria II. that fitly records the great deeds of her ancestor. A miniature of him in chromolithograph taken from a picture by a mediæval artist appears in the frontispiece of this volume; but though there is thought and power in the face, the work is rude and probably fails to convey the true expression of the features. The character of the great originator of modern discovery upon the ocean, of the sagacious, earnest, and patient genius who inaugurated the triumphs of modern navigation, of the saintly warrior of the old time who was yet filled with the inspiration of the new, has been thus drawn by an old chronicler:—

'Stout of heart and keen in intellect, he was extraordinarily ambitious of achieving great deeds. Neither luxury nor avarice ever found a home with him. In the former respect he was so temperate that after his early youth he abstained from wine altogether, while the whole of his life was reputed to have been passed in inviolate chastity. As for his generosity the household of no other uncrowned prince formed so large and excellent a training school for the young nobility of the country. All the worthies of the kingdom, and still more foreigners of renown, found a general welcome in his house, and there were frequently assembled in it men of various nations, the diversity of whose habits presented a curious spectacle. None left that house without some proof of the Prince's generosity. His self-discipline was unsurpassed; all his days were spent in hard work, and it would not be readily believed how often he passed the night without sleep, so that by dint of unflagging industry he conquered what seemed to be impossibilities to other men. His wisdom and thoughtfulness, excellent memory, calm bearing, and courteous language gave great dignity to his address. He was constant in adversity, and humble in prosperity, and very obedient to all the commands of Holy Church, and attended all its offices with great devotion. His heart never knew what fear was except the fear of committing sin.'

Discovery along the coast of Africa, as may be imagined, flagged for a time after the decease of its illustrious projector. King Alfonso, though an eminent sovereign, devoted himself in the first years of his reign to expeditions against the Moors, and his pretensions to the throne of Castile involved Portugal for a while in troubles. The movement, however, of exploring went on; and in 1469 the King farmed out the traffic with Africa, on the condition that a hundred leagues at least should be discovered annually in a southerly direction. The Line was passed in 1471; and soon afterwards the celebrated station of St. George La Mina was built, being the stronghold of the Portuguese in Guinea, whose bristling ramparts and

quaint artillery are a striking feature in the illustrations of several antiquated books of voyages. Alfonso died in 1481; and his son John II. applied himself with increased energy to carry out his great-uncle's projects. Having assumed the title of Lord of Guinea, he despatched a series of expeditions to Africa of considerable importance. In 1484 Diogo Cam reached the estuary of the Zaire, landed on the barbarian shore of Congo, and having fixed a stone pillar in the ground in token that he had taken possession of the country, laid the foundation of the Portuguese settlements still existing at Angola. Diogo Cam was accompanied in this voyage by Martin Behaim—the inventor of the astrolabe, supposed by many to have anticipated Columbus in his grand conception—and to his presence may perhaps be ascribed the remarkable daring of the adventurers who not only had advanced so far south, but seem to have stood farther out to sea than any of their rival predecessors. We quote from a scroll on an ancient map an account of the expedition by Martin Behaim himself:—

'In the year 1484, King John of Portugal fitted out two caravels well provided with men, provisions, and munitions of war for three years, and he ordered that after passing the Straits they should proceed eastward and southward as far as they possibly could. The vessels were laden with all sorts of merchandise for barter. There were also taken out eighteen horses with them for presents to the several kings, one for each as we might find it expedient. We also took all sorts of spices to show the natives what we went in search of. We sailed from Lisbon straight to Madeira where the Portuguese sugar grows. Passing the Canaries, we passed some Moorish ships, with whom we interchanged presents, and afterwards came to the kingdom of Gambia, where the malaguette grows eight hundred leagues distant from Portugal. Thence we passed twelve hundred leagues to the dominions of the King of Finfar, where grows the Portuguese pepper. Far beyond that country we found the cinnamon, when having then sailed a distance of two thousand three hundred leagues, we turned back and reached Lisbon in the nineteenth month from our departure.'

In 1486 Diogo Cam, in a second voyage, reached the twenty-second degree of latitude not far from the tropic of Capricorn, having thus advanced to within a thousand miles of the southernmost verge of the African continent. Cape Cross was the point he attained; a stone pillar erected by him remains on the spot to mark his discovery, and has outlasted the claims of his countrymen to domination in these distant regions. In this expedition the adventurers carried out the process of converting the natives which became afterwards the cause or

pretext of atrocities of a frightful kind. The King of Congo was introduced to Christianity after this fashion:—

'The king sate on a throne of ivory, raised on a lofty wooden platform, so that he could be seen from all sides. From his waist upwards his black and glittering skin was uncovered. Below that he wore a piece of damask which had been given him by Diogo Cam. On his left arm was a bracelet of copper, and from the shoulder hung a dressed horse's tail which was a symbol of royalty. He had a cap on his head resembling a mitre made of palm leaves so skilfully that it had the appearance of stamped velvet. Ruy de Sousa made his obeisance to him in the Portuguese fashion; and he not only gave permission to build a church, but ordered one of his chieftains to provide materials.'

Within a century from this time the Portuguese had established colonies in Congo and the adjoining countries which for many years were wealthy and flourishing. Their commerce with the interior was considerable; and they acquired a degree of knowledge respecting the centre of Africa that excites surprise, for, when their prosperity declined, it passed out of memory in the eighteenth century. A curious folio, written from an account of a Portuguese in 1591, and found by Mr. Major at Rome, contains a map—a facsimile of it on a reduced scale is given in this volume—which displays an amount of general information respecting Africa that may be said to have anticipated several brilliant results of modern discovery. In this map the Nile is made incorrectly to unite with the Congo; but it is represented as running through a lake corresponding with the Albert Nyanza, and issuing from another lake to the south—Tanganyika—the true top-head of the great river according to the hypothesis of more than one distinguished geographer; and the Victoria Nyanza is also indicated, though inaccurately and in too small proportions. Lake Tchad, moreover, is laid down, and the territory of the Uniamezi—well known to the readers of Grant and Speke—and the course and the mouths of the Zambezi are delineated with an approach to the truth. The author of the map adds this commentary:—

'The Nile does not rise in the country of Prester John, nor in the Mountains of the Moon, nor, as Ptolemy writes, from two lakes lying east and west of each other, with about four hundred and fifty miles between them. For in the latitude in which he places these two lakes lies the kingdom of Congo and Angola on the west; and on the east are the empire of Monomotapa and the kingdom of Sofala, the distance from sea to sea being twelve hundred miles. In this region Lopes stated that there was only one lake, on the confines of Angola and Monomotapa. It is one hundred and ninety-five

miles in diameter, as he learned from the people of Angola on the west and those of Sofala and Monomotapa on the east; and while they give us a full account of this, they mention no other lakes, whence we may conclude that there is no other in that latitude. *It is true that there are two lakes not lying east and west, but north and south of each other and about four hundred miles apart.* Some of the natives think that the Nile issuing from the first lake flows underground and then reappears, but Lopes denies this. The first lake is in lat. 12° S. *and like a shell and surrounded by very lofty mountains,* the highest of which on the east are called Cafate, and on both sides are mountains from which saltpetre and silver are dug. *The Nile flows thence four hundred miles due north and enters another very great lake which the natives call a sea.* It is larger than the first, for it is two hundred and twenty miles across and lies under the equinoctial line. . . . From this second lake the Nile flows seven hundred miles to the island of Meroe and receives other rivers, the principal of which is the river Colues, so named because it issues from a lake of that name on the borders of Melinda.'

The voyages of Diogo Cam incited the King to renewed exertions; he resolved to leave nothing undone to acquire more information respecting Africa. By this time the Portuguese had established a number of stations along the coast; they claimed possession of the entire seaboard from Cape Boyador to the River Nourse; they had entered into a variety of relations with the barbarous tribes of Benin and Congo. Having heard from one of the chiefs of the blacks that a great potentate lived in the interior who received the homage of the races by the sea, the King was convinced that this was no other than the Prester John of mediæval descriptions—the mysterious Emperor of Abyssinia—and, connecting the tale with what had been already discovered by exploring the coast, he felt more and more assured that Africa would open the expected route to India. Two adventurers named Covilham and Payva were despatched with orders to visit Abyssinia, and to make their way from thence to the East; and, at the same time, an expedition was fitted out and entrusted to Bartholomew Diaz, the most experienced seaman in Portugal, with the object of advancing still farther in a southerly course along the continent. Covilham and Payva separated at Aden, having sailed down the Red Sea from the Isthmus; and Payva died within a few months, after landing at Suakim and endeavouring in vain to penetrate the Abyssinian ranges. His companion, however, was more fortunate; he embarked boldly on the Indian Ocean, reached Calicut and the Malabar coast, being the first Portuguese ever seen in these lands; and touching on his return at Sofala, came there on the track of

the ancient commerce carried on by the Arabian races. The traditions of the coast were not lost on him; and he sent messengers from Cairo to his master to report that Africa was circumnavigable, and that 'the Guinea ships would assuredly 'succeed if they held steadily a course southward.' We can readily conceive the intense excitement caused by this intelligence at Lisbon; what had seemed a distant and doubtful vision was now thought of as a certain fact; skill and daring only, it was felt, were needed to roll away the barrier of ages and to unite Europe and Asia by the ocean. Prince Henry's memory was lauded to the skies; and Covilham then, and ever since, was deemed to have been a public benefactor. This bold, sagacious, and brilliant explorer travelled after this into Abyssinia, and was detained there more than thirty years, till released by an embassy from the Crown of Portugal.

Meanwhile the mighty problem on which Covilham had thrown unexpected light, had been solved to a certain extent by accident, without any information from him. In the autumn of 1486, Bartholomew Diaz set out with two ships; and, making straight for the most distant point attained previously by other navigators, ran down the coast, and, despite baffling winds, reached the latitude of the Orange River. A violent tempest drove the little squadron due southward during thirteen days; and the tropic being now long passed, the astonished mariners felt with awe, under a changed sun and unknown stars, the air grow cool, and the intolerable fires of the Equator disappear in the heavens. With a sagacious daring that does him honour, Diaz sailed eastward on the return of fine weather, and then, shaping his course to the north, at last struck the shore of Flesh Bay in the south-easterly limit of the continent. The gallant navigator, overjoyed, advanced to Algoa Bay and the Great Fish River; and he would have entered the Indian Ocean, had not the terrors and complaints of his crew compelled him to abandon the enterprise. The great end, however, had been gained; the mystery of ages had been made clear; the south of Africa had been reached; the broad waves had been seen rolling towards the distant east round the base of the continent. On his return Diaz beheld the summits of the Cape rise over the angry sea; then as always the rocky Titan of Camoens looked awful in his chains of the deep; and the name of the 'Point of Tempests' expresses the perils encountered by this illustrious seaman. The King, however, gladdened at the result of a voyage which promised such glorious results, be-

stowed on the place the hopeful appellation it has retained for nearly four centuries.

Some years, however, were to elapse before the noble discovery of Diaz was to bear the fruitful consequences foretold by Prince Henry with prophetic wisdom. The King fell ill in 1490; and during his illness no expeditions were sent out to the coasts of Africa. There were rumours too of a change in the succession which kept the popular mind in suspense and discouraged extraordinary enterprises; and probably the attention of the Portuguese may have been turned in some degree from exploring the eastern route to India, by the supposed results of the magnificent exploit of Columbus in 1492 which promised an easier way by the west. On the death, however, of John II., his successor Emmanuel resumed a task which for four generations had now become an hereditary duty of the Kings of Portugal. This sovereign, who, like so many of his predecessors in the fifteenth century, was an able ruler, determined in 1495 that an expedition should be fitted out to double the southern boundary of Africa, and from thence to effect its passage to India. Vasco Da Gama, a nobleman of the Court, was the chief selected for this enterprise; and a better commander could not have been found although the selection was made by accident. On the 8th of July, 1497, Da Gama and his companions set sail from Lisbon, 'having 'previously confessed and taken the sacrament at the chapel 'of Rastello,' where, now, graced by Prince Henry's statue, rise the noble towers and pinnacles of Belem. The flotilla consisted of four caravels, equipped and armed with extraordinary care, and with experienced pilots on board, the largest, however, not exceeding one hundred and fifty tons in burden, so weak and frail were the barks in which these ancient navigators braved the Atlantic. By the 4th of November, Da Gama had reached the Bay of St. Helena in the country inhabited by the Bushman tribes; and on the 22nd, the formidable Cape was passed rapidly with a favourable wind, and the squadron's course was directed eastward. Several landings were effected on the coast; Algoa Bay and Natal were successively visited; and on the 22nd of January, 1498, the Portuguese on the banks of the Quillimane, met two strangers 'in a rich dress,' who informed them they were Arabian merchants trading between India and the Frankish countries. The goal of so many efforts and hopes seemed at last attainable though in the far distance; and the adventurous navigators who, as it were, had come up from an unknown world, sailed northward through the broad channel between the main-

land and Madagascar. Their way was along the far-reaching coast still occupied by their descendants' colonies; and by the 15th of April they had passed Zanzibar and arrived within four degrees of the line somewhere between Mombaza and Melinda. They were now within the bounds of the traffic which had been carried on during many ages between Africa, the East, and Europe; they met ships of 'Indian Christians,' who welcomed them with veneration and fear; and they heard joyfully from the 'King' of the region, that they could obtain a pilot to take them to India. On the 24th of April, Da Gama turned his prows into the Indian seas; the favourable monsoon filled the wanderers' sails and wafted them rapidly over the waters ploughed by Phœnician and Greek keels, by Roman, Arab, and Mohammedan in turn, but never as yet approached by mariners from the mighty ocean of the Far West; and, on the 17th of May, the shores of Calicut, with the swelling ranges of hills behind, were seen beyond the line of the ocean.

The object had thus been triumphantly gained for which genius had long toiled; a way to India by sea round Africa had been discovered after numberless efforts. We may well believe that the Portuguese, on landing upon the welcome shore, blessed with enthusiasm Prince Henry's name; and that the shade of the illustrious projector seemed to point them onward to further enterprise. Da Gama had reached a principal emporium of mediæval commerce with the East; Arab vessels from the remote islands whose spices perfumed the narrow seas beyond the fabulous Golden Chersonese were collected in the waters of Calicut, and the strangers heard with amazement the tongues of Venice and Barbary in this unknown region. They were received with hospitality by the Rajah, who, enriched by the commerce with Europe, sent a gracious message to King Emmanuel; and a factory was established in the place —the first settlement of the Portuguese in India. On the 29th of August Da Gama set sail on his homeward voyage, holding a course to the north along the coasts of the Peninsula. Islands were discovered and solemnly appropriated; and on its entrance into the Arabian sea, the little squadron was attacked by pirates, and Da Gama heard that the Rajah, yielding to the instigations of jealous traders, had despatched hostile flotillas on his track. Sail at once was made for the shores of Africa; and after a tedious voyage in which the crew suffered extremely from scurvy, land was seen on the 2nd of January, 1499. One of the caravels having been destroyed, to obtain sufficient hands for the rest, the expedition

ran back through the Mozambique Channel, and thence along the coast of Kaffraria, and on the 20th of March the Cape was doubled, and the familiar waves of the Atlantic were seen rolling in their lofty and interminable swell. The surviving wanderers had been comparatively restored, though they had felt painfully the rapid change from the heat of the Line to a colder zone; and the hope of return gladdened every spirit. For seven-and-twenty days they were borne before the favouring trades without shifting a sail; and on the 25th of April the lead touched the sand at the estuary of the Rio Grande. Another caravel was sacrificed, and Da Gama, after losing a brother and many of his men as Portugal was neared, at last dropped anchor off the Bar of Lisbon on the 1st of September, 1499. The King and Queen, having offered up thanks in their own chapel, went down to greet their illustrious subject and his companions: the whole kingdom broke out in rejoicing, and solemn thanksgivings and splendid entertainments marked the exulting gratitude of the nation. Da Gama's exploits were deservedly commemorated by his countrymen during many years as the beginning of a new age for Portugal.

No time was wasted in seeking to derive advantage from this noble discovery. Within a few months after Da Gama's return, Pedro Cabral set out with thirteen ships to follow the new-found way to the East and to open a regular traffic with India. A stray vessel of this expedition was driven on the shores of the New World, and in this way the immense regions of Brazil were added to the crown of Portugal. Cabral planted a factory on the Malabar coast, and came home after a prosperous voyage, his accidental achievement, however, having been his most remarkable exploit. The nation, stirred to its depths by the prospect of untold wealth and exciting enterprise, hurried eagerly into the race of exploring; and swarms of adventurers poured forth to the land of promise beyond the Atlantic. Nor were the Royal Family slack in promoting this enthusiastic movement; fleets were continually despatched to India, and in this manner the Portuguese navy became one of the most formidable in Europe. The scope of this work does not include the rise and glories of the short-lived Empire of Portugal in the southern seas; and we need not dwell on deeds of heroism and daring known to many of our readers. The strange race from the West had ere long supplanted the Arabian traders with India and Africa, had occupied the entrance to the Red Sea, endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to pour into the channel discovered and held by themselves the commerce between Asia and Europe. Portuguese stations on the

coast of Africa marked the stages of the highway to the East; on the immense line from the Zaire to the Rovuma their colonies spread along the seaboard; the islands in the Indian Ocean were explored; the names of Almeida and Albuquerque were heard with awe in the Persian Gulf; the fortress of Goa maintained the pretensions of the Crown of Portugal to a monopoly of traffic from Cape Comorin to the mouths of the Indus. Before many years the tide of adventure had rolled across the Gulf of Bengal; Malacca, the mart whence from ancient times the products of the neighbouring islands were sent far away to all parts of the world, was conquered and occupied by Sequeira; the aromatic wealth of Java and the Moluccas was harvested by Portuguese hands; Portuguese sails were seen in the waters of Canton in the half-fabulous Cathay. Before the sixteenth century had run a third of its extraordinary course, the flag of Portugal was the acknowledged emblem of supremacy from the Cape of Good Hope to the straits on the verge of the Malay Peninsula.

It is most probable, indeed, that the discoveries of the Portuguese at this period extended farther than hitherto has been commonly supposed. The first Europeans who can be proved to have reached Australia were the crew of the 'Duyphen,' a Dutch sloop, as late as 1605; and the Dutch entering after this date repeatedly visited the great southern continent. A copy, however, of an ancient map, found by Mr. Major in the British Museum, attributes the discovery of Australia to a Portuguese, Godinho de Eredia, in 1601; and this is confirmed by a scarce pamphlet disinterred from among the archives at Lisbon. Strange to say, too, Australia is laid down with some correctness in French MS. maps as old as 1542 at least; and the Portuguese names of the outline of the coast point to the origin of its first explorers. However this may be, we may probably conclude that Eredia at least preceded the Dutchman: we give the words of a scroll on the map, and a few lines from the Lisbon pamphlet, premising that 'Nuca Antara,' is evidently Australia:—

'Nuca Antara was discovered, in the year 1601, by Manoel Godinho de Eredia, by command of the Viceroy, Ayres de Saldanha. This is the land discovered by the Dutch which they called Endrach or Concord . . . (a large tract in West Australia). . . . It seems to be a providential act of Almighty God that Manoel Godinho de Eredia, the cosmographer, has received a commission from the Lord Count Admiral, the Viceroy of India within and beyond the Ganges, that the said Eredia may be the means of adding new patrimonies to the Crown of Portugal, and of enriching the said Lord Count and the Portuguese nation.'

Long before this time, however, the ocean had disclosed even a mightier secret; the world had heard with excited wonder of the great exploit of Columbus. In the continual search of a way to India by sea America had been discovered; and a succession of daring and brilliant navigators had explored the coasts of the huge continent and penetrated into the distant Pacific. From Labrador to La Plata's mouths the sails of Europe visited the land, which, hidden for ages in the Atlantic, seemed a new and portentous birth of time, and opened to the heated imagination of men a prospect of endless riches and glory. Nor had the whites omitted to take possession of the remote hemisphere; the shadow of the domination and cruelty of Spain spread ominously over great kingdoms and provinces; the Portuguese laid claim to Brazil in virtue of the adventure of Cabral; and, at the crisis of his own destiny, the spiritual head of Western Christendom had made a partition between the two Powers of the ocean and the new-found lands, just when the energetic races of the North were about to overcome the peninsular nations in the arduous strife of maritime enterprise. Mr. Major has dwelt at some length on the voyages of Columbus and their results, but we shall not reiterate a well-known tale, especially as it is hardly apposite to the subject. Nor shall we examine the careful criticism in this volume on the title of Amerigo Vespucci to the honour of giving his name to the American continent. Even though, as was probably *not* the case, Vespucci, like the Scandinavian Northmen, reached the mainland before Columbus, the real glory of the discovery belongs to the great genius who lighted on the truth by an assiduous study of the mysteries of the deep, who laid down the conditions of the mighty problem, and, notwithstanding neglect and ridicule, worked it out heroically to a successful issue. What is really important to bear in mind in relation to the scope of this work, is that the achievements of the illustrious Genoese are closely connected with the previous labours of Prince Henry the Navigator. It was, as we have seen, on an island, settled under the auspices of the Prince, that Columbus detected the floating evidences that satisfied him that unknown lands were hidden in the distant Atlantic. Prince Henry's conviction that a way to India would be found by exploring the seas eastward, suggested to his successor the notion of a similar route in a contrary direction. Columbus, too, was trained in the school of navigators formed by the Royal Portuguese; he made several voyages to Guinea; and he was indebted for much of his scientific knowledge, and for the improvements in nautical instruments, without which he

could hardly have crossed the ocean, to Prince Henry's previous exertions. One of these great men, in short, was a worthy forerunner of the other; to use Mr. Major's quaint phrase, 'while the vast achievement of Columbus was the link 'that united the Old World with the New, the explorations 'instituted by Prince Henry of Portugal were in truth the 'anvil on which that link was forged.'

One of the early voyages, however, that took place in consequence of the discovery of America has been properly described in the book in detail, for it not only illustrates the heroism of the breed of the old Portuguese seamen, but it unites, so to speak, the great discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. On the 21st of September, 1519, Fernam de Magellan set sail from San Lucar with an imperial commission from Charles V. to seek out a passage to the Molucca Islands around the south of the American continent. This route was chosen because all the new-found lands a hundred leagues west of the Azores had been assigned to Spain by the Papal Bull; and it was believed that by exploring westward the magnificent prize of the spice islands would be found to be within the Spanish boundary. Magellan was one of the famous mariners brought up in the school of Prince Henry; he had made several voyages to Guinea; had served with Almeida in the India seas; had witnessed the capture of Malacca; and was well known as a bold navigator. The fleet consisted of five ships, each having a Portuguese pilot, and with two hundred and sixty-six men on board, and after a prosperous voyage of three months, it reached the shore where the quays and churches of Rio Janeiro now rise from the ocean. Having attempted in vain to ascend the La Plata, Magellan ran down the south-eastern coast, until on the last day of March, he entered a desolate bay within hills which seemed to promise a safe anchorage. This was Port St. Julian in Patagonia; and here the squadron remained five months, the crews, pinched by hunger and cold, having repeatedly broken out into mutiny. Again setting sail and partially exploring the unknown land along which he passed—in this service one ship was lost—Magellan, on the 21st of October, attained a Cape from which the sea rolled in westerly in lessening waves, and the land trended in the same direction. Two ships were despatched to examine this inlet; and the passage still opening as they advanced, the four, with the exception of one which had ventured to make off homeward, stood into the straits which from that time have borne the name of their owned dis[illegible]rty-seven days were spent in pene-

trating the dangerous windings of the strange channel; and, on the 27th of November, the last point was passed, and the broad waters of the illimitable Pacific stretched out before the amazed adventurers. Cries of discontent were again heard at the prospect of a voyage that seemed without end; but Magellan, rejoicing at his marvellous success, bade sail be set for the open sea, and exclaimed that 'though they should eat 'the leather on the yards, he would make good his word to the 'Emperor.'

The three ships now steered a north-westerly course; after a prosperous run the Line was crossed on the 13th of February, 1521; and, on the 6th of March, the squadron touched at a group of islands, the Ladrones, so named from the thievish character of the aborigines. The Philippines—still the heritage of Spain—were discovered a few days afterwards; and in an accidental encounter with the natives, Magellan was unhappily slain, the great navigator having perished almost at the wished-for goal of his extraordinary voyage. A part of his crews having been killed with him, one of the ships was destroyed here; and the remaining two, after visiting Borneo, Mindanao, and other neighbouring islands, dropped anchor at Tidor in the Moluccas on the 6th of November, 1521. A known country had been reached at last, and a seat of the recent trade of the East; and the wanderers were enchanted at seeing a Portuguese settler who, coming on board, informed them that news of their great exploit had come already into their latitudes. The ships parted company at Tidor, one, the 'Trinidad,' returning to the Pacific, in order to make her way to Panama; the other, the 'Vittoria,' pointing her prow to Europe by the route of the Indian Ocean. The Spaniards, dreading the hostility of the Portuguese who claimed supremacy in these seas, held a course far south of the regular track; and, on the 6th of May, 1522, the 'Vittoria,' leaky and tempest-worn, with difficulty doubled the great Cape of Africa. On the 6th of September this single relic of Magellan's fleet arrived at San Lucar; having in a voyage of nearly three years discovered a passage round South America, and accomplished the extraordinary feat of circumnavigating the entire globe. The survivors of her crew were eighteen emaciated and scurvy-stricken wretches, whose haggard forms seemed barely alive, still less capable of so heroic an exploit. Charles V. ennobled the commander on the spot; and the famous achievement was honourably emblazoned on the coat of arms bestowed by the Emperor.

And thus, to use Mr. Major's words, 'if from the pinnacle

'of our present knowledge, we mark on the world of waters 'those light tracks which have led to the discovery of mighty 'continents, we shall find them all lead back to that same 'inhospitable point of Sagres, and to the motive which gave 'it a royal inhabitant.' Within two generations from the day when the affrighted seaman rounded the Cape which had seemed the limit of mediæval exploring, the mysteries of the Atlantic had been fathomed, the southern verge of Africa had been reached, a way to the East by the ocean had opened, the commerce of Asia had changed its path, a veil had been lifted from the awful deep and vast lands explored in its secret bosom, the feet of Europe had trodden with fear and rapture the shores of the far western continent. One of the chief pioneers of these discoveries had been the Royal thinker whose genius had caught a glimpse of that unknown world and had sought to reach it by noble exertions; the illustrious projector who had devoted a life of earnest toil to his grand purpose; the scientific workman who elaborated or perfected the appliances necessary to compass his end, and who formed and sent out the hardy mariners who first adventured on the distant Atlantic. Few traces only remain of the Empire which his countrymen owed in truth to him; the decaying settlements on the coasts of Africa ill represent the maritime glory of Portugal in the sixteenth century; the names of Diaz, Almeida, Sequeira are no longer heard in the Eastern seas; a northern race holds the proud dominion that once belonged to the House of Aviz. The figure of Prince Henry of Portugal stands clear nevertheless in the light of history over this wreck of the past; or, if its lustre has been at all dimmed, it will be restored as increasing knowledge brings out more fully its greatness and majesty. We have been led to notice this publication chiefly because it contributes to that result, and though it can only take rank as a laborious compilation, and its style is neither brilliant nor popular, we have read it with very great interest, and we think it avaluable contribution to literature.

ART. IX.—1. *Zur Orientirung im neuen Deutschland.* Heidelberg: 1868.

2. *Politische Skizzen über die Lage Europasvom Wiener Congress bis zur Gegenwart.* By Count MÜNSTER. Leipzig: 1867.

TWENTY years have elapsed since the German nation made the first attempt to regain that unity which it had lost since the Middle Ages. The attempt failed, from various causes, but principally because there was no leading Power seriously favourable to the movement and able to conduct it. Austria was broken up by the Revolution, and in Prussia an enthusiastic but unstable King was entirely unable to direct the course of events. Nor had the popular leaders any well-defined plan. They followed the impulse of the French Revolution of February, 1848; and the upper classes were soon disgusted at the strong socialist element, which threatened to overturn the very basis of every civilised community. The motley Parliament assembled in the Frankfort Paulskirche wasted its time in discussing the fundamental rights of the future German citizen; and when the draft of the new constitution was finished, it was already too late. Frederick William was no sooner elected Emperor than he refused the Crown, recalled the Prussian Deputies from Frankfort, and left the Rump Parliament at Stuttgardt to be dissolved by the soldiery of the victorious reaction.

Prussia subsequently made a timid attempt to realise a constitutional Confederation by the so-called 'Union,' but gave way before the warlike threats of Austria and her allies, and, in 1851, the old Diet was re-established in Frankfort as if nothing had happened. For the rest, is not the history of these failures and disappointments written at large in the Book of the Memoirs of Bunsen? It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that these struggles from 1848–1850 were altogether sterile and unprofitable. Rarely does a great national movement succeed at once, and it is only through repeated defeats that victory is won. The débates of the Frankfort Parliament, and the hard-bought experience which followed its dissolution, had cleared away much of the theoretical mist with which the idea of German unity had been surrounded. A distinct programme was at last formed by the liberal party, namely, the establishment of a Confederation, composed of all the German States, with the exclusion of Austria, and under the leadership of Prussia. An attempt

was made in this direction under the regency of the present King of Prussia; but it proved a failure. The weak ministry of the 'New Era' remained an idle spectator when the Italian war checkmated Austria, and thus gave them a free course of action in Germany. Indeed, at that time Prussia was on the point of coming to the assistance of her embarrassed rival. The Prussian Ministers declared that they would only proceed by moral conquests, and with the consent of their confederates; and the consequence was that when at last Prussia came forward with a vague programme of Federal Reform, Austria and all the more important States protested by 'Identical notes' against the proposal, which at once fell to the ground and was soon followed by its authors.

Count Bismarck, who then became Prime Minister, took a totally different line. There was no more question of moral conquests, winning over the German populations by a liberal policy. On the contrary, he declared frankly that national unity could only be obtained by blood and iron, and told Austria she had better transfer her capital to Pesth. He ruled Prussia for three years with an utter contempt of every constitutional law, levied the taxes without a Budget, and declared the Deputies legally responsible for their speeches delivered in the house. He first made an alliance with Russia against the Polish insurrection; then with Austria in the Schleswig-Holstein affair; both against the decided will of the majority; and, at last, he engaged in the decisive struggle with Austria in defiance of the protest of the whole German nation. Success decided in favour of that daring enterprise; but it cannot make us forget how nearly the fears of the best German patriots at the beginning of the war have been justified by the result. They objected not to the exclusion of Austria from a future and stronger Confederation, on the contrary, they acknowledged this as the condition *sine quâ non* of national consolidation. The existing dualism of Austria and Prussia prevented all progress; it was in fact a state of latent war. Sooner or later the question was to be settled, which of the two Powers should obtain the future supremacy over the nation. Nobody thought that this could be done with rose-water; but the Liberal party opposed the ways and means through which Bismarck tried to accomplish this result. They thought it an act of immense audacity to wage war at once against Austria and the Middle States, while the Prussian commonwealth was violently shaken with interior struggles. They thought the odds were decidedly against Prussia in such a struggle; and feared the intervention of France. Nor can

it even now be said that this belief was altogether unfounded; for though Count Bismarck knew better than any of his opponents the weakness of the enemy, and had prepared the war with immense forethought, he was also favoured by circumstances, and by the faults of his adversaries, to a degree which no human prudence could have anticipated. What, for instance, would have been the position of Prussia, if Austria, instead of losing her temper and bringing forward the ill-advised motion of the 14th of June, 1866, which broke up the Diet, had systematically ignored Bismarck's decided intention to attack her, and had kept simply on the defensive; or, at the last moment, had accepted the projected Paris Conference without reserve, instead of insisting on the condition that no territorial changes should be proposed at it? Nor, further, admitting that the Prussian Prime Minister foresaw the blunder which the Emperor Napoleon was about to make in allowing the war to begin with the intention of stepping in as arbitrator, when both parties should be well-nigh exhausted, could he anticipate the extraordinary collapse of the Imperial will, resulting from illness or some other cause, which led the mighty Ruler of France to accept unparalleled changes in Europe, and submit to the abrogation of the Treaties of 1815, though it was done not in favour of France, but *against* her? Had France been prepared and resolved to act in July, 1866, the result on the policy of Prussia must have been very different.

These were terrible and most real dangers which cannot be effaced from memory by the success of Bismarck's policy, though we readily admit that he acted in all the negotiations before, during, and after the war, with consummate skill and unscrupulous boldness. After having tried to make, in Salzburg 1865, an alliance with Austria against the revolution, the price of which was to be the abandonment of the Duchies, he brought a king, who boasted of his Divine Right, to an alliance not only with Victor Emanuel, but with Klapka; at Nickolsburg he checkmated France by Austria and Austria by France; and he quietly signed the military treaties of alliance with the Southern States, while the French ambassador, M. Benedetti, was flattering himself that his influence had saved these states from great territorial sacrifices. The result of this highhanded policy was the treaty of Prague, and the establishment of the North-German Confederation. Let us now look a little closer into the condition of this New Germany, which has sprung into existence like Pallas from the head of Jupiter. We have already noticed the immense advantage

of the exclusion of Austria from the League; and we think that this question is finally settled. In reality this exclusion is in the well-understood interest of Austria herself. She was always wavering between Germany and the East. She has now really become the great Danubian Empire which Talleyrand wished to establish in 1809, against the threatening position of Russia. In this position and capacity she can render immense services to Europe; and although she of course stands by the treaty of Prague, she will probably be little inclined to renounce her freedom of action or to embark again on the troubled waters of German politics. Indeed, the well-meant, but misty propositions of Prince Hohenlohe to form a new and wider Confederation, including North Germany, the Southern States, and Austria, met with a peremptory refusal from Baron Beust, as well as from Count Bismarck.

Next to the exclusion of Austria the greatest fact of the new state of things is, that North Germany is now united to a degree which it never attained even in the most brilliant times of the Saxon or Swabian Emperors. But, on the other hand, this advantage is bought by such a division of Germany as has not been seen since the Confederation of the Rhine. The German provinces of Austria are wholly severed from Germany. The states south of the Main are internationally as independent as Belgium or Switzerland. They have, it is true, signed treaties of unconditional alliance with Prussia, and the Zollverein has been re-established between them, and a Customs Parliament assembled in Berlin this spring, comprising the representatives of all Germany. Nevertheless the political division remains, and doubts are spreading more and more, whether the line of the Main is really only 'a halting 'place to take in water and coals,' as was said in 1867 by M. Miquel. Yet in the possibility of reuniting North and South the whole German question is concentrated; and in order to get a clear view of the subject we must first examine the interior state of the Northern portion of the country.

A mere glance at the North German Constitution shows that there is now no question of a real Confederation, and indeed it is impossible that there should be. It may indeed be doubted, whether a Confederate State composed of monarchical governments is really feasible. The Federal form may be adapted to republics like the United States and Switzerland, but independent dynasties will never submit to the control of real federal power. Waiving the objection, it is certainly necessary that the members of a Confederate State should be relatively co-equal or nearly so. But North Germany now

consists of one great Power, swollen by the last annexations to about 25 millions of souls, and a number of small states comprising altogether less than 5 millions. If even in 1849 Prussia, then a state of 18 millions only, refused to submit to the central power of the Frankfort Constitution, how much less would she now acknowledge the rule of an independent central government! We therefore do not in the least blame Count Bismarck for having abstained from artificial combinations, and for having simply transferred the federal Executive to the Prussian Government, nominally checked by a federal Council. This organisation is the adequate expression of the fact, that Prussia forms four-fifths of the whole Confederation, and that the other States in giving up to King William the best part of their sovereign rights have become simply Prussian vassals, and their subjects second-class Prussians. To prove this a few words will suffice. The 68th article of the Constitution gives to the federal commander-in-chief, i.e. the King of Prussia, the power of declaring martial law for any length of time in any part of the federal territory, whenever he thinks that the public safety is endangered. Neither the government of that territory, nor the Federal Council, nor Parliament need be asked beforehand, or have afterwards to ratify this extreme and arbitrary measure, which of course places all the lesser governments and their subjects at the absolute disposal of the King of Prussia. This clause is the more remarkable, as Prussia in the Federal Council, has 17 votes out of 43, so that she only requires 5 more votes to have the majority; and these five votes would always be found among the small States. In fact the whole Federal Council can give to the other governments only a deliberative vote. As soon as Prussia is really decided to do a thing, her confederates must give way. But if the minor princes retain only a sham independence, their subjects are still worse off. They have henceforth to bear the burdens of a great State, and at the same time to maintain their own courts and governments; most of them are positively unable to do so; and Prussia has been obliged to lessen the federal contributions in their favour for a certain number of years. If the full proportion was asked, they would be simply bankrupt.

How long can a Constitution based upon such anomalous elements and combinations last? Is it not evident that it can only form a state of transition to the absolute unification of the whole North into one homogeneous commonwealth? Does not history show, that whenever a great State reduces its weaker neighbour to vassalage, this change always leads, by degrees, to

a complete amalgamation? This process is dictated by the law of political dynamics; it is the power of attraction of a great body on small ones, which are not self-sufficient. The North German States only subsist in their less than half independence by the goodwill of Prussia. Count Bismarck, for political reasons, treats them for the present with great forbearance; and has even refused offers of complete mediatisation, as in the case of Waldeck, because this would upset the complicated fabric of the Federal Constitution. But this policy cannot prevent the extension of the federal jurisdiction and authority in the sense of concentrating the executive powers more and more in the hands of Prussia, and the legislative powers in the North German Parliament. Everything relating to military and commercial affairs, railways and roads, navigation, post and telegraphs, the monetary and banking system, weights and measures, the civil and criminal law, the right of citizenship, &c., belong already to the North federal jurisdiction. Ministers and consuls represent the Confederation abroad. Prussia and the Prussian Government are in all these respects acting as the head and the hand of North Germany. Is it not clear that the car once launched in this direction must go on to the end, and that this state of things can only end in the complete unification?

The leading men in the North German Parliament do not conceal their conviction that this must be the result. Count Münster, one of the leaders of the Free Conservative party, as well as the anonymous author of the pamphlet which stands at the head of this article, and who may be considered as the spokesman of the national liberal party, declares frankly that the present state of things cannot last; that it is impossible to make the Northern Parliament, the Customs Parliament, and the Prussian Diet work together for any length of time; and that one unified State under the House of Hohenzollern, setting aside all the other dynasties, must be the aim of the national policy. The same feeling pervades the populations of the minor States. The town-council of Lubeck lately limited a grant to five years, because, as a member said in the debate, it was doubtful whether after that period Lubeck would still be in existence as a free town. The members of the Federal Council who attend the sittings of that body presided over by Count Bismarck have not unaptly been compared to the companions of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops.

What, then, must be the effect of this state of things on the question of the accession of the Southern States to the Northern Confederation? Is this evident tendency to abso-

lute unification in the North favourable to the national desire of crossing the Main? We doubt it very much. For what reason should the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg make the sacrifice of their sovereign rights, which an accession to the Confederation would require of them? Can it be believed that the King of Saxony, who in 1862 protested against the idea of Prussian ascendancy, would have submitted to the conditions which the Confederation imposed upon him, if they had not been enforced by the law of war? The Governments of Bavaria and Wurtemberg signed the treaties of alliance because that too was an absolute condition of obtaining peace from their conqueror. They submitted to the new organisation of the Zollverein, because it was the condition of maintaining the Customs Union. But they at once declared that in accepting these treaties, and in promising the faithful execution of them, they had arrived at the utmost limit of concession. Certainly no Bavarian Minister can ever be more friendly to Prussia than Prince Hohenlohe, yet that statesman has repeatedly declared that there can be no question for Bavaria of entering the Confederation; and has openly stated that the impediment lies in the Unitarian tendency of its Constitution—a tendency which, as we have seen, will not decrease but increase, and so render the accession of the Southern States more and more difficult. With Wurtemberg the case is still worse: at the elections to the Customs Parliament, not a single candidate of the national party was returned, and as regards the Court, it is notoriously hostile. Even in Baden, where a patriotic prince has declared himself ready for any sacrifice, the weight which a liberal and national Ministry must always have in the elections could not prevent the return of a considerable number of deputies of the clerical and anti-Unitarian party.

The consequence is, that the first Customs Parliament has not realised any of the hopes which hailed its establishment by the treaties of 1867. When these treaties were concluded, Count Bismarck, it is reported, answered the objections of the French Ambassador by one of his witticisms: 'La ligne du 'Main est comme une grille dans un ruisseau: la grille reste, 'mais elle n'empêche pas l'eau de couler.' This repartee was considered as a fair statement of the case. The national party at first felt confident that the treaties were equivalent to the virtual accession of the Southern States. But hitherto facts have not borne out this sanguine view; on the contrary, the great majority of the elections for the Customs Parliament were decidedly unfavourable. On its meeting the national party moved an

address to the King of Prussia destined to give expression to their political hopes; but the Southern deputies protested, and declared that in case of the motion being carried they would secede from the assembly in a body. The result was that not only the address, but even a very tame amendment of the free Conservatives, was defeated; and after a short debate the previous question was adopted. The Ministers and the majority of the South opposed any extension of the jurisdiction of the Customs Parliament; and the King in his concluding speech, evidently in order to soothe Southern susceptibilities, declared that he would use his power only in strict conformity with existing treaties. Immediately afterwards the fiftieth anniversary of the Bavarian Constitution was celebrated all through that kingdom with great pomp and solemnity.

These are grave facts, which cannot be overborne by the patriotic speeches of some Southern deputies, who have long been known to be favourable to national unity. The friendly reception which the 'brethren of the South' met with at Berlin doubtless created a mutual friendly feeling, and destroyed many prejudices; but politically the Customs Parliament left the German question unaltered, and the river Main still remains the Rubicon of Germany.

What then are the reasons of this opposition not only of the Governments (we have seen that it is easily to be accounted for), but of the populations of the South?

Different causes combine to produce this result. The Ultramontane party is opposed on principle to Prussian ascendancy; and Count Bismarck was labouring under a strange delusion when in the last autumnal session he declared that it was in his power to win over that party by concessions, and afterwards pleaded on that ground for the admission of a Papal Nuncio at Berlin. The Roman Catholic party in Prussia, in Southern Germany, and elsewhere, never deviates from its course. They take every concession only as a sign of weakness, and a pledge of future and larger sacrifices. This party is undoubtedly powerful in the South, particularly in Bavaria, but it would not have obtained a Parliamentary majority. The result of the elections is principally due to the exertions of the advanced Liberals. This party, in Wurtemberg, has strong leanings towards republican principles; but if it was able to get a majority, the reason is the decided opposition of the population to the internal Government of Prussia; and the arbitrary forms of authority which still prevail at Berlin are the most serious, nay, the only real, impediment to the progress of German unity.

The spirit in which Count Bismarck ruled before the war, his conflict with the Prussian legislature extending over three years, is well known; but he has, it is said, broken frankly with his past. He who deposed kings governing by the same right as his master, who proclaimed the sovereign rights of the nation and introduced universal suffrage, is no more the man of the Feudal Party; and the best proof of this is that the staunchest of his old friends hate him bitterly, and that the Conservatives only follow him with reluctance. There can be no doubt of this decided change. The question is as to the direction in which he has turned. We utterly disbelieve that Count Bismarck is a convert to liberal principles. On the contrary he dislikes them just as much as ever, though he knows that the establishment of a naked absolutism is impossible, and probably considers Parliaments as an unavoidable evil. But he follows the track of Bonapartism in trying to veil absolute power by a show of constitutional safeguards. He is emphatically an Imperialist. He threw to the democracy the bait of universal suffrage, knowing well that the masses, who are easily led by the influence of functionaries and great proprietors, will swamp the middle classes, which form the stronghold of liberalism, and by the magnitude of this electioneering apparatus he hopes to exaggerate the real power of the Parliament in the eyes of the people. This power is indeed smaller than that of any existing legislative assembly. The Reichstag can reject bills which are presented by the government, but it has no virtual control over the Executive. Art. 17 of the Constitution makes the Federal Chancellor nominally responsible; but this responsibility exists merely on paper, as there is neither a law to define it, nor a court to enforce it. This species of responsibility strongly resembles that established by the French Constitution of 1852, which declares the Emperor alone responsible, not to the Legislature, but to the people at large. The more responsibility is extended, the more unreal it becomes.

Nor does the Constitution give any guarantees to the personal liberties of the citizen. When this subject came on for discussion, Herr Braun moved that authority should be given to the Federal Government to guarantee a minimum of civil rights to all the citizens of the Confederation. If this motion had been carried, it would have given something like a tangible basis to the liberties of the German people.

But this did not suit Count Bismarck. He meant to give them not liberty, but military and territorial power; so he gravely asserted that this motion had met with objections on

the part of the Confederate Governments, which he was unable to overcome. Federal councillors may hardly have suppressed the smile of the Roman augurs, when they heard their power thus exalted, knowing perfectly well that they could prevent nothing which Prussia was really decided to do. But the Federal Council proved in this case, as in others, a convenient screen to cover the Presiding Power against the Reichstag, and the motion was thrown out to the great prejudice of German Unity.

In fact, the essence of the Constitution is the extension of the well-regulated military and administrative system of Prussia to the whole of North Germany; combined with those elements in which, according to some of our modern politicians, lies the real gist of a State. We are certainly not inclined to underrate the importance of the military and economical unification of the North; but man does not live by bread alone, and liberal laws on the rights of the press, of public meetings, on the guarantees of personal liberty, &c., would have acted in Germany in support of the new form of government, with scarcely less force than the victory of Sadowa. The strongest argument of the adversaries of Prussia is, that accession to the Northern Confederation would entail upon the Southern States only increased taxation and the loss of their hardwon constitutional liberties. This argument is the more forcible, as the reconstitution of Austria has been undertaken in the most liberal spirit, so that with the exception of Belgium, no Continental state now enjoys so much freedom as that Empire, which was formerly considered the bulwark of absolutism. Baron Beust is perhaps personally more favourable to the practice of liberal institutions than Count Bismarck, he is at least in this respect a better judge of the real signs of the time. Count Bismarck thinks he sees through the illusions of the 'idéologues,' but one of his most signal foibles is that he has the same contempt for real ideas; he overlooks the fact, that in the long run a statesman must be the more powerful the more he is responsible. The consciousness of this principle was the secret of the greatness and the success of Cavour, who even on his dying bed protested against irresponsibility when he exclaimed: 'No martial law! anybody can govern with 'that!' Cavour began by firmly establishing liberty in Sardinia, so that all the Italian populations should long to dwell under the same roof, and he made liberty the great organ for national unity. How much of Count Bismarck's blood and iron might have been spared if the same process had been followed in Germany!

In examining the difficulties which beset his designs, we have hitherto confined ourselves to the internal condition of Germany; yet it would be idle to overlook the fact, that the difficulties from without are still more threatening. Let us look back to the momentous negotiations of Nickolsburg, where the fate of Germany was decided. The victory of Sadowa, however crushing, was not able to establish one united German Empire. When Austria was lying prostrate, France stepped in; and illarmed as she was, Count Bismarck did not dare to push things to extremities, but preferred to come to terms with her. The Emperor Napoleon gave up that part of his programme which had promised to maintain Austria's great position in Germany, and he consented to her exclusion. The ground was cleared for a new structure. For that purpose two ways were open; the one was to unite all the German States into one Confederation under the leadership of Prussia, and to be satisfied with a moderate territorial aggrandisement; the other was to incorporate as much territory as France would allow him to take without going to war, and to leave the rest to the future. The latter course was that which Count Bismarck adopted, as we think, very much to the prejudice of Germany. If a Confederation of all the remaining States had been established, this Union, supported by the action of a more prompt Federal Parliament, would have become more and more close, and would have prepared gradually but safely the unity of the nation. This course would have offered, moreover, the great advantage of a final state of things, which might have been frankly accepted by Austria as well as by France, for such a confederation would have been of an eminently peaceful organisation.

It is said, indeed, that Count Bismarck was unable to restore the conquered thrones, because those dynasties were too bitterly hostile to Prussia. We say nothing in defence of the Sovereigns, who by their follies and misgovernment had provoked the fate they met, but such personal motives ought not to bias a statesman's policy. The case was different with the different States. The war had shown the paramount importance for Prussia of obtaining a junction of the two disconnected parts of the monarchy. The annexation of Hesse-Cassel and Nassau was therefore necessary, and not unjustifiable, because the population accepted it. But with Hanover (not to speak of Frankfort) it stood otherwise. Count Bismarck himself admitted in his conversations with Count Münster, that if a vote was to be taken, the immense majority of the people would ask for the maintenance of Hanover as an independent

State. It would have been easy to enforce the abdication of King George, if this was the only way to save the crown for his son, who certainly could not be more opposed to the new order of things than the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt or the King of Saxony. The truth is that these sovereigns would have been expropriated in the same manner, if they had not found powerful friends, who interceded in their favour; but no great sovereign took an active interest in the fate of the Guelphs. The real cause of the submersion of the Hanoverian dynasty is its severance from the dynasty of England. If Hanover had been maintained in the same position as Saxony, the Confederation would not have stopped at the Main, it would have embraced all the German States, and an equipoise would have been established, which might have given a fair prospect for the working of a Federal organisation under the leadership of Prussia.

But Count Bismarck's ideas went in a far different direction; his aim was, above all, territorial aggrandisement; he felt himself not strong enough to risk a rupture with France, nor would the deeply roused national feeling allow him to buy her good will with concessions on the western frontier. For him the question was therefore principally how far he might go without overstraining the bow. He was obliged to leave Bohemia and Saxony untouched; but he took all the States north of the Main (Meiningen excepted) which had not declared for Prussia during the war, and left the south to itself.

We think this was decidedly a fault. He created for himself grave difficulties at home. He incorporated five millions of Germans by the bare right of conquest. Spontaneous annexations, voted by the people under the superintendence of victorious bayonets, are always somewhat questionable manifestations of opinion. But how great was the difference between the annexation of Venetia, where everybody welcomed the change, and that of Hanover or the Duchies, where nine persons out of ten were adverse to it! Nor has Prussia hitherto succeeded in assimilating her conquests. She lacks for this purpose the vital warmth and air of political liberty; and her overbearing bureaucracy is little apt to conciliate popular sympathies. Even in Nassau and Hesse, where at first the annexation was popular, much dissatisfaction prevails; and the wretched Elector of Hesse has recovered something of the regard of his countrymen since they have ceased to be his subjects. Secondly, by the annexations the disproportion between Prussia and the other German States has become so great,

that even the accession of the South could scarcely establish a balance sufficiently equal to allow of the working of a federal organisation. The whole mechanism of the North German Constitution is so complicated that it cannot go on as it is. They have a Federal Commander-in-Chief, a Federal Chancellor, a Federal Council, a Parliament and Federal Ambassadors, by the side of the Prussian Ministry, the Ministries of the minor States, the Prussian Diet, and the provincial Diets, the representatives of Saxony and Mecklenburg.

This chaotic state of things is not tempting for the accession of the Southern States, and Count Bismarck appears to regard this result with indifference, for an obvious reason. The accession of the South would bring into the Federal Council, and still more into the Northern Parliament, elements which might prove not quite as docile as those proceeding from the Northern States. This, however, is but a secondary argument against the union. The Prussian Premier knows perfectly well that the *status quo* cannot last, but the real motive of his reserve is the conviction that the crossing of the Main would be equivalent to war. In accepting the division of Germany he probably cherished the hope of finding ways and means for an arrangement with France, perhaps at first by the surrender of Luxemburg—a point on which more than one hint had been given from Berlin to the Emperor—but that is now out of the question. He did not venture to push things to the extreme in the spring of 1867, even when he was backed by the general sympathies of the nation and when France was badly prepared; much less will he do so now, when France is armed to the teeth, nay, perhaps armed as she never was before. The Emperor Napoleon knows perfectly well that the Opposition reproaches him with having compromised the interests of France by a policy at once insidious and irresolute. He was obliged to let things go on as long as he was not prepared. He even now does not wish for war. But he is decided not to accept any more slights. He considers himself as the moral guarantor of the Treaty of Prague, of which he was the mediator; and there is reason to believe that he would consider the accession of Baden to the Confederation as a *casus belli*. Nor would Austria be inclined to accept such an event quietly. Before Hanover was incorporated she might have acquiesced in a tolerably balanced Confederation, comprising all the German States. But in the present Northern Constitution the tendency of complete unification, supported principally by a powerful army, is so preponderant that Austria must ask herself what would be the effect of the accession of the South

on her own German provinces? Would such an united German State not act upon them like the loadstone mountain on the ships in Sindbad's tale, and so break up the Empire? Indeed, after the treaties of military alliance were published, Baron Beust stated, as his view, that he should be justified in protesting against them as infractions of the Treaty of Prague, and he has since repeatedly declared that he would abide by that treaty.

Count Bismarck, then, has placed Germany by his policy in the terrible dilemma, that the present *status quo* cannot be maintained for any length of time, and yet that the first step southwards would be war—a war which, very likely, would become general. This is the real cause of the uncertainty and suspense in every branch of commerce and industry on the continent of Europe, and so long as the air smells of powder, 'la grêve du milliard'—the strike of capital—will last.

We therefore cannot view the future of Germany in the same bright and hopeful way as the anonymous author of the pamphlet named at the head of this article. We think he underrates the dangers and difficulties which beset the path of German unity; and he overrates considerably the power of his party—the National Liberals. It is a great error if this party believes that Count Bismarck is, however unwillingly, doing their work. On the contrary, he uses them pretty much as he likes, since they alone have not the majority; and if they believe that events will wait till their opinions have prevailed in the South, they will probably be grievously deceived. We wish for a Germany united and liberal, but we cannot separate these two requisites; and it is because Count Bismarck has separated them, that we fear the day of real German unity is still far distant.

ART. X.—1. *An Address on the Connexion of Church and State delivered at Sion College on February 15th,* 1868. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Second Edition. London: 1868.

2. *The Law of Creeds in Scotland. A Treatise on the Legal Relation of Churches in Scotland Established and not Established to their Doctrinal Confessions.* By ALEXANDER TAYLOR INNES, M.A. Edinburgh: 1867.

3. *A History of the Free Churches of England from* 1688 *to* 1851. By HERBERT S. SKEATS. London: 1868.

4. *The Four Experiments in Church and State and the Conflicts of Churches.* By Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P. London: 1864.

5. *Ecclesiastical History of England from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Cromwell.* By JOHN STOUGHTON. London: 2 vols. 8vo.: 1867.

THE great contention of this age still lies between the rival forces of ecclesiastical and civil authority—of spiritual and temporal power. No other controversy has borne so large a part in the history and politics of modern Europe; and since the era of the Reformation no time has been more agitated by these questions than our own. It is not too much to assert that the adjustment of these conflicting elements is destined to occupy the minds of men with extreme intensity during the remainder of the present century; and that in this country more especially the connexion of Church and State will continue for many years to be debated with the deepest interest. The Church of England as established by law has in fact undergone less change in the course of the last three centuries than any other ecclesiastical body in Christendom, not excepting even the Church of Rome. She still rests upon the great statutes of the reign of Elizabeth. Her doctrines were fixed by the Thirty-nine Articles of the sixteenth century. Her property has remained inviolate. Her constitution, her spiritual Peers, her Houses of Convocation, her forms of legal procedure, her relation to the State, and her discipline, were suspended for a brief space of time during the Commonwealth, but they revived at the Restoration and are unaltered at this hour. Even now, it cannot be said that they are openly or violently assailed. On the contrary, there have been many periods in our history when the intolerance of the Church and the resentment of hostile sectaries, persecuted by unjust laws,

gave rise to fierce passions which have now happily passed away. But it is not equally certain that the foundations of the Established Church are not undermined. The conditions of society in the nation have undergone great changes. A large section of the population, now in full possession of equal political rights, has withdrawn from the Church of the State into the different forms of Dissent. At the date of the last census nearly half the number of those who attended divine worship at all, did not attend divine worship within the walls of the Church. The Roman Catholic Church in the United Kingdom presents a bold front, and carries on its uncompromising warfare in the plenitude of hierarchical power. Above all, in the Church of England itself a class of earnest and fervent votaries has sprung up who regard their connexion with the State as dearly purchased by their forced obedience to the law of Parliament; and who claim for the Church (what she has never claimed for herself) a spiritual autocracy independent of all civil authority, and altogether incompatible with her alliance to the civil power. These are serious dangers, and they are dangers which are more likely to increase than to diminish. If the Church of England is to hold her ground as the established Church of the nation she must be prepared to meet them; and in our judgment she can only meet them successfully, not by relying on antiquated enactments or obsolete pretensions, but by making good her claim to be the perpetual guardian of the spiritual and moral interests of the community upon enlarged liberal principles.

It is on these liberal principles, and in defence of these principles, that we propose on the present occasion to devote some attention to this momentous subject. The Established Church is the most important institution of the realm for the purposes of education, in its highest sense. The legal character of the Church is in fact the voice and authority of the laity in the Church, and therefore the proper restraint upon the pretensions of sacerdotal power. Parliament, by which the Statutes of Elizabeth and the Act of Uniformity were passed, with or without the consent of the clergy, may enlarge those Statutes, if the interests of religion and the moral welfare of the nation should seem to the wisdom of the Legislature to require such changes. It is, we think, highly beneficial to the community at large that a not inconsiderable portion of the national property—to which no individual, as such, and no civil corporation has any claim—should be set apart and respected as the national reserve dedicated to the worship of God and the religious instruction of the people. Conceding

the utmost liberty of conscience and entire freedom of action to every other form of church or religious association, it is a high national privilege that the teaching and the offices of the Church should be placed gratuitously within the reach of all classes of the community—that the poorest peasant in the remotest parish of England should have the right and opportunity of attending divine service, of partaking in her sacraments, of presenting his children at the font, and of claiming her blessing over his humble grave. To the rich these advantages are easily attainable in the form most agreeable to themselves, but to the poor the Church is a common asylum, in which they have the same rights as their wealthier neighbours. William Cobbett, no friend of parsons or of privileges, emphatically declared that the possessions of the Church are the patrimony of the poor, and that they ought before all things to be devoted to the spiritual service of those who have no other possessions. That which we have attempted to do, with the assistance of the State, in the establishment of national schools for the instruction of the people, is done with far greater completeness by the Church for the spiritual interests of the people. We do not pretend to make public education compulsory, but we have made it accessible; and we cannot conceive on what grounds those who contend most eagerly for the diffusion of secular education by the intervention of the State, should reject the educating influence of an established Church, which supplies some of the most essential elements of moral training, and may hereafter supply them in greater perfection.

It is curious to remark how strongly prejudices exist on both sides of this question which took their origin in a state of things which has long entirely passed away. The Church of England was the child of the State, and of a despotic State. She was identified with the arbitrary principles of the Tudors and the Stuarts, heightened by the theological intolerance which was common to all sects and churches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Even Cromwell held that 'the 'magistrate hath his supremacy, he may settle religion accord-'ing to his conscience.' And he did settle it, not only by legislating for his own Church, in clergy and laity, but by proscribing all other forms of belief and inflicting civil penalties on Dissent. But many of the Dissenters of the present day are in fact protesting against abuses of power which have been entirely abandoned or removed by law. The Church of England is still the child of the State, but of a free State. The very same power which made her the instrument of tyranny in one age, makes her an instrument of liberty in another. The

governing power of the Church is no longer vested in a sovereign imbued with high prerogative doctrines, and enforced by High Courts of Ecclesiastical Commission; but in a monarchy limited by the will of the people in a free Parliament. That governing power is no longer exerted for the persecution of other sects, but for the reformation and extension of her own laws. Its avowed object is no longer to establish and enforce a particular system of theological belief by penal enactments, but to make the Church the instructress of the nation in the great truths of Christianity and the guardian of public morality by the punctual and liberal discharge of her own duties. To this object all others are subordinate. The religion which consists in determining abstruse points of belief may not improperly be said to lie between the conscience of man and his Maker; but the religion which is the basis of social obligations and of human duties is in the highest degree a matter of public and national concern, and is therefore entitled to the support of the State.

The arguments of the opponents of Church Establishments appear to us to derive their principal force from a misconception of the true nature of such establishments, and from the fallacies which have been, and still are frequently, put forward in support of them. We repudiate the dangerous alliance of such principles. There is no greater error than to suppose that governments are bound by any moral obligation to propagate and support by the civil power that particular form of religious truth which they themselves profess. Our readers will not have forgotten the memorable answer given in these pages by Lord Macaulay to Mr. Gladstone, when he attempted the defence of that untenable theory in his celebrated Essay on 'Church and State.' For it is in fact the theory of intolerance and the plea of persecution. That theory made the alliance of Church and State odious and intolerable, because the State became the instrument of clerical bigotry and ecclesiastical dogmatism; and wherever that theory prevails a deadly wrong is done to freedom of conscience, infinitely more grievous than any benefit that can result from apparent uniformity of belief. The real value of a national Church should in our opinion be judged by the opposite standard—not by its dogmatism or its exclusiveness, but by its breadth and comprehensiveness. It is of infinitely less consequence that the Church should enforce on all its members, or on a whole nation, a strict conformity to certain doctrinal tenets or certain forms of religious observance, than that it should propagate the fundamental truths of Christianity, remind men of their eternal

obligations to the Maker of all things, and cast the supernatural light of revelation on the dark places of the world and of the human soul. To the question, What is Truth? a myriad answers will be given as conflicting as the tongues of Babel and as vacant as the doubt of Pilate. But to the questions, What is Duty? What is Faith? What is the Law of God? happily for civilisation and for mankind, the answers are far more plain, easy, and consistent.

We dismiss then altogether the theological argument, of which Mr. Gladstone was in early life the most uncompromising champion, resting on the assumption that the State, regarded as a personal entity, is bound by its duty to God to make a confession of faith and to assert the superiority of that particular confession over all other forms of belief by conferring peculiar privileges upon it. The truth is that the Christian character of the State, as such, is equally compatible with a dominant religion, with co-equal forms of faith, and with the voluntary principle. No one will dispute that the United States of America, with all the multiplicity of their sects, have retained as strong a collective religious feeling as any country in Europe, and that on all suitable occasions they make a public profession of it with the utmost solemnity, because it is deeply seated in the convictions of the people.

The converse of this theological theory is that of Sir George Lewis, who maintained that the great principle of all legislation in ecclesiastical matters is, that '*the State is no judge of the truth of creeds*. . . . In fact it is only by a metaphor, and that not a very luminous one, that a State can be said to judge, or have opinions on any subject, whether religious or not. A community is no really existent person; but is considered as such only in respect of its institutions and public acts.'* It is therefore perfectly consistent with the theory of the connexion of Church and State, as we understand it, that different forms of religion should be recognised and supported by the same State. On this principle the Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew Churches are all paid alike by the State in Holland, in France, and in many other continental countries. We ourselves recognise the Episcopalian Church of England in the southern portion of this island, and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in the northern portion of it, as equally established, to say nothing of the Romish Church in some of the conquered possessions of the Crown. For reasons which will more fully appear as we proceed, holding that the principle

* Lewis on Irish Disturbances, pp. 376, 377.

of established churches is beneficial to society, we do not hesitate to avow our regret that the religion of the majority of the people of Ireland was not long ago recognised and established in that island, as far as is consistent with the character of the Romish Church—that is to say, by making a provision for the clergy, and by determining the joint nomination of bishops by an agreement with Rome. And it must be regarded as a proof that a large portion of the people of this country are still far below the people of any other country north of the Alps in point of Christian toleration, that such a proposal would at the present time be scouted by almost every liberal constituency in Britain, and can scarcely be avowed with impunity by any member of the House of Commons. It is the theological fallacy—the rooted opinion that we are not only bound to believe in our own creed, but also to condemn and resist the creeds of others—which inflicts this evil and injustice on society. Far from aiding the broad principle of establishments it militates against them, by confining what was meant for the nation to the proportions of a sect.

> 'Summus utrimque
> Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
> Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
> Esse deos quos ipse colit.' (*Juvenal*, xv. 32.)

Nor can we allow ourselves to fall back on the grand theory of Hooker, revived in our own days by Arnold, of the mystical identity of Church and State in one commonwealth, on the ground that it is impossible to dissever the spiritual and temporal interests of the nation. But these are mere words. When we speak of a Church we mean a positive institution, such as now exists under the laws of England or the authority of Rome. The term, no doubt, as Coleridge pointed out with signal ability long ago, may have a much wider application; but it is a common source of error to take a term in its wider sense and to bring it to bear on the narrower uses of the same expression.

But if we deny that the true conception of an Established Church is to be found in these vague and mysterious propositions, neither can we admit with Dr. Chalmers that 'wherever 'we have a certain legal provision for the ministrations of 'Christianity, there we have an Establishment in the land.' Throughout his celebrated argument against the voluntary principle, Chalmers was in truth contending for no more than an organised provision for the clergy, and he confounded endowment with establishment. These two things are not only not identical but they are not necessarily connected, and each of them may exist without the other. If the state of ecclesias-

tical property and endowments be dispassionately examined, it will be found that although they may be divided into public and private endowments, yet in fact almost all ecclesiastical bodies have property set apart for the ministrations of their religion which is protected and controlled by the law. Public endowments are those which are held by persons whom the law has invested with a public character, and who hold this property in the capacity of a corporation sole subject to certain public duties and requirements which may be enforced by law. Private endowments are those which are vested in trustees for the religious or charitable uses of particular sects in accordance with deeds of settlement, which are under the peculiar protection and control of the Court of Chancery. Parliament has occasionally interfered, as in the case of the Presbyterian Chapels' Bill, to settle the titles of estates held under these trusts; and nobody doubts that an immense number of edifices and trusts are thus permanently appropriated to the organised support of religious bodies. We presume that it will scarcely be contended by the most determined opponents of the Established Church, that it has less right to the retention of its property than any voluntary community. It is stated on credible authority that the funds subscribed for and by the Irish Roman Catholics, and invested in chapels, &c., within the last forty years, exceed five millions sterling. No sooner had the Free Church of Scotland seceded from the Established Kirk than a very large sum was raised by the Free Church party to buy sites, to build churches, to found schools, and to supply a sustentation grant for poor ministers. This fund has been said to amount to three millions; but however this may be, it constitutes a permanent endowment, over which the Court of Session has exercised, and must exercise, the same species of control which it possesses over all private and corporate property, as Mr. Taylor Innes has abundantly shown in his most valuable and interesting book.

It is not easy in any given country to define strictly what the property of the Church is. In addition to real estates and rent-charges, it consists of ancient structures, handed down from immemorial time, which have witnessed more than one change of religious faith, and of modern edifices raised within the last few years by the piety of individuals or the zeal of a new locality. The Bishop of London has asked his diocese to subscribe a million for the relief of the spiritual destitution of the metropolis: about 300,000*l.* has already been contributed to this fund; and the actual result ought to be much greater. This sum, and many others that could be named, is of course

added to the endowments and possessions of the Church of England; that is the avowed purpose and desire of the contributors. Similar benefactions have not been infrequent in the Episcopalian Church of Ireland, of which the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral by the late Sir B. Guinness, at a cost of 150,000*l.*, is a splendid example. Whatever the future character of the Episcopalian Church in Ireland may become, we apprehend that funds appropriated to particular purposes by grantors or donors, are protected by law and by the Court of Chancery; just as the Master of the Rolls in England recently had to adjudicate upon the fund provided by subscription for the maintenance of certain colonial bishoprics. The same legal principles and authority which determine the application of endowments to the purposes for which they were designed, must, of course, be applied to the property of every religious body, whether established or voluntary; and if the State interfered with the rights of property in one case, we do not see on what ground they can be maintained in other cases. It is for this reason that Mr. Gladstone has with great wisdom recommended a cautious respect for all existing rights of property in the Church of Ireland. If the Church of Ireland ceases to be connected with the State, a large portion of its property derived from private donations or grants will nevertheless appertain to it; but that portion would assume the shape of a private trust instead of that of a public endowment. Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons, that upon an equitable repartition of the Church property of Ireland probably three-fifths would belong to Protestants. Thus five-sixths of the glebe lands of Ireland lie in the diocese of Armagh, and were express grants made by James I. to the Episcopalian Church at the plantation of Ulster. The title to such grants is not, in law, distinguishable from the title to the estates granted at the same time to some of the great London companies.

We have gone through this series of negative propositions for the purpose of showing that the essential idea of a Church Establishment is not reached by those who make it consist in a national confession of faith or in the possession of national endowments. Paley says that the notion of a religious establishment comprehends three things: a clergy, or an order of men, secluded from other professions, to attend upon the offices of religion; a legal provision for the maintenance of the clergy; and the confining of that provision to the teachers of a particular sect of Christianity. Sir George C. Lewis somewhat enlarges this definition. He asserts that 'by the establishment of a 'religion we understand not merely that it is endowed, but that

'it has received from the State certain political privileges; 'that it has a legal precedence of other persuasions, and that 'its clergy are raised above the clergy of any other denomina-'tion, not only by their endowment, but also by their civil 'position.' We object to these definitions because they convey the notion of the superior rights and possessions of an established clergy, without adverting to their obligations. And this consideration brings us to the point which it is the main object of this article to enforce. What is an Established Church? We answer, *an Established Church is a Church in which the duties and rights of the clergy and the congregation are determined by the law of the land.* It follows of course that a non-established or voluntary Church is a Church in which the duties and rights of the clergy and the congregation are determined either by some authority independent of the law of the land or by voluntary compact.

The Church of Rome is the most conspicuous example of a Church claiming an independent authority by virtue of an express divine commission. She contends, and has in all ages contended, that the power of the Church has nothing in common with the civil and political powers of the world; and that it is, in all matters relating to the spiritual interests of mankind, superior to them. She not only rejects all allegiance to the civil power, but she claims to set up a sovereignty of her own which constitutes an *imperium in imperio* in all countries in which the Roman Catholic faith is held. She has her own laws, framed exclusively by ecclesiastical authority. She has her own Head, the Pope, to whom she ascribes a supreme and infallible power, as the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and wherever her power is uncontrolled by civil enactments or by agreement with the State, that power is absolute for all purposes both of doctrine and of discipline: it extends to the nomination of bishops, the trial of causes, and even to the limitation of personal rights, whenever they touch upon spiritual interests, as for example in dictating the conditions of marriage and prohibiting the publication of certain opinions. The Church of Rome is therefore the ideal of what is called a Free Church—that is of a Church freed from the control of national law, over which the supreme legislative authority of absolute sovereigns or of free parliaments is alike inoperative. The Church of Rome has been, and still is, in many countries an Established Church: that is to say, that she has entered into compacts or concordats with the State, by which the temporal possessions of the clergy are secured to them, by which the nomination and investiture of prelates are divided with the Crown, and certain legal restrictions on

the promulgation of Papal edicts and the operation of the Papal authority have been accepted by Rome. These were once the fundamental principles of the Gallican Church, ever heartily resisted by Rome. For they are derogations from her essential principle: they were forced upon her by motives of worldly policy, and they were attended by a corresponding decrease of spiritual power. If we could bring ourselves to believe with the Catholics, that there exists on earth an authority of divine origin, governed by an infallible Head, and guided by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, it is obvious that such an authority must be paramount to all human laws, and might well exercise the supremacy claimed by the Pope.

But it is of the essence of the English Reformation to reject this belief, and to assert, on the contrary, that Popes, councils, and canonists are liable to err, and have erred, as much as any other human institutions, and are therefore not entitled to exercise any paramount authority over the regularly constituted expression of the national will, represented by the State. 'The 'clergy of England,' said John Selden, 'when they cast off 'the Pope, submitted themselves to the civil power.' That in fact *was* the English Reformation. Everything else was included in it. The Church of England became in fact a lay-church, as regards her laws, her government, her patronage, and her jurisdiction. The spiritual character and authority of the clergy were confined by law to their religious functions. The distinctive characteristic of the Anglican Church appears to us to be that she founded a broad theological system on a strict legal basis. Her laws and institutions attest the workmanship of statesmen rather than of priests, as may be seen to demonstration by contrasting the spirit of the ecclesiastical Statutes which are in full vigour, with the spirit of the Canons of 1603 and 1640, which are inoperative, because they are not the law of the land but Church-made law.* This paramount assertion of legal rights, as opposed to clerical privileges, was in an especial manner the character and purport of the Reformation in England; and the first principle of the great Statutes by which it was effected was to declare that the realm was subject to no such clerical authority as that of Rome, and that the King was

* This well-known principle of our jurisprudence has lately been reasserted with consummate learning, force, and acuteness by Mr. Justice Willes and Mr. Justice Blackburn, in the opinions submitted to the House of Lords by those learned Judges in the case of the Bishop of Exeter *v.* Marshall, which is reported in the Law Reports (Appellate series) for May last. They well deserve a careful perusal.

alike in Church and State, in causes ecclesiastical and civil, supreme. So far was the recognition of this principle carried, that even when Queen Mary restored the Catholic religion, as Hooker remarks, it was by Act of Parliament that she restored it. In truth, that doctrine of the identity of power, in its origin and in its effects, which is designated by the term 'the Royal Supremacy,' was the basis of the greatest liberal movement ever witnessed in this country, because it emancipated England from the pretensions of spiritual power, and placed the supreme authority, in Church as well as in State, on the common basis of the law of the land. To borrow the words of Archdeacon Hale, one of the most learned of living divines in the history of his own Church:—

'So complete since the Reformation has been the Union of the Church and State by legal enactments, both in England and in Scotland and in Ireland, that it would not be beyond the truth to say, that the historian, who would record the history of our National Religions, need scarcely trouble himself to consult the writings of historians or divines; in the Statutes of the three countries, he will find the Articles of their Faith, as well as their authorized forms of worship and of government so plainly set forth, that from them alone a correct portraiture of the religion, which the Legislature has accepted, might be easily drawn.'*

The Crown exercises this authority in three ways: 1. By the enactment of laws, with the consent of Parliament, to determine all that relates to the Church, as well as by licensing in certain cases the proceedings of Convocation. 2. By the appointment of bishops. 3. By the jurisdiction of the King over ecclesiastical causes in the last resort. To attack any one of these established principles is, *pro tanto*, to abandon the fundamental principles of the English Reformation, and to make a step backwards by surrendering the true liberal principles of the National Church to an unfounded and fantastic theory of spiritual power.

The theory of the Roman Catholic Church is at least consistent. Admitting her premisses and her pretensions, it is impossible to dispute her conclusions. But on what grounds can Protestants maintain that there is a spiritual power and a spiritual jurisdiction distinct from that of the State? In what does it consist? The institutions of all Protestant Churches are professedly human institutions, framed by men, not wiser nor other than the men who have laid the broad basis of our civil polity. Such laws and institutions are, however venerable,

* Essay on the Union between Church and State, read at the Visitation of the Archdeaconry of London, May 14th, 1868, p. 10.

equally liable to be changed or modified by the supreme legal authority which called them into being.

'Whatever is the motive guiding force,' says Dean Stanley, 'that rules the intelligence and the conscience of the whole country, by whatever means that force is called forth, that is the lay element which in our age corresponds to the early assembly of the Christian Church. And this, in its highest form, is what we call the Government or the State. It is no disparagement to the clergy, because drawing into itself the whole community, it includes the clergy as well as the laity. Like everything human the State is essentially imperfect; but it is not more imperfect than the purely clerical governments .... The supremacy of the Crown, that is of the Law, over all causes and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is the supremacy of the whole nation over its own concerns, spiritual as well as temporal. It is no encroachment on that which does not belong to it. It is the direct expression of the laity and the clergy, through the best organs which the experience and wisdom of a thousand years have been able to contrive, on matters which touch them more immediately than any other interests in the world. Cultivate independence, repress servility, check centralisation, reform the representation, amend the division of labour in its different departments, elevate the press, purify public opinion; but it is by improving these, not by creating new institutions drawn from small sections of other communities, that you will ever get a true government for the Church of this great nation.' (*Stanley's Discourse*, pp. 8, 9.)

We know very well that by the Free Church of Scotland, by many of the Nonconformist bodies of England, and by the High Church party everywhere (which is at one with its bitterest enemies on this essential point), these opinions are denounced as Erastian. But we are not ashamed of them, for they are the opinions which have been defended by the greatest champions of English liberty for three centuries. It is a cardinal principle with our opponents that the civil magistrate has no authority in spirituals, and that the administration and jurisdiction of Church government ought to be conducted exclusively by spiritual authority. But what is spiritual authority? Who is entitled to assume that prerogative, which is nothing if it be not divine? We deny it in the Pope; we deny it to the Councils of the Church; we deny it to the Romish hierarchy, and rightly so, for we believe that their laws and rules are many of them human inventions and cunningly-devised fables. But is there any Protestant Church which can set up a better claim to authentic spiritual gifts? Where Protestant Churches have assumed those gifts, as among the fanatics of the Covenant or the theocracy of New England, have they been one whit more wise, or more Christian, than

their neighbours? The first article in the present Number of this Journal relates a tremendous example of the oppression committed when an indefinite law, supposed to be the will of God, was administered by irresponsible judges. In fact, the most barbarous acts of persecution and tyranny which have disgraced and afflicted mankind, originated in the vain belief that they were justified and required by some supernatural law, interpreted only by its self-constituted ministers. If the matter be pressed home, we can hardly conceive that any Protestant Christian would be bold enough to claim for himself a divine commission for the government of the Church, or superstitious enough to believe that such a commission really exists in others, however appointed or elected. We deny then *in toto* the existence of spiritual authority to be exercised by one set of men over another set of men in virtue of any mysterious privileges or traditions. The only authority which we can understand, because we know its origin and its nature, is the authority of the law, by which the forms and observances of the Church are regulated, by which even its doctrines have been defined, and by which ecclesiastical jurisdiction is exercised. These, indeed, are but outward forms, for outward forms can alone be governed by human enactments. Beyond them, in the recesses of the conscience and the freedom of the human mind, authority, whether ecclesiastical or civil, has no place.

We have said that no Protestant can be bold enough to assume for himself a divine commission; but we are mistaken, for that is precisely what the Ritualist and High Church party does assume, and in assuming it they cease to be Protestants, and are in fact contending for the fundamental principle of the Church of Rome.* Dr. Gray, the Bishop of Cape Town, may be taken as

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'*The distinguishing peculiarity of the Episcopal office is that it is fundamentally anti-Protestant* .... wherefore every Bishop who acts as a Protestant is a traitor to his Order, either from ignorance or wilful disloyalty, and is thoroughly despised by those who are happy to use him as a tool against the Church he has sworn to serve.' (p. 25.)

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a fair representative of the High Church theory. In an official letter on the case of Mr. Long he used these words: 'If there 'be such a thing as the Christian Church, all spiritual power 'within it must be derived from Christ. Neither kings, nor 'parliaments, nor civil courts can confer it. *It has been given by* 'CHRIST *to the Bishop.*' Such a pretension to clerical power could not be surpassed by the casuists of the Middle Ages, or the familiars of the Inquisition. By what laws is this stupendous authority regulated? If one bishop be clothed with it, is another bishop less secure of it? Such a condition of things in the Church would be not law but total anarchy—not authority but usurpation. Fortunately, Dr. Gray's pretensions could be brought to the test. His proceedings against Mr. Long, his proceedings against Dr. Colenso, were declared by the Privy Council to be not worth the paper they were written on; and whilst he was blasphemously boasting of a power expressly given him by the Saviour of the world, Dr. Gray found himself precisely in the position of a lunatic who may fancy that he is the monarch of the universe, but who cannot pluck a flower or fill a glass of water without the permission of his keeper. It would not be difficult to show that bishops, like kings, or any other ministers of government, however exalted in rank, are simply without any authority at all except what the law gives them. The spiritual authority they boast of is no better than a child's toy, or a fool's rattle, until it is charged by the ruling force of society and armed with the sanction of civil penalties. The prelates of the English Church are armed with the sanction of civil penalties. The prelates of the English Church are invested by the law with real and important powers. But the moment they go

'Protestantism, from its uncertain and shifting standard, can never be a safe moral guide for a nation.' John Sterling once said, 'The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that. That is, in other words, *the worst form of Catholicism is a better religion than the best form of Protestantism, &c.*' (p. 63.)

These sentences are extracted from an Essay written by the Rev. Richard Frederic Littledale, M.A., LL.D., who appears by the Clergy List to be a minister of the Church of England. Such opinions may consistently be taught at Maynooth or Oscott; but it is a striking example of the breadth of our National Church if they can be professed by men calling themselves members and ministers of our Protestant Establishment, and claiming all the rights that Establishment confers upon them, whilst they repudiate and assail the principle on which it is founded 'as tools against the Church 'they have sworn to serve.'

one step beyond those specific powers, their alleged divine commission is totally inoperative. What becomes of the sterile and abortive debates of Convocation, which is only rendered harmless by its entire impotence? What is the result of the prodigious mystification of a Pan-Anglican Synod, except to prove that all the prelates of the Anglican Church may assemble at Lambeth without the slightest ecclesiastical result, when they diverge from the known conditions of their legal existence, and stand solely upon their spiritual authority, in the exercise of what some of them believe to be an express divine commission? Such authority as that is precisely the authority of King Canute over the waves. We say again with John Selden, spiritual authority is like prerogative; 'which is something that can be told what it is, not something 'that has no name. The King's prerogative, that is, the King's 'law.' Spiritual authority is the Church's law.

The repugnance and aversion of members of Free Churches to the principle of an Establishment arises from the dread of interference of the authority of the State with the rights of conscience. And it cannot be denied that history is full of such instances. But they arose not from the authority of the State, but from the influence of the High Church party over the State, under the mistaken opinion that it was the duty of the State to determine theological controversies and to inflict civil penalties or proscriptions on those who dissented from particular theological opinions. The period in our history at which these pretensions were most arrogantly asserted was that ominous time which preceded the great convulsion of the seventeenth century. The clergy, led on and stimulated by Laud, set forth the *Jure Divino* doctrine which has been so strangely resuscitated in the present age. Laud himself aspired to be the Pontiff rather than the Primate of the Anglican Church. To use a humorous expression of Mr. Hallam's, 'Like Hector in the armour of Patroclus, our clergy had 'assumed to themselves the celestial armour of authority; but 'found that, however it might intimidate the multitude, it 'fitted them too ill to repel the spear that had been wrought 'in the same furnace.' And what was the power which arrested this sacerdotal revolution and vindicated the civil and religious liberties of the English people? It was, said Laud himself in one of his letters to Wentworth, 'that as for the 'Church, *it is so bound up in the forms of the common law*, that 'it is not possible for me, or for any man, to do that good he 'would, and is bound to do. For your Lordship sees, no man 'clearer, that they which have gotten so much power in and

'over the Church, will not let go their hold.' Westminster Hall was too strong for the civilians and canonists of Lambeth. The authority of Parliament remained supreme in ecclesiastical affairs.

Mr. John Stoughton has written a book of considerable value on the Ecclesiastical History of England from the opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Cromwell. Unfortunately it is composed in a bitter and narrow spirit, for Mr. Stoughton is a Congregationalist, extremely opposed to all constituted forms of Church government, and especially to those connected with the State. But the evidence he produces is the more valuable, and he proves to demonstration that whatever else perished in the storm of the Commonwealth, it was not the Establishment. Prelacy perished, Episcopacy was abolished, the Book of Common Prayer was prohibited, and all that we now call the Church of England was proscribed, but the principle of a Church maintained and controlled by law was rigorously adhered to. Tithes were paid; church rates were enforced; indeed the entire property of the Church of England was vested in Commissioners, who became the rulers of the Church as well as its trustees. In July 1645, the Westminster Assembly sent up to the two Houses a complete scheme of Presbyterian Government. The Westminster Assembly was the nearest approach to a National Synod this country has ever witnessed. It consisted of 120 clergymen, mostly Presbyterians, though some of them had been, and some were yet to be, Bishops; it boasted of the illustrious names of Usher, Lightfoot, and Hales; it was controlled by the masterly erudition and sound legal principles of John Selden, Whitlocke, St. John, Pym, and Vane, for thirty laymen were added to it. In consequence of this scheme an ordinance passed the House of Commons on the 9th October for abolishing the tithes, sequestering the property, and extinguishing the jurisdiction of the hierarchy of England; but even this 'disesta-'blishment' was no more than a transformation. Cromwell's Church was constructed so as to include Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists; but its essential condition was the strong hold retained by the civil magistrate over all of them, in so much that the civil power in the Church of the Commonwealth became not only legislative, but administrative, and even swallowed up the spiritual functions of the Ministry. We only quote the example to show that the power of Parliament over the Church was never more absolutely exerted. The tenets, the whole form of Church Government, the jurisdiction, might be totally altered, and altered back again at the Restora-

tion to what they were before; but the principle of the alliance of the Church with the State, remained inviolate, and was even corroborated by these theological transformations in obedience to the *de facto* law of the land.

So again at the period which followed the Revolution of 1688, when the disputes of Churchmen and Dissenters were carried on with the greatest acrimony, as has been well described by Mr. Herbert Skeats, when the High Church, or, as they would now be called, 'the Free,' principles of the Nonjurors were professed by a considerable body of the clergy, and when the intolerance of Atterbury and Sacheverell gave intensity to Dissent by asserting the most arbitrary principles of Church Government. By whom were these principles resisted? By the Bishops appointed by King William III. By men like Burnet, Tillotson, and Hoadly. 'If,' said Hough, the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 'a source of danger to the 'Church existed anywhere, it was to be found in the clergy and 'the clergy only.' And on that, as on many other occasions, this cry of danger to the Church was repudiated by the wisdom and toleration of Parliament. No doubt much remained to be done. The Dissenters had yet to be relieved in another century from the disabilities unjustly attached to the rights of conscience, and the great principle of religious equality before the law had yet to be introduced and applied in its integrity to our civil constitution. But that work has now been accomplished. It has been accomplished without the smallest loss of power or consideration to the Church. It has, on the contrary, greatly weakened the principle of Dissent by removing the evils against which the Free Churches protested; in so much that whereas in the last century a very large proportion of the intelligence of the middle classes was arrayed against the bigotry of the Church, allied to the fanaticism of the mob, the Dissenters of our times subsist chiefly by tradition and by their useful ministrations among the lower classes, and not by any fresh cause of opposition or resistance to the Establishment. And by whom have these reforms been effected? By the authority of Parliament; that is by the mixed authority of clergy and laity in the State, and by the jurisdiction of the Crown in the highest tribunal of the Church. To quote again from Dean Stanley:—

'The changes conducted by the power of a great State are far more likely to be in conformity with the feelings of the whole community, and of the most intelligent part of it, than those which are proposed and carried by majorities in excited clerical or quasi-clerical meetings. The Reformation in every country in Europe,

except Holland, was carried by the direct intervention and aid of the Government. The beneficial changes which have been made in the ecclesiastical regulations of England—those which are most precious to the Nonconformists—and which are clearly recognised to be good, even by those who at the time most resisted them, were all effected by the Legislature—that is, not by the Clergy alone, or by the Dissenters alone, sometimes against the advice of both or of each, but by the joint effort of the whole Christian Community—the Toleration Act, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the Test and Corporation Act, the Roman Catholic Relief Act, the Church Reform Acts, the Relaxation of Subscription.

'The interpretation of the English formularies by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have not only been almost all favourable to freedom, but have almost all been acquiesced in subsequently even by those who at the time regarded them with the greatest alarm. Of the Gorham decision it has been truly said, that so far from its having been a heavy price to pay for the connexion of Church and State, it was a blessing which hardly any price would have been too heavy to purchase. The doctrine which it was thought to disparage, if preached less constantly, is not held less strongly—the doctrine which it tolerated is held without its former bitterness, and without the sense of irritation. The Ritual judgments are the only acts of authority which have had the slightest effect in tranquillising the fierce passions engendered on either side. Of the "Essays and Reviews" judgment, even High Churchmen are beginning to acknowledge that any other decision would have been in direct contravention of those General Councils which High Churchmen most delight to honour.' (*Dean Stanley's Discourse*, pp. 15, 16.)

To show by a still more recent example how the civil authority operates in the Church of England, let us take the case of the Ritualists. A certain portion of the clergy, holding extreme views of ecclesiastical authority and peculiar tenets on some points of theological doctrine, have introduced or revived practices and costumes, in the celebration of divine worship, which they allege not to be inconsistent with the laws and traditions of the Church of England. These practices are, however, regarded with great dissatisfaction by the majority of Churchmen and by the nation at large, as savouring of the doctrines and forms of Rome. A Commission is appointed by the Crown to investigate the subject. The Commission consists of eminent prelates, dignitaries of the Church, and laymen. They make their report, expressing several different shades of opinion. The subject is then ripe for legislation, and while the Privy Council will have to decide on an appeal from the Court of Arches whether the law of the Church has actually been violated by the Ritualists, Parliament will in the last resort determine what the law of the

Church ought to be on these subjects, in accordance with the true interests of the Church and the general opinions and feelings of the nation. These are the civil barriers which limit and control the excesses or extravagance of ecclesiastical factions.

We contend, therefore, not only that the connexion of Church and State is not, in its present form in this country, any restraint upon public liberty and the rights of conscience, but on the contrary that it is one of the bulwarks of civil and religious freedom. For if it were otherwise, the fault could only lie in the nation itself, since the nation can by its representatives in Parliament control and modify the conditions of the Church. The Church was reformed by Act of Parliament in the sixteenth century. The Church was restored by Act of Parliament in the seventeenth century. And although Parliament has shown its wisdom by not intruding frequently or lightly into the vexed questions of ecclesiastical policy and government, yet it is undoubtedly within the competency and the duty of Parliament to afford remedies, if they are required, to any abuses. But that very power, vested in Parliament, proves our argument. All Free Churches are by their nature theocracies. The origin of the power they claim is mysterious; its extent is undefined; if we attempt to analyse and examine it, it takes refuge behind a dogma, and we are told that to inquire further is to trespass on the rights of conscience. Consequently their authority is practically unlimited, and it is mainly exercised by the clergy, or the expounders of the doctrine, over the laity, who are the receivers of the doctrine. Hence all religious bodies governed, so to speak, subjectively, tend to the limitation of human freedom, and they rest upon some dogmatic principle against which there is no appeal. Not so a Church founded on law. Its principles are clear and definite, for they are expressed in the same form as the Statutes which regulate all the relations of society. If doubtful, they are determined by courts of justice and by rules of strict construction. If the law is silent, whatever lies beyond it, is as free as the domain of conscience. The support given by the State to the Church is, therefore, precisely equivalent to the control exercised by the State over the Church; and if the Church is to be a great national institution and not a mere theological sect, this is the basis on which it will most securely rest.

'The connexion of the Church with the State is, in this respect, merely another form of that great Christian principle—that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly Catholic

and truly Apostolical—that Christian life and Christian theology thrive the most vigorously, not by separation, and isolation, and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man—in the world, though not of it. What the marriage of the clergy, what the religious tone of the laity, what the free expressions of religious opinion in literature, are in common life—that the control of the State and the connexion with the State is to the Christian Church. We of the Established Church have, doubtless, much to learn from Nonconformists; but, if we were to become Nonconformists, even for the sake of conforming with opinions most like our own, we could only do so by surrendering—I do not say our worldly advantages, but what I trust most of us would value far more, as the chief privilege of our position, that which binds us to a common Christianity apart from any particular sect, that which unites us to the past history of our country, to the national life of the present, to the possible hopes of the future.' (*Dean Stanley's Discourse*, p. 20.)

To make our meaning clearer we will quote another example, and we will take it from the practice of the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome has, as we have already observed, entered into compacts and concordats with many temporal governments, both Catholic and Protestant, for the regulation of matters concerning the maintenance and discipline of the secular clergy; and in as far as these compacts extend she recognises a national authority in the Churches of France, Spain, or even of Prussia and Holland. A bishop, for example, can be brought before the Conseil d'État in France on an *appel pour abus*, for exceeding his powers. No papal Bull can be read in France without the sanction of the Crown. But over the regulars of the Church of Rome, the monastic orders, and the great congregations, she recognises no such authority. They are her militant forces. In modern times most of the States of Europe have proscribed these Orders, confiscated their public endowments, and placed them beyond the protection of the law. The greater has their power become. The Order of Jesuits more especially is the very type of such a disembodied Church. Condemned, banished, and outlawed by national enactments, it subsists in spite of them. It abjures all allegiance to the laws of nations and even to the laws of the Church, except in so far as they centre in its own secret and self-contained form of government. It acknowledges no superior to its own officers but the Pope, and even the Pope is more the subject than the ruler of the Company.*

* The Bull of Paul III. of the 15th November 1549, which enlarged the privileges of the Order, expressly provided that the Society itself, and all its members as well as their property, should

The consequence is that the Jesuits are at once the type of a Free Church and of absolute power. It is by their influence that Ultramontane doctrines have flooded the Church of Rome and destroyed the independence of the Gallican and other national churches. Even the endowments of the monastic orders have to a great extent been won back by their secret agency in defiance of the most stringent secular enactments. In France, at the present day, in spite of the law, it is believed that the wealth and power of the Order, its control over the education of the higher orders (more especially of women), and over a great portion of the clergy, is as great as it had been at any former period. The example we have chosen may surprise the Nonconformists of England and the Free Churchmen of Scotland who abhor the Jesuits as the children of Satan; but the analogy is true and complete. The Jesuits have succeeded in creating and maintaining in its highest perfection a species of church government of which our Dissenting sects are but feeble imitations. They are the most complete expression of a religious corporation, absolutely freed from the control of law.

The fundamental conditions of the Anglican system of Church Government consist, on the contrary, in the legal character of the Establishment. The proper spiritual functions of the clergy, such as the administration of the sacraments and the rites of the Church, are matters into which no lay authority intrudes itself, except so far as to take care that they be duly performed by those to whom they are exclusively entrusted. But the laws of the Church are the laws of Parliament. The canons are not binding on the laity, and are only binding on the clergy as by-laws regulating their spiritual functions. And the supremacy of the Crown is directly exercised over the Church of England in two important functions—the nomination of bishops and the supreme administration of justice by the Court of Appeal.

It is on these grounds that the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords, as spiritual Peers of Parliament, is an essential part of our ecclesiastical system. If Parliament can make laws for the Church, it would be a monstrous proposition that the Church itself should not be represented in the Legislature.

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be wholly withdrawn from all superiority, jurisdiction, and correction of the Ordinary: whence, said Clement XIV. in the Bull of dissolution, 'they speedily rose against the other religious orders, 'against the secular clergy, the academies, universities, colleges, 'public schools, and even against the Sovereigns who had admitted 'them into their dominions.' (*St. Priest, Chute des Jesuites*, p. 310.)

The clergy are excluded from the House of Commons by their orders, and we think wisely so; but they are represented in the House of Lords, where, although they form but a numerical minority of the Upper House, they naturally and properly exercise an important influence over ecclesiastical legislation. If the bishops ceased to sit in the House of Lords, the clergy would have a fair claim to admission to the House of Commons, on the plainest principles of equal justice; and we do not think that anything would be gained by Parliament or by the Church by their admission. The clerical members of Parliament (if there were such) would be chosen by popular election, not by nomination. Religious disputes would be even more mixed up with political passions than they are at present; and the representatives of the Church would lose that dignified character, as the heads of the National Church, which they owe partly to their spiritual office as bishops, and partly to the fact that they are selected by the government of the nation, that is, by the Crown.

As the bishops of the Anglican Church are not only prelates, but public officers armed by the law with administrative powers and a coercive jurisdiction, they are, like all other public officers in this country, responsible to Parliament for their ministerial actions, though not for their spiritual functions. An Ecclesiastical Commission, armed with parliamentary powers, regulates their property with their consent; and the schemes of this Commission are approved by Orders in Council. Here again we have an important instance of the control exercised by the State over a national Church. The other day an application was made to the Court of Queen's Bench to compel the Bishop of London to institute proceedings against the author of an alleged heretical publication. The application was probably injudicious, for the powers of bishops in such cases are discretionary. But it is not the less true that it rested with the Court of Queen's Bench to determine that question.

It is almost superfluous to remark that this guarantee for the right exercise of power which consists in the publicity of proceedings, is entirely wanting with reference to all non-established churches. With the proceedings of Archbishop Manning, Cardinal Cullen, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, or the authorities of the Free Church of Scotland, the public and the nation have nothing whatever to do, unless they violate the laws. They are private persons, exercising no doubt a considerable amount of public power, but exercising it irresponsibly as far as the nation, and even those

over whom it is exercised, are concerned. If the Church of England were not established, that would, of course, also be the *status* of the whole Anglican clergy. Their power over their own flocks might not be diminished, but it would certainly be uncontrolled.

As the authority of the English bishops is based on the statutes of the realm, it follows of necessity that the application and interpretation of those statutes devolves upon the courts of law; and even in the Ecclesiastical Courts the decision rests with laymen and lawyers, followed by an appeal to the Queen in Council. A most important guarantee of the liberties of the clergy and the rights of the laity, for it has been established by numerous decisions that the law of the Church cannot be strained by ecclesiastical authority to meet any particular class of theological opinions, but that the articles of the Church herself are to be interpreted by the strict rules of legal construction, that offences are to be tried and proved by the rules of legal evidence, and that whatever is not expressly forbidden or condemned by the written law is left to the exercise of private judgment. At the same time, faithful to the connexion of Church and State, the law has placed a certain number of prelates in the Court of Appeal, so that both elements are fairly represented in the discussion of these questions.

The composition of the Court of Appeal has of late been warmly discussed, and the structure of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has, we know not why, been contrasted unfavourably, by the High Church party, with that of the Court of Delegates. It results from a most elaborate return of the proceedings of the Delegates from the Reformation to 1832, which has lately been prepared under the direction of Mr. Rothery, Her Majesty's Registrar, that in the whole records of the Delegates only seven cases occur which involved points of doctrine. In the five earlier cases, between 1663 and 1715, the Court consisted of three or four bishops, with the same number of common law judges, and several civilians. In the two latest cases, the Court was composed wholly of common law judges and civilians, bishops and other ecclesiastics being altogether omitted. The selection of the Delegates appears to have been entirely in the discretion of the Lord Chancellor. Since the establishment of the Judicial Committee, the prelates who are privy councillors are made members of the Court for the purposes of the Church Discipline Act—no case under that Act can be heard without them; and in other ecclesiastical cases they have sat as Privy Councillors.

The change therefore has been rather in favour of the clergy than adverse to them.

The recent history of the Church of England in the Colonies exemplifies in various ways the results of a departure from these principles and laws of the mother country. The Anglican Church is not, properly speaking, endowed in any of the Colonies, except in some of the older West Indian islands; and even there it is now proposed to withdraw the endowment. But in them and in those colonies in which the authority of the Crown is supreme, the Episcopal Church is established, that is to say, that the laws by which the Church is regulated are in force, and the office-bearers of the Church enjoy a legal status and authority over their clergy. In the colonies in which the authority of the Crown is limited by local constitutions, the Church of England is a voluntary or free association, the obedience of the clergy and their rights rest upon consent, and the nomination of bishops with coercive jurisdiction is now admitted to have been *ultra vires*, unless it be supported by some enactment of the local legislature. The consequence has been that various forms of Church government have sprung up, differing more or less from that of the Mother Church. In Canada and Australia synods have been formed to legislate for the Church on voluntary principles; and at the Cape of Good Hope scandalous and notorious disputes have arisen from the attempt to assert an extra-legal ecclesiastical jurisdiction. These are the unfortunate consequences of a state of things in which a church exists independent of legal authority, and reduced to the conditions of a sect.

We do not propose to enlarge on the various benefits of a National Church, many of which are sufficiently obvious. But there is one point which we cannot leave unnoticed. The legal character of the Church of England supplies to it a principle of unity, which is compatible with a considerable latitude of theological opinion. Undoubtedly the Church does comprise a large variety of opinion, from the high-flying ritualists of St. Albans' to the Low-church views of Mr. Gorham or Mr. Goode, and the liberal opinions of Mr. Jowett and Dean Stanley. Far from regarding this as a proof of her weakness and inconsistency, we exult in it as a proof of her tolerance and her strength. All these persons unite in using the same forms of worship, they all appeal to the same Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and they are all amenable to the same jurisdiction. No church based on purely ecclesiastical principles could or would concede the same amount of freedom to its members. Take away the principle of legal authority by

the supremacy of the Crown, and the Church of England, in the present state of religious opinion, would instantly break up into half-a-dozen sects. The Ritualists would invoke the Canons, the Councils, and the Fathers, and would indulge in a mock Catholicism. The Low Churchmen would merge into the Calvinistic sects. The Broad Churchmen would be carried away far from the standard of orthodoxy and tradition. And by the loss of their common standing ground, all of them would lose an immense element of strength against their common antagonists. In a word, the unity of the Church of England is a legal unity, which is compatible with large theological difference and a vast amount of personal freedom of opinion.

No doubt such a result as the disestablishment of the Church of England would be hailed with extreme satisfaction by her enemies, and by none more than by the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome has always held that the human element in the constitution of the Protestant Churches, which is represented by that legal authority to which they owe their existence, will sooner or later prove their ruin, because it is by its nature transitory and perishable. She proudly contrasts her own spiritual pretensions and the ecclesiastical institutions which have outlived so many of the political revolutions of the world, with the more modest and definite claims of a Church reformed by Act of Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth and liable to be modified by Act of Parliament in the reign of Victoria. But if the foundations of the National Church were weakened, not by the attacks of the Nonconformists or by the zeal of Rome, but by the dissensions and irresolution of her own children—if the legal character of the Church were abandoned to make way for the conflicts of religious parties, the exigencies of sacerdotal power, or the endless warfare of hostile creeds—if the richest, the strongest, and the oldest of the Protestant Churches were in an hour of madness to throw aside the grand principle of her existence, beyond all doubt the Romish Church would hail it as the greatest triumph which has been achieved since the Reformation. The sons of Loyola would regard it as the visible fulfilment of the prophecies of three hundred years. And many minds shaken by these conflicts, yet anxious to repose under the shelter of authority, would relapse into the intellectual slavery which our forefathers fondly thought they had banished from this island. Depend upon it, the Church of England, with all her defects and divisions, for she lays no claim to infallibility, is one of the great bulwarks of Protestantism in Europe; and though under any circumstances she might continue to exercise her spiritual functions, deprived of

her legal character she would cease to be a Power in the world.

Yet one more consideration. The Church of England is the basis of our parochial system. The minor divisions of the country are ecclesiastical, and the administration of the lesser affairs of human life, the school, the dispensary, the poor-rate, the way-rate, the vestry, are parochial institutions. The rector, the churchwardens, and even the parish clerk and the sexton, are legal persons, with definite duties and powers, on whom the administration of the rural districts mainly devolves. If their legal character were impaired, entirely new institutions must be devised to perform their parochial functions, and a revolution of extraordinary magnitude and complexity would be brought down to the door of every farmer and labourer in the land. It is the union of Church and State which gives them their status and authority, not less important for the civil administration of the parish than for its spiritual welfare.

If these views of the nature of a Church Establishment are correct, we may arrive without difficulty at a more correct and complete notion of what is meant by a term recently imported into the English language. What is meant by *Disestablishment?* A disestablished or Free Church is a church disconnected from the laws of the land and over which the legislature has no power. Its own internal regulations or government are fixed either by voluntary contract or by the persuasion entertained by its members of a divine authority inherent in its clergy or in its constitution.* It owes no allegiance to the State, and exists for no

* It may, however, be doubted whether any such voluntary contract ever existed or was framed, and probably the origin of all Churches founded on a theological principle, may be traced to a belief in spiritual authority. On this point the following remarks by Mr. Innes in the Appendix to his 'Legal Theory of Non-'established Churches' (p. 273) are exceedingly important:—

'The doctrine that Churches are founded on contract presents many advantages and facilities for the administration of the law, but it has at the same time some disadvantages. Of these the first in order, though perhaps not the most important, *is that it is not true.* Churches do not spring out of contract any more than families or nations do. There are innumerable religious associations in this and every country; but they do not claim to be Churches. They claim to be founded on contract; and *because* they do so, they are not Churches according to the universal use of language. Churches claim to be founded on the relation of the individuals composing them to God; and they *are* founded on the belief of that relation. So the submission of each member to their so-called jurisdiction is rather his submission to God's jurisdiction *assumed to be exercised* in matters ecclesiastical through church rulers as in matters temporal through civil rulers. So Churches are founded not on divine authority, but on their own persuasion of divine authority. Church authority historically rests, and permanently rests, if

general or national purpose, inasmuch as its authority and its influence are confined to its own voluntary members. To maintain this authority, however, the clergy or governing body must lay claim to some form of divine authority, which they inculcate as matter of faith, and enforce by an appeal to the supposed will of God. Courts of law having no jurisdiction over independent religious associations for any other purpose than the protection of their property (in common with that of all other corporations), the judicial proceedings of such a Church against its own ministers or lay-members are wholly emancipated from legal rules; they are generally conducted by the clergy themselves, and they apply a law which is the result of their own theological or ecclesiastical convictions. Such are, in fact, the proceedings of the kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and other Church assemblies of the Free Church of Scotland at the present day. The Cardross case exemplifies these statements in a striking manner. Mr. McMillan, the Free Church minister of that parish, had been deposed by the Church Courts for drunkenness. He applied to the civil court for redress. Upon which he was instantly ejected from the Free Church summarily and without any process or admonition. It was urged for the defenders, that as a Church of Christ they were entitled in all matters of discipline to exercise an independent jurisdiction, apart from the control of the civil courts; that the government of the Church thus appointed by the Lord Jesus, *in the hand of Church officers*, is distinct from the civil magistrate or supreme power in the State, and flows directly from the Head of the Church to the office-bearers thereof, to the exclusion of the civil magistrate. That is precisely the same blasphemous and arrogant doctrine we quoted a few pages back from Bishop Gray. It is a direct claim to divine inspiration. To this the Court of Session replied by the mouth of Lord Deas: 'If any thing 'be clear in the case, it is that the defenders are invested 'with no jurisdiction whatever, ecclesiastical or civil. All

not upon divine right, at least upon a persuasion of divine right, i.e. upon *conscientious obligation*, a different category from contract.'

This definition is fair, and this distinction ingenious. It brings before us in another light the argument based on the question, what is the evidence of divine right, assumed by Church rulers? That was the great question of the Reformation; and the answer was there is no such divine right, and no evidence of God's jurisdiction in Church matters except through human laws. Therefore we say, that the Established Church of England is founded, and rightly founded, on the law of the land.

'jurisdiction flows from the supreme power of the State. The 'sanction of the same authority which enacted the laws is 'necessary to the erection of courts and the appointment of 'judges and magistrates to administer the laws. The Esta- 'blished Church of Scotland had and has this sanction. But 'there is no such statute law applicable to the association 'called the Free Church. When the defenders separated from 'the Establishment, they left all jurisdiction behind them. No 'voluntary association can, by any agreement among its mem- 'bers, assume a jurisdiction which flows only from the legisla- 'tive power and the royal prerogative.' A disestablished Church is therefore a Church without laws and without jurisdiction in the proper sense of those terms.

It by no means follows that a disestablished Church should lose its endowments, or be without endowments. On the contrary, in the absence of any recognised public provision for the clergy and the ministrations of religion, strenuous efforts would be made to attract as much property as possible to the Church, under the form of trusts for ecclesiastical purposes; and as we have seen by the case of the Jesuits in France, the Free Church of Scotland, and the large sums at the disposal of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, it is quite possible that these funds, extracted from the zeal or the credulity of the faithful, would exceed in amount the portion of the national wealth set apart for the maintenance of a National Clergy. But these trusts would be essentially of a private nature. They would be protected by the Court of Chancery, which would merely require that they should be permanently devoted to the peculiar purposes to which they were respectively assigned. These trusts would have no public character. The legislature and the civil administrative power would have no control over them; and the right of using and administering them would depend on the acceptance of a particular creed or on particular religious practices. They would, therefore, of course be altogether disconnected from the administration of the parish, the relief of the poor, and the education of the young, except within the circle of a particular form of belief. The Roman Catholic endowments now existing in this country are doubtless very large, as we may infer from the erection of numerous cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and schools. But they exist exclusively for the benefit of Roman Catholics, and they are under the direction of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The same might probably be said of the Wesleyan and Baptist foundations, except that in those associations, as in the Churches of Scotland, the laity have some

share of power. But the nation, Parliament, the Crown, the State, have none whatever. In a Church thus disestablished, theological tenets would take the place of statute-law; the clergy or ministers of religion would exercise a preponderating authority; the conscientious intolerance of theologians for opinions at all at variance with their own notions of divine truth, would fence these bodies round; the only escape from these restrictions would be the offset of some new sect; and the severance of religious belief and observances from the authority of the law and the will of the nation is complete.

We shall be told perhaps that all this exists in America, where the voluntary or disestablished system prevails in all its perfection. We do not profess to criticise the ecclesiastical institutions of the United States, which may be well suited to that people. But Lord Robert Montagu has demonstrated from American evidence of unimpeachable authority, in his book entitled the 'Four Experiments,' that the supply of churches and ministers under the voluntary system is, to say the least of it, very inadequate to the wants of the population. The Report of the American Tract Society for 1860 declares that not above one-half of the population ever attend the churches, and not above one-fourth regularly even in New England, and that 'at least one-third of our entire population, 'from eight to ten millions of souls, are unreached by the 'ordinary means of grace.' And again: 'Thus wherever we 'look, whichever way we turn, we are met by the outstand-'ing and overshadowing fact that multitudes of our people, 'perhaps the bulk of our whole population, are not brought 'directly under the influence of the sanctuary and public 'worship.' Dr. Alonso Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, writes in one of his charges: 'It is a melancholy fact that some of 'the most useful clergymen, who have left us during the past 'year, have been constrained to do so by the entire inadequacy 'of their means of subsistence. I have much fear that we 'are destined to suffer still severer losses from the same 'cause.'

We are not at all surprised at these results of the voluntary system in America. The voluntary system certainly does not maintain the common-schools which are so creditable to the United States, for they are everywhere supported by large municipal grants. And we do not see why it should adequately maintain the churches. But when we are told that there is a manifest decline in the high moral tone of the American people —that the marriage-tie is set at nought by thousands—that millions have had their heads turned by the frantic dreams of

spiritualism, in the absence of a more rational faith in a world unseen—we must say that the example of America is a warning more than a model, and that it does not satisfy us that a great people can with impunity make over the interests of national religion to contending sects, withdraw the moderating control of law from the Church, and abandon the clergy to the haphazard provision they may succeed in extracting from their congregations. Lord Robert Montagu winds up his able and authentic sketch of the American voluntary system with a powerful expression—'It is a sand-hill of sects; and each sect 'is a crumbling congeries of disconnected atoms.'

In making these observations, it is not our intention to apply them in a particular manner to the state of Ireland, or to discuss in this place the proposal recently made for the introduction of the voluntary system into Ireland by putting an end to the connexion of the Episcopalian Protestant Church of that country with the State. Much more is at stake in this controversy than the present state of Ireland; and no cases, however exceptional, can make us depart from the general principles which we believe to be those of true civil and religious freedom, guarded by law. One of the chief misfortunes of Ireland is, that as regards the religious faith of the great bulk of the people, she is under the voluntary system already. There does not exist at this time in any part of the world so complete an example of a country and a population abandoned to the free and uncontrolled action of Ultramontane priestly government. She has indeed another Church established by its connexion with the State and endowed with temporalities; but it is only by a fiction that this Church can be termed the National Church of Ireland (indeed it is not so termed, but the 'Church of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland'), and this fiction becomes an insult when the Church of a small minority is opposed by law to the traditions and the faith of a people. Indeed we may go further and say, though we say it with regret, that there can be no such thing as a National and Established Church in a country where five-sixths of the population are devoted in their allegiance to the foreign authority of Rome, where the clergy are imbued with the strongest Ultramontane principles, where the law has no control or jurisdiction at all over the exercise of spiritual power, and where that spiritual power is in fact strong enough to set the law at defiance. That is, according to our views, a deplorable state of things, but it is the state of Ireland, and it is not in our power to alter it. There was a time when it might have been possible to moderate the action of these rival forces, and to do

what has been done with success by many other Protestant States, by entering into negotiations with Rome and making a State provision for the churches and clergy of the Irish people. That course was pointed out with great sense and ability by the Duke of Wellington himself in a Minute which we have quoted in another part of this Number; and it is an everlasting source of regret that the opportunity of coming to a fair legal arrangement with the Irish Roman Catholic clergy was lost. We are reluctantly compelled to admit that it is not likely to return. The Roman Catholic clergy themselves reject it, because they know that it would certainly reduce their power, and probably reduce their present emoluments. Ireland has been practically abandoned to the voluntary principle with all its consequences, except that instead of breaking out into sects, it has only consolidated the dominion of Rome. The existence of the Established Episcopalian Church, introduced by the English settlers of the Pale, and of the Presbyterian Church introduced by the Scottish settlers in the north, does not essentially alter the conditions of the question. There can be no such thing as a national Church which does not comprehend the bulk or majority of the nation, because if the Church established by law were that of the majority, it would assume the faith of the majority.

The question of the endowments of the Church of Ireland is the least important part of the matter. As English Protestants we care but little about it. The whole amount of Irish temporalities would scarcely do more than pay (as somebody said) the annual vote for the stationery of the House of Commons; and if the Protestant Episcopalians were reduced, as they ought to be, to share these temporalities with their fellow-countrymen of other persuasions, the residue might not be very much more than the present vote to Maynooth or the *Regium Donum*. As a pecuniary question (the vested interests of living incumbents being protected), the dispute hardly deserves the importance attached to it. But the legal effect of the change contemplated is quite another thing.

We have always asserted that the Irish Church cannot be maintained as a dominant institution, but we see no grounds for depriving it of that legal character which distinguishes it from Free Churches, and is of the very essence of its constitution. The Queen's supremacy, the authority of the great statutes of the Reformation, the nomination of bishops by the Crown, and the jurisdiction of the courts in matters ecclesiastical, is as much a part of the Episcopalian Church in Ireland as the authority of the Pope is a part of Catholicism. The

more this delicate and difficult subject is examined, the more it will be found that there are essential elements of Church government involved in it to which the State is a party; and that with the utmost disposition to recognise the independent rights of every religious body, within its own limits, we have no right to sacrifice the constitution of one Church to the exigencies of another. To cut a Church adrift which has been created by the State, and to abandon to voluntaryism a Church which repudiates voluntaryism and rests expressly on law, as opposed to the theory of a direct divine commission, is not to solve the problem. The members of the Episcopalian Church of Ireland have no right to be styled the National Church of Ireland, but they are members of the United Church of these kingdoms; they have no claim to retain exclusive possession of the ecclesiastical property in Ireland, but only to a proportionate share of it; but we think they may fairly urge that the legal constitution and form of Church government which prevails among themselves should not be annihilated—and annihilated not because they are anxious to get rid of it, not because it is repugnant to our own principles, but as a satisfaction to the hostility of their irreconcilable enemies. In the British colonies the difficulties attending such a change in the form of our system of Church government have not been satisfactorily overcome. The authority of our bishops is based upon the law. The colonial bishops are still named by the Crown, but the law fails to give them jurisdiction. What then becomes of Protestant Episcopalian government? It has been said that the Episcopalian body will give itself a new Constitution. By what authority and what are to be its powers? Without the intervention of Parliament no jurisdiction can be constituted. Mr. Gladstone brought in a Bill in 1852 to confer that power on the Colonial Churches, but failed to carry it. But if Parliament is made to intervene, then Parliament only constitutes another form of legal establishment, in place of that now in existence. Is it possible to assimilate the government of the Episcopalian Church of Ireland, with its 700,000 members, in a country torn by religious dissensions, to a Free Church in a colony, with no real authority or jurisdiction whatever? These are questions which must be taken into consideration and answered, before a complete measure for the reform of the Irish Church can be sanctioned in all its details by the Legislature.

Yet one more remark. Identity of treatment applied to things essentially dissimilar is not equality; it may be injustice. A man may be anxious to preserve a rare bird and a

curious fish; but if he puts them both under water, the bird is drowned; if he keeps them both in air, the fish perishes. To place the Roman Catholic Church on the footing of absolute independence of the State, by erasing from the Statute-book every law, whether permissive or restrictive, which relates to it, is to concede everything that Church desires, and to fulfil the loftiest ideal of her existence, because her laws and constitution centre exclusively in Rome, and every civil or national law is a restraint upon her power. To apply precisely the same treatment to a Church whose constitution and existence are based upon the British Statute-book, is to deprive that Church of the essential elements of her being, and to transform her into a different form of religious association which can only be described as lawless or *exlex*. The rule of religious equality, indiscriminately applied, would simply be to leave to each Church that form of government which is appropriate to itself, and those laws on which its welfare depends. That is what we understand by complete toleration. That toleration is extended to every form of religion in the British Empire, from the Brahmins of Benares and the Jews of Houndsditch to the Oratorians of Brompton and the Free Church of Scotland; and we see no reason that the Irish Episcopalians should be deprived of what they regard as their ecclesiastical rights, though they are based on, and protected by, the supremacy of the Crown. But in making this remark we mean, of course, to apply it solely to the actually existing Episcopalian congregations, without reference to any other portion of the people of Ireland.

We do not disguise from ourselves that, in spite of the powerful arguments which ought in our judgment to prevail in favour of Churches established and controlled by law, the current of public opinion has set strongly in the opposite direction, not only in this but in many foreign countries. It was in the hour of the regeneration of Italy that M. de Cavour first raised the cry, new in that priest-ridden country, of a 'Free 'Church in a Free State'—not apparently perceiving the contradiction it involves; for precisely in proportion as the Church is freed from the control of the State, the State and the body of the people fall under the control of a Church, without the law. In France, M. de Montalembert exclaims, 'Only give 'us the trust laws of England, and we would gladly shake off 'our pittance of national endowments, which will probably, at 'the next revolution, be wrested from us.' Similar manifestations of opinion might be traced in Germany, in Switzerland, and elsewhere. In Austria alone a reaction has taken place in

the opposite direction. There a Concordat had been entered into with the Pope which freed the Church from civil legislation and made it virtually independent and supreme in the Imperial dominions. The first act of the Imperial Reichsrath was to demand the abrogation of that compact, and the restoration of the authority of the State over the clergy.

There is something misleading in the term 'free,' which has been assumed by the independent Churches, as if it necessarily implied an extension of human liberty. But no man in any other relation of life claims to be 'free' from the law: he only requires that the law itself should be so framed as not to interfere with his personal liberty and not to deal with him unjustly. The reason that a more extended claim is raised on behalf of religious bodies which are independent, and against religious communities which are established by law, is that all religious sects have pretensions to a law of their own, and that many religious sects hold this peculiar law of their own to be not of human, but of divine, origin. It is the interest of the clergy or office-bearers of all sects to encourage this belief. It gives them a sacred and sacerdotal character; and as they are themselves the interpreters of their own mysterious powers, there is no limit to the exercise of these powers but the inexhaustible credulity of mankind. They therefore decry as something common, vile, and mutable, the ordinances of a Church which rests on the basis of national legislation. But they regard with jealousy the political advantages enjoyed by an Established Church, in exchange for a portion of its spiritual freedom. For, not to speak of Church endowments only, the same constitutional arrangements which give to the State a large influence in the affairs of the Church, give also to the Church a certain influence in many affairs of the State. This, therefore, is regarded by the non-established Churches as a violation of the principle of religious equality; and as they have thought fit to withdraw themselves from the obligations and advantages of a connexion with the State, they argue that no rival Church ought to be suffered to remain in possession of them. In a country like this, where probably nearly half the population are Roman Catholics or Protestant Dissenters, and at a time when a great disruption on Free Church principles has recently severed the Kirk of Scotland in halves, and when the voluntary principle is proposed for adoption in Ireland—when, too, the members of all these churches and sects are armed with the same amount of political power in the House of Commons, it is by no means impossible that passions and opinions adverse to the maintenance of a Church established by law may make

themselves more and more strongly felt, and may before the end of the present century prevail. We deprecate such a catastrophe, not only because it could not be brought about without a formidable convulsion in this realm, and because it would probably be accompanied with acts unjust to individuals and adverse to the rights of property, but far more because the overthrow of the Established Church would be the destruction of an institution infinitely more potent for good than for evil; and because, though we doubt not that the Church herself would survive, and would probably be supported with increased zeal by those who are attached to her, she would then of right assume a more purely sacerdotal character, she would cease to be the Church of the Nation, she would throw off the restraint of law, she would cling with increased fervour to theological dogmatism, she would employ her only weapon, that of excommunication, against freedom of opinion, and if further divisions ensued, she would be less able to resist the attacks of scepticism and the proselytising authority of the Church of Rome.

The practical question, therefore, for us, who are the sincere friends of a Church without intolerance and without supernatural pretensions, is, how this danger, if danger it be, is to be met? We answer without hesitation, by a policy tending to enlarge the boundaries of the National Church, as far as is consistent with the maintenance of the essential truths of Christianity; by endeavouring to make her more and more the Church of the people; by surrendering those trifling grounds of difference, which, however inconsiderable in themselves, and in no degree essential to our own faith, are stumbling blocks to the faith of others, when they are unconditionally enforced; by rendering the Church more comprehensive, more tolerant, and therefore more national. The wisdom of the founders of the Church of England is nowhere more conspicuous than in this, that, in framing her articles and adapting her rubrics and formularies, they did not seek to establish a strict and narrow system of theological belief. They left many obscure points of theology undefined, and many of the questions, which have agitated schools and divided sects, undetermined. Not certainly that they were ignorant of these things, or indifferent to them, but that they did not consider a strict definition of all disputed dogmas to be an essential condition of membership in the national Church. Are men to surrender all the benefits which attend a legal provision for the maintenance of religion, because they differ in their views of the efficacy of prevenient Grace or on the Procession of the

Spirit? Is it not possible for men to combine in defence of the best interests of Christianity, though one may preach in a cassock and another in a surplice? Is it not the fact, in all human associations, for things temporal and for things spiritual, that provided men agree in the main object for which they combine, they must be content to differ in many particulars? The main object of the Church of England is to teach the nation the religious truths contained in the Bible and to inculcate its precepts. Provided that can be done, with the assent of the largest possible number of Englishmen, we are content to leave open to the alternative of this or that modification of private belief or private practice here and there a few words in a formulary, here and there a rubric. If the Church perishes at all as an Establishment, it will perish because an excessive importance is attached to the outward matters of the law, and too little to its fundamental principle and saving import.

We have endeavoured in several articles previously published in this Journal on Church Extension, on the Revision of the Prayer Book, and on the Amendment of the Rubrics, to show from what minute changes large and beneficial results might be anticipated. It would be a fatal thing for the Church of England, if, when such reforms are needed, and such reforms might enable her to rally a large number of pious and excellent Christians to her services, there were not the power to effect them or the will to attempt them. But the power undoubtedly exists in the Legislature of the realm; and although the matter is of a nature to be sheltered from the blasts of party warfare and political debate, there can be no doubt that the Ritualist Commission, or a similar body, might be empowered by the Crown to present to Parliament a scheme, which would only be opposed (if opposed at all) by the direct enemies of the Church, or by what is worse, her fanatical adherents. Recent experience strengthens our hopes that these views are not either fanciful or impracticable. The terms of clerical subscription to the Prayer Book, one of the fundamental clauses of the Act of Uniformity, have recently been altered by Parliament, in a liberal sense, on the unanimous recommendation of such a Commission. That is another instance of the wise and moderating influence of the State over the Church, with a view to her own welfare and to the welfare of the nation. The same work may be continued, and we have ourselves pointed out in no unfriendly spirit some of the modifications of Church law to which it may be most usefully applied. So far are we from despairing of the stability

of the Church of England, that we are convinced that if this policy be steadily and cautiously pursued, she will acquire a greater power and a more beneficial influence than she has ever yet enjoyed in this country; and it will be more and more acknowledged that her connexion with the State is precisely the condition which most effectually serves to adapt herself to the wants of the nation, and enables her to discharge her spiritual mission in the world.

Erratum in Vol. CXXVII. p. 335, line 8.

A typographical error occurs in the article on the 'Philosophy of 'M. Auguste Comte,' in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, which we desire to correct, as it renders a passage quoted from Mr. Lewes's work inaccurate and unintelligible. The sentence should stand thus:—

'Whoever will take the trouble to understand its meaning, or follow Comte's exemplification of it throughout history, will see *how the* superficial objections to it all disappear,' &c.

But the words '*how the*,' though correctly transcribed in the manuscript of the article, were printed '*Mr. Mill's* superficial objections,' &c.—a meaning entirely opposed to that of Mr. Lewes in the passage quoted.

No. CCLXII. will be published in October.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1868.

No. CCLXII.

ART. I.—1. *History of the French Revolution.* By HEINRICH VON SYBEL, Professor of History in the University of Bonn. 3 vols. 8vo. 1863–66.

2. The same, translated by WALTER C. PERRY, Esq., Author of 'The Franks,' &c. 4 vols. (Vols I. and II.) 1867.

THE work of Herr von Sybel, of which we propose to give some account to our readers, has already gone through several editions in Germany, and assumed its place as an historical classic. A work full of conscientious research, absolutely free from the political partisanship which more or less affects every French authority for the revolutionary period, and treating of its events as other less exciting events are commonly treated of, without indulgence in airy theories or efforts of fancy, deserves to receive the attention due to merits so very unusual. When to these is added the still less ordinary peculiarity that the writer looks, as it were, throughout at the other side of the tapestry, instead of that commonly studied by French observers—that his examination of the archives of German States has enabled him to contemplate the progress and tactics of the Revolution from the point of view taken by his countrymen at the time, and to lay before us the judgments formed of it by the contemporaries of Leopold and Frederic William—it will be seen at once how valuable an accession his labours have added to the amount of our previous familiar knowledge. Only the reader must not expect that kind of romantic excitement which narratives of the Revolution, in skilful literary hands, are usually made to afford. The calm and somewhat colourless narrative of the Professor altogether disdains such achievements. It affords materials for serious

historical study, and must be read simply with the view of acquiring knowledge and not amusement.

The English translation, by Dr. Walter Perry, has as yet only extended to two volumes, comprehending about half the three which compose the German work. We have thought that it will be most convenient for the purpose of our readers to make our extracts from the translation, as far as it extends; and as we have chiefly concerned ourselves with the translated part, we have made our references from it also, distinguishing the few which apply to the latter untranslated portion. Dr. Perry is, as the preface informs us, on terms of personal intimacy with the eminent author, and has executed his task with much industry and faithfulness. We have scarcely room to discharge our usual office by finding any fault with his version, unless it be that he too sedulously adheres, here and there, to the exact equivalent of the German words of his author, in passages taken from the French, instead of recurring to the French itself. An English rendering of a German rendering from the French is apt (unless care be taken) to diverge a little too widely from its first original. The mechanical faults of the work—and they are very annoying—are not, we must inform English readers, attributable to the translator. He has only followed his leader; and could not do otherwise. It is passing strange that the most literary people in the world should be the very most unskilful and awkward of all in what may be termed the 'turning out' of a literary performance. Our Professor carries to an extreme the 'unbehülflichkeit,' the helpless awkwardness, which is so often exhibited as to the external graces of literature by his industrious countrymen. His work is not without substantial method, but entirely without ostensible method. The narrative toils slowly along the deadest of all possible levels, without any of the ordinary forms of arrangement, without numbered paragraphs, marginal notes, or head-lines, or index, or accompanying dates (except of months), or helps to the memory of any sort, save only some very jejune tables of contents of chapters, destitute even of the simple aid of reference to pages. Every chapter must be read through, in order to find one's way to a separate event or an insulated passage. And the reader who loses himself for a moment is undone. He has no help for it, except to go back to the head of the chapter and begin it over again. There are scattered references to the authorities cited in the foot notes; but they are so sparse, so general, and so careless, as to defy most effectually the task of verification and comparison. These are defects which would

be all but ruinous to the most valuable work, in the eyes of the French or English public; not so with our patient neighbours on the other side of the Rhine. Their writers seem in a general way to assume that their duty extends only to presenting the reader with the raw material, and that to finish, polish, and adapt it for use, is a business to be executed by each student for himself. We have sometimes fancied that the relation between writer and reader, within the dominion of *la nation écrivassière*, resembles that which subsists, or subsisted until the era of railways, between innkeeper and guest in the same country. The former was simply bound to afford room and necessaries; the latter to make himself comfortable therewith as well as he could, in the absence of all superfluous appliances.

When a young French officer of merit, General Bernard, was sent to Cayenne, to offer pardon, on conditions, to the famous member of the Committee of Public Safety, Billaud Varennes, in his exile, Billaud resolutely refused to accept it. In the course of the negotiation, Bernard having attained a certain degree of familiarity with the veteran Terrorist, ventured to observe to him how much it was to be regretted that the law of the 22nd Prairial (which armed the Revolutionary Tribunal with augmented power) had left its 'traces of blood' on the 'noble 'pages' of the history of the Convention. 'Young man,' replied Billaud, sternly, 'when the bones of the two generations 'which shall succeed yours have become bleached with age, 'then, and not till then, will history be able to grasp that 'great question. Come and see the four palm trees from 'Guadeloupe, which have just been planted in my garden.' The date thus fore-ordained has not yet arrived, nor is Professor von Sybel, with all the merit which we freely allow him, qualified by his insight into events to anticipate the final verdict. That portion of his task in which the better class of French historians chiefly shine, is precisely that in which he is most deficient. He lacks comprehensive and masterly appreciation of the real genius of those times in France and their effect on the minds of men, perspicacity in discerning the immediate springs of events, and, above all, the characters of the personages concerned. His excellences and defects are eminently professorial. He can lecture extremely well on the general causes of the Revolution, on the general politics of Europe during its course, and its economical and moral results on the destinies of the nation. On these subjects his calm and sensible judgments form an excellent corrective for the exaggerated strain of 'sensational' writers. But he cannot make the Revolution live again in his pages; there is no

dramatic force, no imagination, no sensibility. And, which is a still more serious defect, also peculiarly of the professorial class, he lacks that chastening judgment derived from knowledge of mankind, which teaches to avoid overcharging statements substantially true. He has no discrimination. He lays on perpetually the same dark colour: grey on grey, as his countrymen express it. All political parties in the Revolution fall alike under his monotonous censure: its governors, for blindly urging it on; its opponents, for not understanding how to resist it. The mind of the reader inevitably revolts against this kind of portraiture. We appeal, almost unconsciously, from generalisation to actual results; and this is the kind of appeal which the professorial mind, judging of all things *à priori*, never foresees or guards against. When we have been told that all the leading agents in the Revolution, one after the other, were inferior creatures, mean in point of abilities and actuated by selfish motives only; that the people never were in favour of it at all, but driven blindly through terror into accepting it; that there were no real revolutionists except a few ignorant fanatics, and a somewhat greater number who hoped to make their fortunes through political change; that the effect of that change was simply to disorganise society, and to reduce all classes in a summary way to general beggary and ruin; the inevitable question suggests itself, How, if these things be so, came the Revolution to succeed? How came it that a few contemptible individuals subjugated a nation which loathed them and was anxious to be rid of them; reduced to insignificance its entire upper classes, altered all its social and economical arrangements, made it a new community, and changed not only its face but that of Europe also? How came it that a people reduced to beggary furnished military resources more than a match for those of the three great military monarchies of Europe? How came it that an utterly demoralised army and warlike class furnished leaders, and troops, and discipline also, which vanquished coalesced Europe and one-third of France itself in insurrection? Now these are the awkward questions which a writer of what we have ventured to term the professorial class never seems to anticipate; he simply goes on with his demonstration, and ignores its practical failure. It has often occurred to us that if the history of the French Revolution (and in like manner of the Reformation, or any other vast and comprehensive series of events which we class together under one pregnant name) were to be truly written, or duly studied, the process should be analytical. The first task should

be to master the event in its completeness and its main consequences; then, to trace the details of those minor occurrences which shaped themselves into the great whole. Beginning, as we usually do, on the synthetical plan, we are pretty sure, unless we make large and statesmanlike allowance for the unforeseen results of what seem inadequate causes, to arrive at some point where our method fails us—where the series of small events on which we have hitherto dwelt, seems quite unequal to support the massive superstructure.

Let us, by way of illustration, cite a passage from Professor Sybel's description of the economical condition to which the population of France had been reduced about the time of the culmination of 'terror'—the spring of 1794:—

'France had before the Revolution four millions and a half of men capable of labour; * of these more than 100,000 had been destroyed in the civil wars; a not smaller number had emigrated; another, not less considerable, was in prison as "suspected." More than a million had been carried off to the armies, and therefore was in the pay of the state; another million were employed in the civil administration.† For every two citizens at home there was one official; for every three, one soldier.' (Vol. iii. p. 168.)

Of course the uninstructed reader would conclude, a community thus circumstanced, being at war with all Europe, and engaged in fierce civil hostilities into the bargain, must have broken down at once. Mere anarchy cannot maintain itself, much less conquer others. But the France thus dispeopled and reduced to chaos did reorganise itself in the most formidable manner, did defeat all its enemies, did furnish armies for all the battle-fields of twenty years more. How was this? The Professor has not a word of explanation. The disparity of premisses and conclusions never seems to strike him at all.

The same addiction to *ex cathedrâ* judgments on general premisses, without being led to correct them by perception of the exaggerated consequences to which they lead, without reflecting how rarely the will even of the strongest despot or the most imperious populace ever really attains its end, and how far short men's practice of political life falls of their conceptions and attempts, makes itself visible in a portion of M. von Sybel's

* How the Professor would define 'arbeitsfähig' we cannot tell. It is generally calculated that one fourth of a population consists of grown men. If so, France in 1789 had six millions of such at least.

† This extraordinary estimate Herr von Sybel seems to found on another equally-startling. He makes the members of the local 'committees' 560,000, each of whom was to have three livres a day by the law of September 5, 1793.

dramatic force, no imagination, no sensibility. And, which is a still more serious defect, also peculiarly of the professorial class, he lacks that chastening judgment derived from knowledge of mankind, which teaches to avoid overcharging statements substantially true. He has no discrimination. He lays on perpetually the same dark colour: grey on grey, as his countrymen express it. All political parties in the Revolution fall alike under his monotonous censure: its governors, for blindly urging it on; its opponents, for not understanding how to resist it. The mind of the reader inevitably revolts against this kind of portraiture. We appeal, almost unconsciously, from generalisation to actual results; and this is the kind of appeal which the professorial mind, judging of all things *à priori*, never foresees or guards against. When we have been told that all the leading agents in the Revolution, one after the other, were inferior creatures, mean in point of abilities and actuated by selfish motives only; that the people never were in favour of it at all, but driven blindly through terror into accepting it; that there were no real revolutionists except a few ignorant fanatics, and a somewhat greater number who hoped to make their fortunes through political change; that the effect of that change was simply to disorganise society, and to reduce all classes in a summary way to general beggary and ruin; the inevitable question suggests itself, How, if these things be so, came the Revolution to succeed? How came it that a few contemptible individuals subjugated a nation which loathed them and was anxious to be rid of them; reduced to insignificance its entire upper classes, altered all its social and economical arrangements, made it a new community, and changed not only its face but that of Europe also? How came it that a people reduced to beggary furnished military resources more than a match for those of the three great military monarchies of Europe? How came it that an utterly demoralised army and warlike class furnished leaders, and troops, and discipline also, which vanquished coalesced Europe and one-third of France itself in insurrection? Now these are the awkward questions which a writer of what we have ventured to term the professorial class never seems to anticipate; he simply goes on with his demonstration, and ignores its practical failure. It has often occurred to us that if the history of the French Revolution (and in like manner of the Reformation, or any other vast and comprehensive series of events which we class together under one pregnant name) were to be truly written, or duly studied, the process should be analytical. The first task should

be to master the event in its completeness and its main consequences; then, to trace the details of those minor occurrences which shaped themselves into the great whole. Beginning, as we usually do, on the synthetical plan, we are pretty sure, unless we make large and statesmanlike allowance for the unforeseen results of what seem inadequate causes, to arrive at some point where our method fails us—where the series of small events on which we have hitherto dwelt, seems quite unequal to support the massive superstructure.

Let us, by way of illustration, cite a passage from Professor Sybel's description of the economical condition to which the population of France had been reduced about the time of the culmination of 'terror'—the spring of 1794:—

'France had before the Revolution four millions and a half of men capable of labour;* of these more than 100,000 had been destroyed in the civil wars; a not smaller number had emigrated; another, not less considerable, was in prison as "suspected." More than a million had been carried off to the armies, and therefore was in the pay of the state; another million were employed in the civil administration.† For every two citizens at home there was one official; for every three, one soldier.' (Vol. iii. p. 168.)

Of course the uninstructed reader would conclude, a community thus circumstanced, being at war with all Europe, and engaged in fierce civil hostilities into the bargain, must have broken down at once. Mere anarchy cannot maintain itself, much less conquer others. But the France thus dispeopled and reduced to chaos did reorganise itself in the most formidable manner, did defeat all its enemies, did furnish armies for all the battle-fields of twenty years more. How was this? The Professor has not a word of explanation. The disparity of premisses and conclusions never seems to strike him at all.

The same addiction to *ex cathedrâ* judgments on general premisses, without being led to correct them by perception of the exaggerated consequences to which they lead, without reflecting how rarely the will even of the strongest despot or the most imperious populace ever really attains its end, and how far short men's practice of political life falls of their conceptions and attempts, makes itself visible in a portion of M. von Sybel's

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work, which we nevertheless cite as of real value, and deserving careful study—that in which he describes the first effects of the Revolution in breaking up the landed property of the country, and traces the peculiar features of the social change which followed. After recounting the *gaspillage* of the national domains which took place in the first years of revolutionary management, under the superintendence of the municipalities, 1791-1792, he proceeds:—

'Such was the case with the lands which the state had kept in its own hands. In the domains which had been sold' (chiefly the lands of the Church and the Emigrés), 'the prospects were also far from encouraging. Even at that time the remarkable fact was brought to light, that the democratic plan of the Constituent Assembly, of creating, by a division of the land, a number of small proprietors, *had entirely failed.* The accumulation of landed estates in 1792 was not less than in 1788. The great properties were differently grouped, and the owners changed, but the number of proprietors was *not increased.* The small proprietors—the poor people who had been eager to buy land in 1791—had for the most part been ruined. He who had not already succumbed in the winter, was made a beggar by the disturbances which preceded the declaration of war. Speculation and stock-jobbing did the rest; in short, the greater part of the Church lands was now in the hands of city capitalists, the great majority of whom, like the former owners, never saw their possessions, allowed the same mode of farming to continue, and collected their rents by means of hard-hearted agents.

'The result is very remarkable, though it has been so little noticed. How often has the Revolution been praised for having thrown the large estates held in mortmain into the energetic management of small proprietors; or complained of, by the opposite party, as having commenced that crumbling of the land which was completed by the Code Napoleon. We have already had occasion to remark that the extent of land occupied by small farms was just as great before the Revolution as it is in the present day; and we now see the explanation of such an uniformity even amidst the revolutionary storms. The consideration of this fact, as well as of all the financial convulsions of that period, carries us back to the general principle, which is even now frequently mistaken. The distribution of wealth follows, in the long run, the same laws as its production. Every actual increase of the latter leads at last to its more suitable distribution; and every attempt to control this distribution by human interference, however well intended, is at the best impotent, and injuriously affects production and circulation, and consequently the well-being of all classes. The vicissitudes of the French soil since 1789 correspond in every respect to this proposition. The 4th of August (destruction of feudality) enriched agriculture in all its departments, because it emancipated labour and increased production. Neither the division of the Church lands, nor the subsequent sale of the émigrés' property, increased the number of

proprietors; but amid the general anarchy, they reduced not only the rich prelate, but, in a still more disastrous manner, the small farmer, to beggary. Similar statements might be maintained respecting the present state of affairs and its causes. It is not the divisibility of estates, the prohibition of which would be a limitation of the rights of property and of freedom, and therefore of prosperity, which is the source of existing evils; for the alleged breaking up of estates is much older than the Code Napoleon. But it is the obstacles still thrown in the way of credit, production, and sale; the *limitation of the powers of testators*, the custom of paying rent in kind, the prohibitive duties, and *the Bank monopoly*. To bring about a 4th of August for these things is the proper task of the French economist, and not the invention of new schemes for the division of land, whether in the direction of feudalism or of socialism.' (Vol. i. pp. 511–3.)

'As early as 1792, France bitterly felt the consequences of the attempt on the part of the state to create small proprietors. Most alarming reports were received from all quarters respecting the deficiency of the crop, and the worst accounts of all came once more from the centre and south of the kingdom. The condition of the tenants at fixed money rents in the provinces bordering on Belgium and Germany was somewhat better; but these, too, could not conceal from themselves that they would not long be able to struggle against the general ruin. The disordered state of agriculture necessarily caused an alarming reaction in all directions. It became more and more difficult to provide the towns with bread; for the yield of the land diminished, and the owners themselves abolished the money rents on account of the fluctuations of the *assignats*. They received the rent in corn, which they stored up, in hope of better prices; and often did not even thrash it, to save the cost of labour. Then the prohibition of the export of wool produced its effect. The breeding of sheep came to an end; and in the autumn complaints were sent up from all quarters that there was an utter deficiency of wool. This, of course, produced in turn a still greater deterioration of the land under plough; and thus one evil increased the other.

'Under such circumstances the condition of the wealthier classes was necessarily a very depressed one, while that of the working men was altogether desperate. Every article of consumption had become dearer; and though wages were also high, they had not risen in proportion. The increase of the circulating medium was, indeed, the chief cause of the alteration in prices, but by no means the only one, for the degree in which the price of each article rose was modified by the demand for it and the rate of its production. The rise in the value of gold and silver was owing to the paper money, and was accelerated by the export of the precious metals to the émigrés, the melting down of coin, and, above all, the operations of the Treasury, which, under Narbonne for instance, bought up large sums for the exigencies of the war, whatever might be the cost. The decrease in the rate of production, moreover, combined with

the excessive issues of paper to raise the price of most of the necessaries of life. The course of things was just the reverse in respect to wages. While the increase in the circulating medium tended to raise them, the annihilation of luxury and the disastrous condition of the manufactories, had an equal effect in keeping them down. This was most felt in Paris, where, side by side with greatly enhanced prices of goods, the daily wages were the same in the autumn of 1792 as they had been four years before, viz., fifteen sous a day.

'We have thus traced the results of the revolutionary art of finance in every part of social life. Confiscations, prohibitions, and *assignats*, combined to blight the fields, to desolate the pastures, and to condemn the hand of the artificer to inaction. The state saw the booty it had seized quickly vanish from its grasp. Was it still to go on in its ruinous course, insatiable, and ever condemned to the pangs of hunger?' (Vol. i. pp. 511–6.)

We have quoted this very remarkable passage at length, because we believe that Professor von Sybel holds an established position in public opinion as a political economist. As for ourselves, we must venture on some freedom of criticism respecting it, because the questions which it touches are of the highest possible importance, not only with a view to the history of the Revolution, but as regards the immediate interests of society at the present day. We must confess that, as to some of the alleged facts, we are by no means satisfied that the Professor has arrived at the truth; while, with respect to some of his inferences and reasonings, we are at a loss to follow him.

1. That the '*morcellement*' of land in France had begun, and made considerable progress, long before the Revolution, we are now well aware. Recent researches on this subject have extended our knowledge of it beyond what was possessed even at so late a period as that of the appearance of Mr. Mill's treatise on Political Economy; and we ascribe this great phenomenon more to social causes of long growth, and less to the violent changes of the revolutionary period, than was commonly done a few years ago. But to say that the French Revolution had little or no effect in accelerating the process is to express very confidently an opinion which rests on doubtful premisses. Those who have really studied the subject well know how extremely difficult it is to obtain reliable information as to the actual amount of subdivision which land in various parts of France has undergone in the last two generations. The number of registered parcels of land is an insufficient indicator; so is the number of separate proprietors; and to construct anything like an accurate table by comparison of the two would be an achievement which the best French economical writers have

certainly not as yet succeeded in accomplishing. In his general assertion that '*morcellement*' was not increased by the Revolution, Herr von Sybel no doubt follows Léonce de Lavergne, and a better authority could not be named. But authorities nearly or quite as competent lead to the opposite conclusion; and, if figures could prove the Professor's assertion (which they do not), we own that we should be apt to discredit the figures. The total destruction of noble tenures and '*coutûmes*' must alone have effected the subdivision of a great extent of land, even if no Church or 'emigrant' property had ever been seized or sold at all. Nor can we by any means agree with Herr von Sybel in considering it established that the latter spoil fell substantially into the hands of capitalists. Léon Faucher, who had looked into this question (thirty years ago) with more keenness as well as industry than most people, was of an entirely contrary opinion:—

'The revolutionary period,' he says, 'was nothing else than the invasion, the conquest, and the partition of the territory among the conquerors. The Tiers État laid hands on the property of the Church, of the nobility, and of corporations. Estates held in mortmain or tied up by entails were restored to the market, into which they brought a capital of more than two milliards of francs. Yet the subdivision of land, which began in 1792 and 1793, was not accomplished and completed until forty years later, under the Restoration. When the estates of the *émigrés* were sold, it was thought sufficient to divide them into 452,000 lots, representing an average value of 3,000 francs each. These lots have since crumbled into dust, and are now probably reduced to four or five millions of holdings.' (*Faucher on the State and Tendency of Property in France*, 1836.)

Even M. de Tocqueville, though his preconceived views on French history led him more towards the side of M. von Sybel, expressed his opinions on the subject with his usual moderation:—

'It is to adopt a common error to suppose that the subdivision of landed property in France dates from the Revolution: the fact is of a much older date. The Revolution, it is true, sold all the lands of the Church and a great part of those of the aristocracy: but if any one will take the trouble to consult the registers of those sales, as I have myself sometimes had the patience to do, he will find that most of those lands were bought by persons who already held other lands: so that, although the property changed hands, the number of proprietors was less augmented than is commonly supposed. . . . The effect of the Revolution (he adds, in this point agreeing with our author) was not to divide the soil but to *liberate* it for a moment.' (*Tocqueville, De l'Ancien Régime.*)

Even if M. Tocqueville's numerical statement is founded on sufficiently large generalisation to be of any value, it proves but little. Many parcels of public land might have been purchased by the same individual, but they remained parcels all the same, and probably unconnected with each other, and all the evil, or good, of '*morcellement*' was practically effected by the process. Probably, in the first instance, the purchases were chiefly made by speculators, with a view to resale. But money did not prosper just then in the hands of its owners. Few monied men were strong enough to hold on for a rise; they parted with and subdivided their purchases, and Jacques Bonhomme became the eventual owner.* It is easy to conceive the effect of some of the revolutionary dealings with this property, such as Bourdon de l'Oise's strange measure for selling them—not by auction, but by a fixed price in assignats far below their real value in that paper—to the first applicant, must have tended to accelerate this consummation. 'Vous ne pouvez 'pas vendre toutes ces terres à la fois,' said some one to Mirabeau at the commencement of the Revolution. 'Eh bien, nous 'les donnerons.'

2. The greater part of the plunder went, therefore, to the benefit, finally, of Jacques Bonhomme. But how came the peasantry to be able to procure it or to enjoy it if their condition was such as Von Sybel describes—if they were reduced *en masse* 'to beggary' by the effects of the Revolution, 'their 'stock of cattle ruined, their implements grown dearer, their 'market carts plundered, and their gains, at the best, paid in 'falling paper money'? The answer is, that the Professor, with all respect be it said, has misunderstood the case. His sketch of the state of France in 1793 is altogether wanting in discrimination. It is like the pictures which were drawn at the time by Sir Francis Divernois and other politicians of that day, and which contributed largely to stimulate our English credulity and anticipations of easy victory when we first engaged in war against the Revolution. The French state, they urged, was bankrupt, the possessors of property robbed, credit extinct, the very peasantry brought down from poverty to beggary. Consequently, serious or at all events protracted resistance to

* According to a remarkable passage in one of De Tocqueville's conversations with Mr. Senior (with which some of our readers have doubtless been made familiar in manuscript), the great object of the peasant proprietor in thrifty Normandy was to get together (by mortgage or otherwise) as much land as he and his family could cultivate. A very different amount, it need not be observed, from the quantity which would suffice to feed them.

the armies of Europe was impossible. So preached the Royalist prophets, and so believed their listeners. Men were only converted by witnessing the disagreeable spectacle of a nation in arms, putting forth such resources as had never been devoted in any country to warlike purposes before, and baffling coalition after coalition of the most powerful states of Europe. And in the same way our author, in his one-sided zeal, overstates his case, by describing France as reduced to a condition in which the performance of such efforts as she really did perform would have been merely impossible. For modern war cannot be carried on without superfluous wealth; that superfluous wealth must therefore have existed abundantly in France, and the Convention had the art (whether through applying tyranny or stimulating enthusiasm) of drawing it forth. The rich were brought very low; but the process of impoverishment did not extend permanently, if at all, to the productive classes, or at all events to the chief productive class, that engaged in agriculture. The condition of the peasant during those years of violent internal movement was of course subject, like that of other classes, to strange fluctuations. At one time nearly ruined by the depreciation of paper, at another enriched beyond measure by the extravagant rise in price of the articles of necessity in which he dealt, he, hitherto the steadiest and least enterprising of men, led the life of a gambler, but, on the whole, a successful one. The immense requisitions of the Commonwealth for the maintenance of its armies put, for the time, much more money into his purse than they took out of it. 'Twelve hundred thousand men eating good bread at the 'same public manger, of whom the greater number, before the 'war, lived in the country on rye, potatoes, beans, and turnips,' to use the description of a newspaper of the time, furnished no contemptible addition to the demand for subsistence which he supplied. They tried to bridle him with a law of '*maximum*,' and he merely laughed at it and evaded it. Some of the evidence of the state of his circumstances about this time is curious enough. The so-called 'famine' of the spring of 1795, following a very good harvest, was in truth nothing but a temporary and artificial scarcity, occasioned by the entire derangement of the monetary system, and the extravagance of the money prices which for a time the farmers were able to demand for their commodities. On some occasions they had so completely the command of the market as to be in a position to demand gold for their wheat, and refuse assignats—a piece of 'incivism' for which they were roundly denounced in the Convention. It was declared in the same assembly (by Tallien, May 13, 1795) that

the price of four sacks of wheat was sufficient to purchase a good-sized farm.

Thus did Jacques Bonhomme become for the time rich, and was thereby enabled to indulge in the only luxury dear to his frugal heart, and grown dearer than ever in consequence of his experience of the instability of all but landed property. He added parcel to parcel of land in his vicinity, from the demesnes of the Church or the *ci-devants*; and in this way he was enabled to support what in reality fell on him—the charge of the great armaments of the period of war, so far as these were not borne by the conquered nations. And he acquired by and bye a profound affection for the name and family of the Emperor, who kept the priests and the *ci-devants* out of their property with one hand, kept the monetary system steady with the other, and made foreign war pay itself. And along with these sentiments he cherished for many years a deep distrust of the Restoration, which might at any moment, as he deemed, bring the ancient proprietors on his back. But to the new generation—since 1848—jealousy of Socialism seems to have taken the place of jealousy of Royalism. The traditional remembrance of the old revolutionary times entertained by the less educated peasantry is now chiefly one of terror. Near the little town of Saint Emilion, in the department of La Gironde, there is a large field, famous in history as the spot where several leaders of the proscribed Girondin party were tracked and arrested by the Jacobin detectives. It is now commonly called the 'Champ 'des Emigrés;' such is the confusion of ideas which presides over popular legends of the past. Some literary visitors a short time ago were exploring it with interest, and asking questions of the country people. The suspicions of the neighbourhood were excited. 'What do they want here? Are they come 'among us to bring back the bad old times, les temps du 'mauvais papier et de la grande épouvante?'

3. But if M. von Sybel's facts, in this passage, do not meet with our entire concurrence, some of his speculations on it, as we have said, are simply perplexing to us. What is the meaning of the mysterious dictum that 'the distribution of wealth 'follows, in the long run, the same laws as its production'? If only what is called 'distribution' by scientific economists—the analysis of price into rent, wages, and profits—this, we apprehend, depends, permanently, on laws of its own, which are certainly not those which 'regulate production.' If, as we rather suppose, the 'distribution' meant is that of wealth between different classes, this is a creature of positive law and usage only. 'Attempts to control it by human interference'

are made every day, and it is controlled in no other manner. It is merely the attachment of mankind to their own habits which makes them regard one mode of distribution as more 'natural' than another. A man dies intestate, and his land goes to his eldest son, and this appears the 'most suitable dis-'tribution' to the majority of Englishmen. But in Kent, it goes (by usage of the land, unless barred) between all his sons; in lands under the London custom of borough English, to his youngest son. No doubt the public opinion of those districts respectively would, in the old days of fixed notions, have pronounced those methods the most 'suitable.' To prohibit the division of intestate estates would be, in Herr von Sybel's opinion, a 'limitation of the rights of property and freedom.' But the restraint placed in France on the powers of testators to obviate that division, by leaving the whole estate to one devisee, is one of the 'sources of existing evils.' As both laws seem to have the same object and tendency—namely, to prevent the accumulation of land—we cannot conceive why he regards one as reasonable, the other as mischievous. Nor have we any distinct notion whatever on the subject of the mischief done to landed property in France by the 'obstacles thrown in the 'way of credit, protection, and sale' and the 'bank monopoly.' Is it possible that we are face to face with a disguised Birmingham currency-monger, under the semblance of a Prussian professor of history?

It is as well, in dealing with this all-important question of landed tenures, to keep in mind a distinction which does not seem to be very steadily present to that of our author. Small properties are one thing: small farms another. They do not necessarily go together in national economy. That very large estates are consistent with very small farming, the example of Ireland teaches us only too well. The opposite combination, of small properties with large farming, is, of course, far less practicable; but under certain circumstances it is not impossible. Léon Faucher, in the essay which we have quoted, shows how the inordinate passion of the French peasant class for the subdivision of estates has (or had in 1837, when he wrote) in some ways counteracted itself. He speaks of instances as not uncommon in some parts of France, where the owner of a parcel of land had let it for a rent to an adjoining large proprietor, and then worked on it himself as a day-labourer, earning out of the same field at once rent and wages. So, in other districts, the voluntary association of landowners to borrow money for the purpose of drainage, as described by M. de Lavergne, acts in the same direction. So does the common

practice (in the best cultivated parts of France, we believe, as well as among ourselves) of hiring machines. But far more important changes in the way of consolidation will probably be wrought by co-operative systems, long before the passion for small proprietorship has exhausted itself in continental Europe.

However this may be, it is necessary to remember that while political science may be deeply interested about the tendencies of large and small proprietorship, political economy is entirely indifferent to them, save in one respect only—as they affect the mode of farming, and its general result in the gross and net produce of the soil. On this issue the battle is still fought between the advocates of the two systems, and no solution, which should affect to be uniformly applicable, would probably be true. But one thing is to our apprehension certain—the tendency of events, in our advanced day, is mainly towards the large system and against the small. On the side of the latter is inveterate habit only. Every step in national development acts—whether we like it or not—in favour of the former. Almost every improvement in machinery facilitates and invites the consolidation of holdings by diminishing the need of manual labour. Every improvement in transit and communication renders extended farming operations easier, and diminishes the required superintendence; but the saving thus effected is applicable to large farms only. The tendency of money to accumulate in few hands in peaceful times is equivalent to a tendency to the amalgamation of estates, for land has in the long run an invincible attraction towards money. Every improvement in jurisprudence which sets land free by dissolving the remaining ties of feudality, such as entails and settlements, only renders the power of the purse in acquiring and consolidating estates more available. If any legislator, therefore, were to attempt to stay the subdivision of land on the Continent, he would perhaps be acting in opposition to the popular feeling, but certainly in accordance with the material tendencies of the age. If any legislator here were to take the contrary line, and attempt *morcellement* perforce, he might seek a justification in political necessity, but he could certainly find none in the laws of economy.

Herr von Sybel exhibits throughout a very orthodox horror of 'communism and socialism,' and believes those forms of political heresy to have had their origin in the very commencement of the Revolution:—

'All the other phases of modern socialism (besides the extravagant Communism of Babœuf) had their representatives in the last cen-ry: and besides the Communists proper—who desired to transfer

every kind of property to the State—we find another party of equal importance who, while they recognised the rights of private property, wished to give the State the actual disposal of it by indirect means. We might even assert that there is not a single proposition of the modern communistic and socialistic schools which was overlooked in the year 1790; all that is new in the last ten years consists in the theoretical proofs and embellishments of the system.' (Vol. i. p. 249.)

His principal proof, however, of this assertion consists in demonstrating the tendencies, such as he considers them, of the revolutionary system of taxation; which he describes in a passage worthy of quotation, although, perhaps, not altogether warranting the sweeping conclusions which he appends to it:—

'The old system was one in which the lower classes were drained for the advantage of their privileged rulers. The means employed were a very complicated administration, which gave room for the most arbitrary caprice in the collection of the taxes; an unequal distribution of the direct taxes, which consisted mainly in a heavy poll-tax on the poor; and, lastly, a very heavy impost on the most simple and necessary articles of consumption.

'The principles of the 4th of August required that all classes should be called on to contribute, according to a fair estimate, to the necessities of the State. All experience, however, has shown that this can only be done by a judicious union of direct and indirect taxation; for the estimate and collection of each can only be carried out with tolerable completeness in particular classes of the people, and particular departments of business. Directly therefore we seek to supply the necessities of the State from the one or the other exclusively, we necessarily deal unequally and unfairly with the different sources of the national income. Direct taxes are naturally best adapted to easily recognised capital, and therefore to landowners, officials, and men of independent income. The poor man, on the contrary, cannot escape taxes on consumption, and these, therefore, are best suited to the populations of towns, in which surveillance may be most easily and safely exercised. In any political commotion, when a cry is raised for the reduction of taxes on consumption, we may be sure that the working classes of the towns—or the demagogues who make use of them—are at the head of it; just as, on the contrary, the rule of landowners is sure to lead to a system of indirect taxation. Thus England, in the last century, gradually reduced the land tax to a thirty-sixth part of the revenue of the State; but has subsequently seen herself compelled, by the daily increasing influence of her working classes, to give up a large portion of the taxes on consumption, and to substitute an income-tax. It is therefore thoroughly consistent when the modern democratic systems—which look exclusively to the mass of city workmen—will hear of nothing else but an income-tax, and entirely reject all indirect taxation. They are, indeed, entirely justified in

their opposition to certain portions of existing systems of taxation, more especially to protective duties, which are an abuse of the principle of indirect taxation to the injury of the State and the enrichment of a few privileged persons. But the halo of philanthropy which has been thrown around them is unreal and deceitful. It sounds well to say that the expenses of the State should be defrayed from the superfluities of the rich, and not from the necessaries of the poor; but as long as superfluity and necessity are relative notions, the State must be just before it can compel third persons to be charitable. It is consistent with justice, that the small artisan should pay as much as the peasant owner of land, and that both should be taxed according to their means, as the millionnaire to his; but not that both the rich man and the peasant should be ordered to provide and keep in order the whole State machinery for the workman of the city, who contributes nothing to its support. This can never become lawful, until the State denies entirely the right of private property—assumes the management of every kind of possession—and then bestows upon its darlings as much as their hearts desire.'

The lecture may be sound, but is scarcely appropriate. Theories of communism made their way to the surface, along with every other wild speculation respecting the future of humanity, during the fermentation of the times of which Herr von Sybel writes. But they never had any real success, except among a very small fraction of the town population. No leader of any influence exhibited the slightest tendency to them, or the power of appreciating them, except Robespierre; and he early ceased to encourage views which he was shrewd enough to see would only endanger his popularity. Far from tending towards communism, the Revolution roused the instincts of property to an almost fanatical amount; as we have seen in what has been already said respecting the tendencies of opinion among the French peasantry, and as was clearly demonstrated *ex post facto* when the new Revolution of the Epigoni broke out and collapsed in 1848. As for the argument, that to impose the stress of taxation on the rich and press lightly on the poor, in times of crisis, is to encourage the principle of socialism, it contains no doubt a certain amount of truth, but of the most unpractical character. The same reasoning would condemn the reforms of Stein in Prussia, which our author, doubtless, like all true Prussians, regards as having furnished a solid foundation to the State. The same argument is always ready on the imposition of an income-tax, or a war-contribution, or a poor-law. The answer is, that these sacrifices must be submitted to by property when public necessities require that the most available fund shall be

taxed for great purposes, and that they constitute in fact the price which property pays for its maintenance. Were it to entrench itself behind inflexible rules of proportionate assessment in times of emergency, its very principle would break down, as that of feudality has broken down before.

We have said that this closet-formed style of judgment, of which we complain, is especially conspicuous in what may be termed the dramatic portion of our author's labours; his descriptions of the men who were chiefly distinguished as promoters of the Revolution or leaders in it. These are destitute of anything like discriminative power. He does not attempt to delineate these personages: he simply rails at them. Mirabeau and Dumouriez alone, among the early heroes of the time, seem to receive anything like considerate notice from him, and that only after the one had sold himself to the Court, the other gone over to the enemy; among the later, only Carnot, to whose great powers of organisation, as well as his honesty and self-denial, he does fair justice (iii. p. 17). The rest are merely treated with very impartial abuse, or contempt.

Take, for instance, the commonplace, featureless portrait which is given of Danton.

'He was not an insignificant man, but coarse and vulgar, endowed with various gifts, which were however only to be set to work by his unbridled sensuality. As long as his thirst for enjoyment was unslaked, he was indefatigable, full of activity and energy; ready to undertake the most difficult and disagreeable tasks, to undergo any exertion, and to commit any crime. But when his appetites were satisfied, he was in a state of complete collapse. At such times, an immovable sluggishness and apathetic good humour took possession of him; he was comfortable, and did not choose to be disturbed. He performed all that animal energy and passion could do, but there was no vein of a higher intellectual life either in his character or education. He possessed neither moral nor physical courage; for nothing but the consciousness of a good cause can inspire the former, and the latter he had lost in sensual indulgences!' (Vol. i. p. 472.)

He wanted above all things, we are told, money, wine, and women; 'and had not the least sense of æsthetic refinement in 'his pleasures!' His venality is of course assumed as matter of notoriety, scarcely needing proof. If he relaxed his political activity after 1792, it was because 'he had in reality no other 'wish than to enjoy the booty he had already secured, and to 'derive all possible advantage from the movement for the 'future.' If he was reluctant to bring Louis XVI. to trial, it was because 'he had received money enough from the King to 'allay his animosity against him.' Did it never occur to our

Professor to ask himself, how it came about that such a gross animal as he depicts, deficient even in the common quality of courage, could have exercised almost the sway of an improvised dictator in the last tumultuous hour of the monarchy of France; could have stood in the van of that determined body of men who broke down the opposition of Constitutionalism in 1791 and of Girondism in 1792; could have, by his own mere energy and eloquence, rendered the struggle for life and death between himself and all the force of the Mountain uncertain for a few days, within the very walls of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and have compelled his enemies, all defeated and friendless as he seemed, to silence him by brutal force, lest Paris should shake off its stupefaction and rise to rescue him?

We are no apologists of Danton; the blood of September clings to him ineffaceably, and defies all the efforts of his modern defenders, as it did that of his contemporary partisans, to wash it out. But with all his sins, his life affords a curious instance, when fairly examined, of the manner in which calumnies obtain the force of demonstrated truths by mere dint of repetition. No two propositions are more universally received than that Danton took bribes, and that he was profligate in private life: Royalist historians, Girondist historians, Robespierrist historians, all complacently repeat the same set of charges against him: and yet these, like so many other 'notorious' imputations, melt into all but impalpable air on the slightest effort at real investigation. Danton may have been all that is said of him in these respects; it is impossible to prove the negative; but there is not the slightest approach to proof of the affirmative. The Comtian philosopher Dr. Robinet has really done some service to history, by the very simple and unrhetorical narrative of his 'Mémoire sur la Vie Privée de Danton,'* in which the private life of the great demagogue, during his short and agitated career of greatness, is brought before the reader with the help of plain documentary evidence. He exhibits Danton, before the Revolution, as a man of very industrious habits, moderate means and moderate tastes, spending the little money of which he could dispose in the gratification of two propensities—the ordinary passion of the middle-class Frenchman for buying up parcels of land, and his own special fancy for a good library. As to his conduct during the Revolution, the demonstration is chiefly negative. Popular writers speak of

* He dates it in his Préface 'Paris, le 28 César, 77e année de la 'Révolution, 19 Mai, 1865.' Comtists are, no doubt, familiar with 's mode of dating, which is inscrutable to us.

Danton's 'orgies'—and no single instance is credibly described in the pages of the gossiping journalists and anecdotists of the day, of an 'orgy' (whatever the exact meaning of that favourite French term may be) in which he ever took part. They declaim against Danton and his 'mistresses;' and no 'mistress' of Danton has ever been named, so far as we are aware, even in the loosest slander of the time. There is absolutely no evidence, that we are aware of, either for or against his morals, except this: that his uxoriousness was excessive; insomuch that, although he had his first adored wife disinterred after her decease (which occurred during his absence) in order to have a cast taken from her face, yet in a very few months afterwards he married a second, equally adored; a pretty, fortuneless girl of his native town. As to his venality, there exists, no doubt, one distinct contemporary assertion of it—that of Mirabeau, who declares (in his correspondence with Lamarck, March 10, 1791), that 'Danton received yesterday (from the 'Court) 30,000 livres.' And Mirabeau may well have known the fact; but on the other hand, Mirabeau, who had taken himself the money of the Court, was reckless enough in his denunciation of others; and his correspondent Lamarck, who was much more familiar with the subject than he was, in no way confirms his assertion. Other evidence there is absolutely none: each accuser, as M. Robinet shows, merely repeats the story of the other, with such variations as take away credit from all. But the favourite charge against him, told by Lafayette and by Robespierre, repeated without any hesitation by Von Sybel, (i. 519) is, that he was bribed by a 'compensation' of 100,000 francs, given him for his place of 'Avocat 'aux conseils du Roi' when abolished, that place being in truth worth only 10,000. All mere fabrication. M. Robinet shows that Danton paid 78,000 francs for his 'charge;' that it was worth 20,000 francs a year to him (disposing incidentally of Louis Blanc's picturesque description of him as an idle, loafing 'avocat sans causes'), and that he got either 80,000 or 100,000 in compensation for it. Those familiar with the rate at which Chancery and Ecclesiastical court officers have been 'compensated' in our own country, will think Danton an extremely ill-used professional man. As for his extravagance, M. Robinet, by the help of the papers of the family, is able to show precisely how the compensation money was disposed of—namely, in the purchase of small lots of land in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, Arcis-sur-Aube. Of subsequent peculation—during the time of his greatness—there is no more proof than of original bribery. Our author himself can only

say on the subject, 'We shall not inquire how much Belgian 'money he and his colleagues,' (the commissioners of the Convention) 'put in their pockets, *since there is no proof of theft*, 'and yet no reason for believing in the disinterestedness of 'Danton.'* In truth, had there been any such proof whatever, the researches of his enemies, in the long debates of his trial, would assuredly have brought it forth. But none such was advanced. Danton was cynical and coarse in his language; he despised the affected civic puritanism of Robespierre and his like, and made no similar profession of exquisite virtue on his own part; but proof against him, as we have said, there is absolutely none; and, for all the evil which stains his memory, we must protest against the measure thus taken of a 'Titan of 'democracy' by a Bonn professor.

The few lines devoted to the personal character of Robespierre, and his share in the Revolution, seem to us not less wanting in discrimination. He appears merely as the commonplace monster of a thousand trivial descriptions. The account of the part taken by him in the foreign affairs of the Republic —the special subject of M. von Sybel's work—is singularly disfigured.

'Though no friend of that aggressive policy which delights in the din of war, he was the more easily reconciled' (January, 1793) 'to the extension of the field of operations, because England was the new enemy. For of all the nations of the earth, the English were the objects of his greatest aversion: partly, perhaps, because they were regarded with favour by the Gironde, but principally because they were so self-dependent, and enjoyed so large a measure of personal freedom.'

We have not the least notion where M. von Sybel found his authority for this statement, except that part of it which asserts, very truly, that Robespierre opposed a war policy on the part of revolutionary France as long as he could. But when it could be averted no longer, he addressed himself, honestly to all appearance, to the unpopular task of repressing the tendency to make the war one of propaganda. His principle was, that the conquered communities should be treated with the greatest moderation as regarded their internal politics, and allowed freedom of deliberation on the choice of their constitution, while all respect should be paid to their religious prejudices. This doctrine he took special care to repeat when the Convention was just about to brave two new enemies in the field, England and Holland, in addition to the over-

* Vol. ii. p. 298.

whelming power already arrayed against it. It is true that he, like other orators, often gave in to the exaggerated rhetorical fashions of the day, and that some months after, in January 1794, he took occasion to declare in a theatrical manner, 'En 'ma qualité de représentant du peuple, je déclare que je hais 'le peuple anglais.' But the reason which he gave for his hatred was only the obvious one of the hostility shown by that people to his own country, and their enslavement by the odious Pitt, 'the imbecile minister of a mad king;' certainly not that they enjoyed 'too much internal freedom:' a proposition which, whatever its general truth, was hardly to the purpose in 1794.

We have, however, detained our readers, perhaps too long, over that portion of Von Sybel's work in which he only goes over ground already traversed by others, and not, in our judgment, always successfully traversed by himself. The really valuable part of it consists in his detailed synopsis of the relations between France, the German States, and the other European Powers, during the six years comprised in his three volumes (1789—1795). These have never, to our knowledge, been treated with so much fulness, so much acuteness, such conscientious endeavour at impartiality. At the same time, this is the division of the work to which it is least possible for us to do justice in the pages of a review. The extreme complexity of the subject defies analysis, and insulated passages would give no fair idea of its general scope. We can only recommend the careful study of it, very sincerely, to the many who are still interested in those ever-attractive problems which are presented to us by the phenomena of the great Revolution. French historians are, one and all, singularly deficient as to this side of the subject. The materials collected, and the reasonings grounded on them, by Herr von Sybel, are of most essential service in filling up the gap, and render his book almost indispensable to the scholar, in the present state of our knowledge.

The general impression produced by the picture which he draws is, however, nothing new. He does but confirm the ordinary conclusions at which less accurate knowledge had led former students to arrive. He shows, that the utter failure of successive coalitions to deal with the common enemy, revolutionary France, did not arise, to any material extent, from the incapacity of the leading agents. Leopold, at all events, Pitt, the Empress Catharine, Thugut, were qualified to conduct a great European movement. Nor from faintheartedness. The population of Germany, if slow to move, was never Jaco-

binised: the armies of Germany were brave, and, at least until the advent of Napoleon, led by generals not inadequate to deal with those of the Republic. That failure was mainly owing, in the first instance, to utter miscalculation of the power and the purpose of the enemy with which the sovereigns had to fight. One and all, the leaders of the Coalition seem to have been impressed from the beginning with the conviction that the Revolution would break down; and the greater the energy which it displayed, the more violent its exertions, the more boastful its language, the more they were convinced that the end was near at hand. It is easy to triumph over their mistake. It is by no means so certain that we—or any other impartial judges—with no more than the ordinary amount of human foresight, should not have shared it. The Revolution did succeed against all probabilities, all predictions, all indications perceptible to common sagacity. A few seers, such as Burke, might indeed forecast the future aright. A few zealous monarchists, like Mallet du Pan, might wonder that 'cabinets accustomed to observe with watchfulness the displacement of a few battalions, or the departure of a frigate, could not see in the armaments of Revolutionary France any subject for fear; in the middle of the chaos and embarrassments which prevailed in France, they probably could not believe in the possibility of war; and it was precisely that chaos and those embarrassments which forced on the war.'* But it does not follow that the great majority, who saw things less seriously than they did, are to be condemned as imbecile because their anticipations did not come up to the reality.

'Events,' as Sir Philip Francis phrased it in 1793, 'have hitherto given the lie to speculations; because sufficient allowance, I suppose, has not been made for the unconquerable powers of enthusiasm, and the inexhaustible resources of despair.' When we judge of the mistakes of our grandfathers respecting the events of their marvellous period, we ought to remember the fallibility of our own judgments in a somewhat similar case—those, namely, which were passed on the great political phenomenon of our day, the American civil war. We are not yet so far removed from the time when everyone, who pretended to political forethought, except a few fanatics, as they were deemed, had arrived at the unhesitating conclusion that the Union could never be re-established. We cannot forget how these unpopular recalcitrants against the received creed were termed, in our leading newspapers, the 'few foolish

* See his Memoirs, vol. i. p. 407.

'people who are still allowed to shake their bells in our 'streets.' Nor must we neglect the fact, that this prevailing delusion, as we now know it to have been, was shared by the most temperate and most reasonable among us. There were few judgments so able at once and so impartial as that of Sir Cornewall Lewis. There were few more modest and calm thinkers than one whose loss is still fresh among us, the late Sir Edmund Head—hesitating, almost to a fault, and well versed in America and things American. And yet Sir E. Head was unlucky enough, in the few pages of graceful panegyric which he prefixed to his publication of his friend Lewis's 'Administrations of Great Britain' (in 1864) to cite as proofs of his sagacity his predictions of the separation of North and South. More ample justification could scarcely be given, by a parallel case of the great European mistake of 1789—1795. The accepted odds were immeasurably against what proved to be the winning side.

The obvious result of this persuasion of the weakness of their adversary was, on the part of each of the great Powers of Europe, the suspicion that to employ its strength in earnest against such an adversary was to waste that strength for the benefit of its allies. It seemed better to each to exhibit a mere ostentation of purpose on the side towards France; the real power of each was to be reserved for its own special and favourite object, aggrandisement elsewhere, then called 'rectification of 'frontier;' or, if this could not be attained, preventing, at all events, the aggrandisement of a neighbour. Policy more absolutely selfish was seldom acted on, never perhaps so cynically avowed; and yet the fear of being the hindmost was probably, with most of these sovereigns and ministers, a still more urgent stimulus than hope of being the foremost. From this general condemnation, however, the memory of the Emperor Leopold ought in fairness to be exempted. There is much sign of weakness in his dealings with France, much which (after all the pains bestowed upon the subject by Herr von Sybel) defies or eludes explanation; but no proof of vulgar selfishness. It was his early death (in March 1791) which threw Austria, under the incapable Francis and the unprincipled Thugut, into the career already so shamelessly commenced by Prussia and Russia.

'And thus' (exclaims our author, in the true spirit of a Prussian) 'the leading Powers of Europe stood on the brink of a conflict, the shock of which was to sever two eras of the world from each other, without the slightest foreboding of the importance of the task before them, and without any other feeling than that of selfish anxiety, and bitter jealousy towards their associates. What a change had taken

place in Prussian policy, from the clearness, sagacity, and firmness of Frederic the Great! . . . They fell, not before the arms of the Revolution, but by their own flagrant sin. "Quos Deus vult per-"dere, priùs dementat."' (Vol. ii. p. 42.)

The doctrine of the homily is orthodox: but what are we to say of the consistency of the preacher? To us, on the contrary, it seems impossible not to trace, in the evils which fell on these several States through French conquest, and notably on Prussia, the Nemesis of that line of conduct which they had learnt in the school of Frederic the Great himself. Never was so much mischief done to international morality as by the preachings and too successful practice of that distinguished idol of modern hero-worshippers. It is not too much to say that he brought down to a lower level the moral principle of a century. Mere aggrandisement became, after his triumphs, the recognised, laudable purpose of a model sovereign. We do not want to profess prudery in this matter, or to set up the ordinary comparison of school rhetoric between conquerors and robbers. It is not practically true. The captive pirate boldly told Alexander that they two were on a level; but Alexander went on his way conquering and to conquer, while the pirate was hanged; and, on the whole, the distinction was ratified as a just one, regard being had to public expediency as the real sanction of criminal law. But if the sins of sovereigns be not technically of the same order with those of vulgar criminals, they are far more sweeping and disastrous in their consequences. The success of Frederic, in his flagrant disregard of international justice, was most productive of evil by example; just as the exploits of a very fortunate gambler will for a time disorganise society in the class to which he belonged, and as the fame of Dick Turpin and of Cartouche produced very deleterious effects on theirs. Royal philosophers, excited by his success, ranked the independent rights of States and the domestic rights of subjects under the same category, as mere feudal incumbrances, in the way of beneficent despotism. Alliances they equally regarded as simple matters of convenience to break or to keep. 'Dans ma première guerre avec la Reine 'd'Hongrie,' says the clever forger of the 'Matinées Royales,' speaking in the character of Frederic the Great, 'j'abandonnai 'les Français à Prague, parceque je gagnais la Silésie au 'marché. Quand je les aurais conduits à Vienne, ils ne m'au-'raient jamais donné autant.' Read Basle for Prague and Western Poland for Silesia, and we shall see that history in this instance only repeats itself. The first and last dismemberments of Poland proved, morally, the complement, as it were, of the

conquest of Silesia. And, when the French Revolution arrived, the sovereigns concerned were, unfortunately for themselves as it turned out, under the full sway of this evil tradition. Prussia saw nothing, in her reluctant exertions against France, but a plea for 'compensation' on the Rhine, or else in Poland. Austria, under the successor of Leopold, finding the Netherlands an insecure possession, abandoned them altogether after the victory of Neerwinden—an abandonment which was, perhaps, the turning-point of the struggle—in hopes of swallowing up Bavaria instead. And all the three Powers combined, under the influence of a mutual jealousy far stronger than their hostility to the common enemy, to make up for defeat in the West by the final partition of Poland in 1795. Then—unhappily, not until the sin had been accomplished—came the punishment. One by one their ill-gotten acquisitions were torn from them by a hand mightier than theirs, directed by a will quite as unscrupulous.

Such being the general character of the Coalition and its proceedings, it is to us surprising that Herr von Sybel should give himself a good deal of what we must term unnecessary trouble to establish the thesis that in the first Revolutionary war France was the aggressor; that she was not justified by any step taken by the Emperor of Germany, or by Austria, in her declaration of war against Leopold, in November, 1792:—

'It has been said a thousand times' (are his words) 'that the war which France began against the Powers of Europe was simply an act of defence against the hostility with which these Powers, in alliance with the Catholic clergy, threatened the freedom of 1789 and the constitution of 1791: whereas few facts in history are more indisputable than the very opposite of this proposition. The war was begun by the Gironde to do away with the monarchical constitution of 1789; and Louis XVI., the Feuillants, and the Emperor Leopold, were attacked by them, because they endeavoured to defend this last bulwark against the Republic.' (Vol. i. p. 380.)

To us, generally speaking, few discussions seem less important or less interesting than that concerning the exact apportionment of praise and blame in the international wranglings which precede a war; though it is a topic which seems to have a peculiar attraction for historians of the diplomatic and of the professorial class. If, however, the question must in this instance be seriously discussed over again, we are compelled to avow our own conviction, in accordance with that of French writers in general, that strict right was on the side of their country. What had Leopold to do with 'defending' this or

that French constitution? And though his language was studiously moderate, his hostile intentions seem demonstrated by a whole series of the most undeniable manifestations. It may indeed be questioned how far these manifestations were serious; the real character and real meaning of the Emperor are by no means clear to us, any more than they were to his immediate opponents. He exhibited a curious mixture of frivolity, the result of a life of self-indulgence, with a certain amount of statesmanlike good sense. His early death, amidst incomplete schemes and undefined resolutions, and the pressure of events which immediately followed it, have taken away from the historical interest of a character otherwise worth studying. It must remain uncertain, whether the indecision of his policy was owing to weakness of will, or to calmness and foresight; whether he was (as Malouet termed him)* 'almost a "Constitutionalist,"' whether he had a deliberate purpose of giving the Revolution rope enough and waiting for events, or whether he was (as the Royalist party declared) incapable of forming a resolution at all, and ready to change his plans, and countermand his warlike directions, after a few glimpses of the pretty and audacious countenance of Théroigne de Méricourt. But the justification of the French initiative is to be found, not in what Leopold really meant, but what he ostensibly threatened. He had done quite enough in the early stages of the Revolution to justify the hostility of its leaders, if the Revolution was to be defended at all. Those who judge otherwise, must assuredly forget the encouragement given by him to the Count d'Artois in the famous Declaration of Pavia (May 18, 1791), his circular letter to the sovereigns of Europe, inviting them to take up the cause of Louis XVI. in common (July 6, 1791), the memorial presented to the Court of Berlin (July 27), in which Leopold 'grounded the right of intervention on the infectious nature of the revolutionary malady,' the Convention of Pilnitz in the following month, at which, in truth, war was all but declared.

* See a very curious conversation between him and the King of Naples reported in a letter from Vienna to Paris preserved in the Memoirs of Malouet, vol. ii. p. 62. 'C'est le tems,' the Emperor said, 'qui murira tout. L'Assemblée Nationale s'affoiblira par elle-même et par ses divisions: et il viendra un tems où le Roi reprendra assez d'autorité pour être plus heureux.' M. Malouet was a distinguished member of the moderate party in the National Assembly, afterwards well known and much esteemed in this country. His Memoirs, written by himself, and perfectly authentic, have recently been published by his grandson.

They must also forget—what we know but too well now, and the leaders of the Revolution must have suspected then—that, side by side with the official correspondence between the Governments, an active secret correspondence between the sovereigns was carried on, in which Marie Antoinette vehemently urged her brother for military aid, while Leopold alternately encouraged and threw cold water on her schemes. Herr von Sybel seems to argue, as we have said, that the French Ministry ought not to have taken the initiative in the quarrel, because they should have been aware that Leopold was not really in earnest all the time, that he never meant fighting, and only aimed at exercising a vague kind of restraint over revolutionary excesses by the threat of it. It seems to us that they would have been exceedingly wanting in firmness and duty to their cause had they allowed themselves to be influenced by any such considerations, and neglected to draw the sword as soon as they had power and opportunity. We suspect that Leopold was deterred from pursuing the line which he had chalked out for himself at Pilnitz, not so much by infirmity of purpose as by three considerations—of the high-flying unreason of the princes and émigrés, the obstinate neutrality of England, and the monstrous selfishness of Prussia.

'The Prussians, on their part, were ready to declare that the renunciation of all private advantage should hold good, if the Powers succeeded in completely restoring the government of Louis XVI. But how would it be, they asked, if the war should terminate otherwise? if the attempt at restoration failed, but Alsace and Lorraine, for example, were conquered by their arms? what motive would there be for giving them back again? and if they were not restored, to whom should they fall? was Austria to keep them? *and what corresponding acquisition was Prussia in that case* to make? . . . Leopold regarded the Prussian answer as a virtual refusal, and it confirmed his wish to avoid, if possible, a breach with France.' (Vol. i. p. 357.)

After that time, adds our author, Leopold 'formally withdrew from the Count d'Artois his previous promises,' admitting thereby that he had given promises quite sufficient, if known, to have constituted of themselves a *casus belli* for France. Nor was Leopold's conduct during the period following the Convention of Pilnitz consistently inoffensive. It is true that he thenceforth sought to avoid open quarrel with the Revolution as such, and wanted to rest his grounds, if forced to war, rather on trumpery diplomatic quarrels between the Empire and France, such as the ousting of certain German princes from their territorial rights in Alsace—a measure best remembered now among us as having been the origin of the

famous 'case of the Baron de Bode'—than on the wrongs of Louis or the insolence of republicanism. But even then he never could make up his mind frankly to the principle of non-interference. He always held the possibility of invasion, in order to set matters right at Paris, *in terrorem* over the head of the Jacobins.

'We have already seen that the correspondence between the Queen and her brother Leopold, in the summer and autumn of 1791, contained nothing beyond the wish to avoid a war between France and Germany, and to *deter the Jacobins by an imposing coalition of the European Powers from destroying the constitution and the monarchy.* The correspondence between the Queen and Mercy is exactly to the same effect; and there is not one line in it which aims at the betrayal of French interests to Austria. It is true, indeed, that when the Gironde had attained their object, and commenced the war, with the avowed purpose of destroying the monarchical constitution, the Queen did send a note to Mercy, in which she revealed to him the warlike decree of the ministerial council (council of ministers) *that the German Powers might take their measures betimes.* But however blameable such an act would be in the ordinary and normal condition of a State, no unprejudiced person can in this instance deny the Queen the right of self-defence against the utterly illegal attacks of the Gironde.' (Vol. i. p. 462.)

'I will not' (Leopold writes to the Queen as late as February 1792, just before his death) 'oblige the faction who now carry the French people with them by declaring openly for the counter-revolution, and thereby delivering over the moderate party into their hands. I have come to an understanding on this point with Prussia: nor will I, in treating with any Power, swerve from these principles, that we are not to assist the émigrés, nor interfere by act with the internal affairs of France, except in case of danger to the Royal Family: and that in no case are we to aim at the overthrow of the constitution, but *only to favour its improvement by conciliating means.* Our measures have no other object than the encouragement of the moderate party, and the furtherance of a just and reasonable settlement, which, by reconciling the interests of all parties, shall secure the freedom and happiness of France.'

But while holding the Girondins fully justified on ordinary international principles in treating the conduct of a Prince who so conducted and expressed himself as hostile, we are very far from falling into the opposite extreme of French authors, and condemning Europe as the unprovoked aggressor in her crusade against France. The French Revolution, in the hands of its leaders, had become an organised defiance of the Powers of Europe, even before the adoption of the Constitution of September 1791, which practically destroyed monarchical authority. No sovereign, whose frontier was open to

summary attacks, or whose subjects were exposed to the incursions of revolutionary propagandism, could be bound to sit quiet in the face of such dangers, and shut his ears with resolute prudery to all invitations to join in interference with the domestic affairs of a nation whose internal troubles were so ominously interwoven with its external relations. The forced incorporation of Avignon with France was alone sufficient to indicate that a new code of international morality was proclaimed; that the rights of nations were henceforth to be no more regarded than those of individuals as barriers against the popular will. The quarrel between France and Europe was one on which both sides are to be blamed, or neither. It was inevitable destiny, no unrequited injury on either side, which armed the representatives of ancient order and modern license against each other.

> 'So meet the bands whom mutual wrong,
> And fate, and fury, drive along.'

In the hands of so stout a Prussian as Herr von Sybel it is natural to suppose that the policy of his own country would receive as much justice, at the least, as the case will really admit of. But we are bound to say that he never allows his patriotic tendencies to pervert the truth, although he may sometimes lean too much to the apologetic side in making the best of it. The royal race of Prussia, by far the most gifted, in point of abilities, of old European sovereign families, have always displayed a full share both of the power and the weaknesses of the North-German character. Generation after generation, that House has produced its share of men of strong and practical intellect, and also of dreamers—men of intellectual capacity likewise, but in whom the tendency, so eminently national, towards the 'schwärmerisch,' enthusiastic, and nebulous, largely predominated. It was unfortunate for Prussia that just at this crisis of her destinies her monarch was one who belonged to this fantastic class. Frederic William (to borrow some features, at least, from Herr von Sybel's not very clear portraiture of him)

'However active his benevolence, and lively his intellect, was by no means fond of labour, and was only too much inclined to moods and impulses. The consequence of which was, that a State like Prussia, in which the resolute will and business-like habits of two such kings as Frederic the Great and his father had left no guiding authority whatever except the Crown, fell soon into mere disorder. Indecision and confusion spread widely on every side. . . . In home affairs it was remarked that the wholesome separation of one department of business from another disappeared with the all-

controlling and uniting spirit which had formerly pervaded them; and that everybody concerned himself about everything, as it suited his personal interest or his favourite theories. The officers interfered in Church matters, and the theologians in political affairs; the diplomatists lectured the generals, and the generals felt themselves called upon to give their opinion on foreign affairs: a state of things by which each and all were necessarily injured, and which gave the country an administration affecting piety, a bureaucratic Church, and a political army.' (Vol. ii. p. 28.)

A mind like that of Frederic William is apt to deceive itself, as well as to deceive others. No one could trust him, not exactly because he had no conscience, but because he had on all occasions, to adopt one of Talleyrand's famous *mots*, two or three consciences at least. His chief favourite, at this time, was one Colonel Manstein, 'who belonged to a clique of 'Pietists which exercised an influence over the King chiefly 'through his need of ever fresh excitement. Without entirely 'despising the enjoyments of this world, he assumed an ex-'ternal mien, all the more reserved because, in addition to his 'sanctimoniousness, he had a still stronger spice of atrabi-'lious ambition.' Yet this Pietist-ridden monarch, who, moreover, endeavoured seriously to establish a standard of orthodoxy in his dominions by royal decree, was, perhaps, the last, in modern Europe, who lived under the recognised dominion of a mistress *en titre*, the famous Countess von Lichtenau. He had, according to Herr von Sybel, a 'devoted and generous cha-'racter.' He certainly showed himself strongly affected by the sufferings and dangers of the French royal family, and succeeded in persuading poor Marie Antoinette that he was a far more sympathising friend to her and hers than her undemonstrative brother Leopold. And yet, after raising the hopes of royalty in France by the invasion under the Duke of Brunswick—a measure which nothing could justify except a resolution to carry it through to the uttermost—he abandoned the cause without ground or excuse, except the pressing desire to gratify the Prussian 'earth-hunger' in another direction. The last humiliating chapter of the negotiations of the autumn of 1792 is but too graphically described by our author:—

'A very lively discussion took place in Luxemburg between Spielmann (for Austria) and Haugwitz (the Prussian minister).... Prussia, said the latter, "was justified in demanding an indemnification corresponding to her exertions, and in leaving Austria to seek compensation from the aggressor—France." "This," cried Spielmann, "is something new: this is the grave of all alliances." "I am convinced," answered Haugwitz, "that the Emperor will acknowledge the evident fairness of these principles." He then

spread out a map of Poland, on which the King had drawn *with his own hand* the boundary line of his own future province, which was nearly double in extent of that which had been claimed in Mayence. "When," he said, "we have taken possession of this district, we will continue to co-operate against France with all our powers. But if obstacles are thrown in our way, we will only furnish the 20,000 men, as we are bound to do by the Treaty of February: in which case we shall indemnify ourselves with a smaller province of Poland." . . . It was in vain that Spielmann summoned Prince Reuss to his aid. They disputed for three hours: but Haugwitz adhered to his original proposition, and called upon them to send the note to Vienna. "I must do it," said Spielmann at last: "I am a ruined man!"' (Vol. ii. p. 187.)

This was at the end of October 1792. Thus disengaged from all fear of external pressure, the Convention pursued its career of fanaticism and revenge; and, in the January following, the head of Louis fell under the guillotine. Another brief period, and this 'devoted and generous' monarch had deserted the Coalition and made separate peace at Basle, had aided in the overthrow of that Polish constitution which he had engaged to maintain, and accepted, in lieu of the fulfilment of that engagement, a huge slice of Poland as booty for himself.

From demoralisation such as this, we may proudly affirm, in the face of all our continental critics, that we, as a State, were free, at this crisis of European history. The charges brought against us in this respect, by French public writers, are either so trifling as to deserve notice merely as exceptions, or (as in the case of the designs on Holland of which Louis Blanc accuses us) they are absolutely futile. And it is satisfactory, moreover, to the English reader of these volumes to find a thoroughly impartial writer, neither French nor English, by no means addicted to mildness of criticism, and sympathising with neither nation, deliver his judgment so frankly, and with such ample argument to support it, on the subject of our rupture with France in 1793. It is one on which we have done ourselves some injustice, and have, in truth, ourselves to thank for most of the unfavourable judgments passed upon us by foreign publicists. Our Tories were determined to see, in our hostile proceedings against France, a national movement to defend the rights of Church and State throughout Europe. Our Whigs were equally determined to see in them an uncalled-for and wanton endeavour to oppress a nation struggling into liberty. While writers of the diplomatic cast, always engaged in the pedantic search after small causes for great events, ascribed it all to the exigencies of old treaties, which made the

opening of the Scheldt a *casus belli*. Professor von Sybel dismisses all such by-considerations with something like contempt. He has mastered the real character and motives of Pitt with far more than the usual insight of a foreigner into our domestic affairs, and shows from undeniable authority that there was no man in either nation to whom war was more thoroughly unwelcome. The real cause of that war was undoubtedly what Herr von Sybel demonstrates—the resolution of the Convention to incorporate Belgium with its dominions; a resolution veiled under disguises so flimsy that no one could have been really deceived by them, and that it would have taxed the boldness of the most unscrupulous advocates of democracy to pretend to be deceived by them.

'In short' (he says, after describing the manœuvres of Danton and Pache after the decree of December 15th), 'the incorporation of Belgium was a settled matter. This determination most injuriously affected the good understanding hitherto kept up with England. It may be said, generally speaking, of the eighteenth century, as of the present day, that the one-sided aggrandisement of one Power was never a matter of indifference to the other Powers of Europe. . . . In the present case, it was a matter of course that England would interpose, both by word and deed, directly France prepared to take possession of Belgium. . . . England had guaranteed the possession of Belgium to the Emperor in 1790, and the closing of the Scheldt to the Dutch, and its political position in Holland to the House of Orange, in 1788. Under an imperative sense of her own interests, she had struggled for centuries to prevent the French from gaining a footing in Antwerp and Ostend. Prudence, fidelity to treaties, the retrospect of the past and the hopes of the future, all called loudly upon her not to allow the balance of Europe to be disturbed, and least of all in Belgium. A French expedition to Brussels might be borne with, and even the establishment and further development of a Belgian republic might be patiently observed and watched; but a permanent occupation of Belgium by the French was sufficient to rouse any English government to take up arms.'

And no doubt the French Republic had, for a moment, the opportunity of conjuring away the threatening power of England, wielded by so reluctant a hand as that of Pitt. If she had been content with extending her influence over Belgium instead of annexing it, she would probably have been allowed substantially to work her will. This was what its more moderate counsellors urged on the Convention, and what Dumouriez passionately insisted on. But it was impossible. The real leaders of the French democracy wanted the wealth of Belgium to maintain their armies. The spirit of the nation was wholly bent on the extension of its frontiers, not, to do it justice, in

the way of conquest properly so called, but by receiving into its fraternal arms neighbouring communities which were assumed to be longing for the embrace:—

'The state of things in Paris was, therefore, that the ministers did not exactly wish for war with England, but were determined to keep Belgium and the Scheldt, and therefore endeavoured, in the first instance, to intimidate England by a harsh demeanour.'

But, in a very short time, the execution of the King had so far roused the spirit of hostility to France in the minds of our upper and middle classes, that the 'harsh demeanour' in question, of which Chauvelin was the chosen exhibitor, only roused a furious indignation, instead of intimidating:—

'The Hôtel de Ville, Pache, Danton, and Robespierre, united and full of courage, felt themselves masters of France. Some of these were the originators of the system of plunder pursued in Belgium; and they were all alike convinced, that either they themselves, or all the princes of Europe, must be drowned in the blood of Louis. When these men had attained to power by the desertion of the Fédérés and the humiliation of the Convention, it was a matter of course that they resolved to keep possession of Belgium, because she was rich, because she had been conquered by the arms of the Revolution, and more especially because a king of England protested against her incorporation with France. In this chain of events, the sentence of death against Louis was the signal for a general war.' (Vol. ii. pp. 300, 301.)

But amongst the crowd of inferior personages on whom Fate threw the task of opposing the advance of the Revolution, one character of colossal dimensions at least developes itself. We are glad that our Professor has for once the courage to depart from that narrow limit of respectability within which he generally confines his admiration, and to do something like justice—moral criticism for the moment laid aside—to the extraordinary power of one of those bold bad characters, to which, as if in mockery of ordinary human hypocrisy, Providence commits at times the control of the destinies of the world:—

'Never did an intricate course of life conduct a human being more exactly to the position he was calculated to fill, than that which led Catharine to the Russian throne. Her inward consciousness corresponded fully to her imperial power; the vigour of her ideas enabled her to range through the whole of her empire, and its moral corruption was exactly suited to the violence of her passions. Her whole character was made up of contrasts: benevolent and pitiless, dissolute and industrious, circumspect and impetuous: but all these contradictory qualities were absorbed by the growth of a colossal, world-embracing ambition. Almost everyone who came within the sphere of her personal influence was irresistibly attracted

by her. Her external appearance was extremely engaging; her figure was of middle height, and at a more advanced period of life inclined to corpulence: her manner was at once graceful and dignified. In the pleasures of the table she was extremely moderate, and in private intercourse full of the most winning cordiality. It is a singular trait in one who murdered her husband and supplanted her son, that she could not live without a troop of little children in her apartments, who called her mother, and whom she herself clothed and taught, and loaded with presents. From the very beginning of her career she showed herself indefatigable in business, sharp-sighted, and well-informed. It was observed that she united the carefulness of a woman with the comprehensive glance of a statesman: that she judged of men and circumstances with the most accurate penetration, and continually furnished her ministers with their guiding principles of action and their most successful projects. But two pernicious impulses—the very worst which can possess the heart of a woman—the love of fame, and an inordinate passion for the other sex—poisoned her whole existence. . . . There is no doubt that she was saved from perishing in the depths of sensuality by an excess of a more refined and intellectual voluptuousness, by the delight with which she revelled in ambition and the lust of power.' (Vol. ii. pp. 342, 343.)

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Catharine's hostility to France and French principles; but then, unfortunately, the success of those principles, and the fears with which they inspired the sovereigns of Germany and the conservative Powers throughout Europe, served her turn admirably by enabling her to accomplish her own designs on Poland without interference from any quarter. And she was enabled by the blind terror of the time to impose so far on the moral perception of the European public, that the defeat of the last righteous struggle of that unhappy country for independence was received almost everywhere in courts and cabinets as a blow to Jacobinism. The least familiar part of the contents of this work to English readers, and perhaps the most valuable, will be found in its account of the Polish partition, the diplomacy which led to it, and their bearing on contemporary events in France. We regret that we can do no more on the present occasion than direct the attention of the reader to it. Herr von Sybel writes, on the whole, as an apologist for the German courts; but without sophistry and without misrepresentation. His defence is, in fact, only the expression of what he compresses into one short note (ii. p. 347):—'The first official 'suggestion (of partition) came no doubt from Germany; but 'we are not to conclude that this was the cause of Poland's 'fall. If that suggestion had not been made Poland would, 'it is true, have remained undivided; but would have fallen

'as a whole into Russia's hands.' Undoubtedly so: if the German Powers had not only abstained from spoiling Poland, but had also abstained from defending her. But the slightest united demonstration on their parts would have been sufficient to stay the march of the legions of Catharine, to preserve to Poland her independence, and to Europe her solid barrier against the westward pressure of the Muscovite. For Austria there is really no excuse to be found in history throughout the whole of these transactions. For Prussia there is simply this defence to be made—of which our Prussian professor can hardly be blamed for making the most—'Il faut que je vive,' 'Je n'en vois pas la nécessité,' is an answer hardly to be expected from the most impartial Prussian. The map of Europe is the apology of Prussia—we do not say her justification. Herr von Sybel, indeed, daringly lays down the principle that, 'for the nation which possesses Breslau, Posen, and Königs-'berg, there is only one safe frontier, and this nature has 'marked out with the clearest features; it is the line of the 'Niemen, the Narew, and the Vistula'—a doctrine which, as his French critics justly remark, has as much of effrontery as the most reckless aspirations after 'natural frontiers' ever given vent to by the politicians of their country. But it must at all events be conceded that the intrusion of the western provinces of old Poland, in wedge-like fashion, between the two main portions of the kingdom of Prussia, must have reduced that kingdom to utter insignificance, either if Poland had been a reality, or if Poland became a substantial portion of Russia. The words with which Von Sybel sums up the case against the spoilers at the end of his third volume, apply with equal force to all three of them:—

'Thus did Poland come to her end; rendered through her own sins powerless to cope with her armed neighbours. But as regards those neighbours themselves, they were destined to learn without delay what mortal men have to experience, when they assume the part of instruments of an avenging Providence. They now saw themselves at the goal of their enterprise, each in possession of spacious provinces of the sacrificed kingdom. But to their booty clung inextricably the poison both of their own sin and that of others, and with the conquest, when they were in the act to seize it, came the retribution. It came through the bitter, implacable conflict which broke out between them at the outset of the war, which in the course of it became deeper and more violent every day, and now, by its sudden outbreak, was destined to bring the crisis, impending successive years over Europe, to an unhappy termination.' (Vol. iii. p. 260.)

ART. II.—*Journals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland.* By NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR. In Two Volumes. London: 1868.

THESE volumes, which we may briefly describe as the 'Remains' of their distinguished author, fall properly into two Parts, in character wholly distinct from each other, yet associated by a common subject. The first Part consists of articles on the state of Ireland, and on kindred questions, contributed by the late Mr. Senior on different occasions to this Journal; the second, of papers, hitherto unpublished, that record his individual experiences of Ireland, and his conversations with a variety of persons on subjects relating to that country. It was impossible for us to read the Essays without a sentiment of legitimate pride, and of hopeful though not vainglorious confidence. Embracing, as they do, the Irish Question in most of its phases, anticipating many of the legislative reforms which have been carried out in Ireland in our day, exposing popular fallacies and nostrums, when conflicting with just economic views, and, on other points, foreshadowing a policy of conciliation and broad equity, unhappily not accomplished as yet, and now perhaps incapable of accomplishment, they are not only a lasting monument of Mr. Senior's sterling ability and wisdom, but prove conclusively that the Edinburgh Review has been faithful to its mission as an interpreter of enlightened opinion, and an advocate of really Liberal doctrines. If the material and social progress of Ireland has been great in our generation, we rejoice to think that Senior laid down its conditions in these pages; if in many respects the amending hand is still wanting in that ill-fated land, we have the satisfaction of knowing that he had here an opportunity of indicating the want and of pointing out the remedy. Yet regret, not the less genuine because not without consoling reflections, is mingled with our self-gratulatory feelings. In Senior we mourned a valued friend as well as an honoured contributor; and this book reminds us with sad distinctness how time, which, for the most part, has matured the general principles which this Review has never ceased to defend for two-thirds of a century, has removed from us those who first gave these principles their earnest support, and advocated them with conspicuous talent. With Lord Brougham the first generation of our fellow-labourers has passed away; the second, in which Senior held a high place, has, with hardly an exception, disappeared; and, as we contrast the enduring lustre shed by

many of them on the domain of letters with the short span of their lives, we think of them as of the Lucretian race, where the light continued though its bearers vanished—

'Quasi cursores vitaï lampada tradunt.'

The second part of these volumes, however, may be more interesting to the general reader than the Essays, wise and valuable as they are. The experiences and conversations we have referred to give us a striking picture of Ireland and her condition during the critical period of the last sixteen years, and yield an amount of information on the subject almost unequalled for its rich variety. They contain the observations of Mr. Senior himself with respect to the social state of the country, to its political and ecclesiastical arrangements, and to the tendencies and character of the people, made during long and frequent visits; and they record the sentiments of acquaintances and friends expressed unreservedly on the same matters. The facts and opinions thus obtained have a peculiar value owing to the acuteness of their collector, and the intelligence and the knowledge of many of those with whom he was brought in contact: and this book may be regarded as a series of views of Ireland in our day presented in a number of different aspects. We find in it what the author thought worthy of note as he travelled through the island, and the reflections of such eminent men as the late Archbishop Whately, Lords Rosse and Monteagle, on the general progress, the material condition, the religious discords, the agrarian disorders, the educational wants, and the political requirements of Ireland during the last few years; and we see, moreover, collected from the lips of eye-witnesses, a complete account of the working of the institutions of the country, in their most practical and minute details, of the mutual relations of its different classes, and of the results of the memorable changes which have passed over it in our generation. On the whole, while we can refer to the Essays as a mine of sound thought on Irish affairs, the Journals and Conversations form a repository of attractive research and keen observation in the same field, more vivid and animated, and not less valuable. One circumstance, however, must be borne in mind if we are to regard these discussions as the materials of a full description of Ireland in our time. Unhappily, as is too well known, Ireland is separated into two nations, the one Protestant and half-Anglicised, the other Catholic and half Celtic; the one that of the noble and squire, of the Church Establishment and of Castle dependents, the other that of the peasantry and their priesthood; and the ideas, the

aspirations, and the traditions of each are different and even antagonistic. The society into which Mr. Senior was thrown belonged almost entirely to the upper nation; few only of those with whom he conversed understood the real character of the lower, or could enter into its feelings thoroughly; and his book accordingly in this respect betrays some traces of a want of insight and here and there is deficient in sympathy.

The period comprised in these volumes extends over the last twenty-five years. For Ireland it has been a memorable era, one of the most memorable in her chequered history. It witnessed the close of the O'Connell agitation, the great famine of 1846–7, the short-lived rebellion of 1848, the rapid advance of the country in wealth concurring with the exodus of the people, the gradual cessation of much social disorder, the successful efforts of Imperial legislation to promote the growing prosperity of Ireland, and yet, synchronising with this, the marked development of certain forms of popular discontent, and of ill-defined but widespread disaffection. Considered broadly, it was a period of material progress in which the relations of the agricultural classes improved greatly, with happy economic and social results, and yet a period of moral disturbance, in which the antipathy of the mass of Irishmen to British rule was not lessened, and in which local and class hatreds deepened sometimes into national animosity. These volumes notice this revolution fully, and form a most valuable commentary on it. More clearly, perhaps, than any other writer, Senior perceived and indicated the vices of the former landed system of Ireland, the existence of which was ruinous to the country, and the great change in which since 1846 has been a principal cause of her progress. In the Essays he pointed out ably how, when the soil of Ireland had come to be shared between a large proprietary on the one hand—in many instances improvident and embarrassed—and a pauper peasantry upon the other, struggling with each other for the means of subsistence, the results inevitably were that rent was forced up by competition to a starvation point; that landowners were neither under the necessity of laying out capital on their estates, nor often had an opportunity to do so; that most of the improvements added to the soil were, in this state of things, effected by the tenantry, and were continually liable to confiscation; that agrarian crime and social disorder were the natural accompaniments of these relations; and that these evils would continue and increase until the proportion between population and capital should be more safely adjusted. And with true wisdom he said beforehand that the chief

remedy was to be found, not in schemes for tampering with the rights of property, or of wasting millions in planting the bogs of Ireland with a cottier peasantry, but in large and widely diffused emigration:—

'If the agricultural population of the greater part of Ireland is three times as large as can be profitably employed in cultivating, with the existing amount of capital, the quantity of land now in cultivation,—if, in the districts where that surplus population is found, no one, except under circumstances so peculiar and so rare that they may be said to be nonexistent, can profitably or even safely reclaim land now waste, or apply fresh capital to the land already in cultivation,—if the reclamation of the waste lands by the Government would afford only a slow and very partial relief, and by rendering possible a still further increase of population might in its ultimate results act as a poison instead of a medicine,—if, under the pressure of poor-rates, every month more and more tenancies are abandoned and more and more fields lie waste, leaving the burden more and more concentrated on the occupiers and the landlords who still stand their ground,—if, under the double operation of increased pauperism and diminished employment, the population which last year was only three times, may next year be four times, and the year after be five times, as great as is wanted,—what possible resource can there be except to diminish the number of people; since, while that number continues to increase, the demand for their labour is impossible?'

Irish landlords, from their historical antecedents—in some instances owing to their abuse of the power incident to their position, but chiefly because of the unfortunate state of society into which Ireland had fallen—were formerly exposed to a great deal of obloquy, and still are so to a considerable extent. Mr. Senior always set himself against clamour, most unjust when applied indiscriminately to a class. This passage, written in 1846, deserves attention at this moment, when the rights of landed property in Ireland are assailed by the most absurd and dangerous theories:—

'"The English public seem to believe that it is the fault of an Irish landlord that the tenants and cottiers on his estate are not as comfortable as the farmers and labourers of Yorkshire. They forget the capital of the Yorkshireman. It is not so much the material capital—the money and live and dead stock of the tenant, as the intellectual and moral capital—the skill and industry and submission to law, both of farmers and labourers—which produce the comfort of the unpauperised districts of England. Take away these elements of prosperity—cut up Yorkshire into holdings of from six to twelve acres,—let its population, instead of being collected in towns, be spread over the country, deprive them of diligence and of skill, let neither property nor life be secure—and then see whether the landlord can make them comfortable.'

The events of 1846–8 broke up the old landed system of Ireland, uprooted immense masses of the cottier peasantry from the soil on which they had fastened, and threw them upon the State for support, deranged the relations of the landed classes, and completed the ruin of hundreds of proprietors already upon the verge of bankruptcy. During that crisis of a nation's agony, when statesmen beheld with awe the up-rising of legions of paupers who threatened to absorb the wealth and whole resources of the country; and when, splendid as was the charity of the Empire, selfish cries were heard that, whatever the burden, the land of Ireland should be made to bear it, Senior gave counsel which, as we look back, strikes us forcibly for its farsighted wisdom. He showed plainly that emigration was the only remedy for this state of things; that a system of general relief without a check would destroy the country and corrupt society; that while provision must be made for want, the claims of property should be respected; and that plans of confiscating the estates of the landlords and converting the tenantry into freeholders could only end in lamentable failure. This passage is to the point now, when we are told that the panacea for Ireland is to take away from the owners their lands and to give them to the occupiers at a quit rent, or when plausible schemes are put forward to force the growth of a peasant proprietary:—

'We admit most fully the beneficial moral influence of property, especially of landed property. We believe that if we could recall into existence the English yeoman, we should add to our social system a most valuable member. We believe that the remnants of that race, the Cumberland and Westmoreland statesmen, are the best agricultural population in Great Britain. But when we are told that such a peasantry will not multiply and subdivide, we must consider the means by which such results are to be promoted . . . Will such a people as the Irish, having by their side the priest living on marriage dues and christenings, defer marriage, or restrict the number of children in their families? Will they save, to set up their children in other farms or in other businesses? . . . Keep them in Ireland, and in a generation or two, probably much sooner, they will be in the state in which they are now, only doubled in numbers. As for the legal prohibition of subdivision it would be a nullity. Even in the case of a leaseholder or tenant-at-will . . . we see that it goes on in spite of a repression which is often complained of as too severe. How is a proprietor to be checked? By whom is the law to be enforced? By public officers we suppose. And will men performing a mere public duty exercise a vigilance and severity which his own interest and that of his descendants will not tempt the reversioner to exert and undergo?'

The truth of these propositions is attested by a number of

instances in these volumes in which lands let for very long terms at nominal rents—that is, in which the tenant was almost absolute owner—became, under the old system in Ireland, the crowded warrens of a pauper population. It will not be doubted by those acquainted with the Crown lands of Ireland in former times, the refuge of squatters who paid nothing, but multiplied in masses of wretchedness on the soil.

Senior vindicated on economic grounds the value of landowners as a class; and, where a judicious Poor-law exists controlling but not consuming property, we think his arguments perfectly correct. He put them to Lord Monteagle thus:—

'If there was no one whose interest it was to limit the number of the occupants of land, it would be tenanted by all whom it could maintain, just as a warren is tenanted by all the rabbits that it can feed. Competition would force them to use the food that was most abundant, every failure of a crop would produce a famine; they would have no surplus produce, and therefore no division of labour, no manufactures, except the coarse clothing and furniture which each family must produce for itself, no separation of ranks, no literature, in short, no civilisation. . . . To prevent all this, Providence created landlords—a class of persons whose interest it is that the land should produce as large as possible an amount of surplus produce, and for that purpose should be occupied by only the number of persons necessary to enable it to produce the largest possible amount beyond their own subsistence.'

The former landed system of Ireland has been wonderfully changed during the last twenty years. The swarms of the pauper peasantry have vanished; the land has been opened to a better husbandry; a new race of prosperous agriculturists has taken possession of considerable tracts; the Encumbered Estates Court has swept away a large number of insolvent proprietors. The effects of the change have not been doubtful; the wealth of the country has increased immensely; the economic basis of society is more safe; the owners and occupiers of land are placed in less unfortunate relations to each other; and agrarian crimes, in their various forms, have in a remarkable degree diminished. Yet it is not to be denied that too many traces of the old mischiefs are still apparent; nor is the landed system of Ireland, on the sound state of which the well being of the nation in a great measure depends, in an altogether healthy condition. The land is still, over a large extent, held by small farmers under precarious tenures; the competition for it is still excessive. In these circumstances the rate of rent is still sometimes 'too high to let live;' the landlords are usually able to throw on the tenantry the charge

of improving the soil; the tenantry have no security for these improvements; and the local customs do not exist which in this country assure a tenant a return for a reasonable outlay on his farm. The result is that the relations between the landlord classes, though better than they were, are, in too many instances, still unkindly; and that we hear too often of rack rents, of arbitrary evictions, of the appropriation of the fruits of the industry of tenants at will by landlords not ashamed to despoil them. And if we add to all this that old animosities, the consequences of the ascendancy of race and sect, still rankle in society in Ireland, we must not be surprised if some ill-will, some feelings of mutual jealousy and suspicion, still divide the owners and occupiers of the soil, though, as the returns of crime prove, these sentiments are without doubt declining. We must not be surprised if one class is somewhat disposed to domineer, and to strain too far its proprietary rights, and that the other is still inclined to consider itself aggrieved and oppressed, to remember the teaching of Ribbon Societies, to resent unduly acts of injustice, to listen to agitators who flatter its passions, to sympathise with a cry against property.

Evidences of this state of things are to be found abundantly in these volumes, and are not the least valuable portion of them. Though perhaps some of the witnesses quoted by Mr. Senior exaggerated the vindictive passions of the Irish peasantry, at least as they have been displayed of late, as is not unnatural amongst a class of men continually exposed to a bullet from behind a hedge or a nocturnal attack on a dwelling-house. For instance, even in 1862, Lord Rosse thought that the Ribbon Code was prevalent in the King's County, a notion we believe to be incorrect.

'The Ribbon Code (said one of his friends with his full approval) recognises the obligation on the part of the tenant to pay rent, but no other obligation. It resents all interference by the landlord in the use of the land. To throw farms together is an offence; to prevent subletting is an offence; to prevent the admission of lodgers is an offence. In fact every act of ownership is an offence, and consequently all improvement; and it treats all accomplices as principals. The man who takes a farm from which another has been evicted, or who buys a cow which has been distrained, is held as guilty as the evictor, or the distrainer.'

A fairer account of the ill-will which, to a certain extent and in some places, still incites the Irish tenant against his landlord, and of the true character of agrarian crimes, will be found in the following remarks of a most intelligent country gentleman:—

'I deny that the Irish are a sanguinary people. . . . The English ruffian murders for money. . . The Irishman murders patriotically. He murders to assert and to enforce a principle—that the land which the peasant has reclaimed from the bog, the cabin which he has built, and the trees which he has planted are his own, subject to the landlord's right, by law, to exact a rent for the results of another man's labour. In general, he pays that rent, generally he exerts himself to pay it, even when payment is difficult to him. But he resolves not to be dispossessed. He joins a Ribbon lodge, and opposes to the combination of the rich the combination of the poor. . . . If I had been born an Irish peasant, and had been brought up in the ignorance and in the prejudices of an Irish peasant, or taught as he has been, I should probably have been a Ribbon-man myself.'

The sympathy of the Irish with agrarian crime has been often condemned as especially atrocious. But the fact is, though it may seem paradoxical to assert it, that men are apt to deal very lightly with the value of human life, under a sense of wrong or under the influence of a ruling idea. The wholesale murders of the Spanish Inquisition were not the result of sanguinary passions, but of a mistaken zeal for the Church. The bloodthirsty acts of the French Revolution were justified in the eyes of their authors, and are justified by some of their historians, by a theory. The brutal assassinations at Sheffield and elsewhere of workmen by their fellow-workmen are regarded by those who commit them as the penalty due to a breach of Trades Unionism. These are detestable doctrines and very fatal errors. Murder is murder, however it be disguised; and it is a lamentable aberration of the moral judgment of a people when crimes can be committed with impunity. An attempt is made by one of Mr. Senior's friends to explain away this dreadful propensity of the Irish peasantry in the following terms, but we retain the conviction that respect for life and respect for property are inseparable from the well-being and honour of a nation.

'What is called sympathy for crime (said De Vere) has been much misrepresented. The heart of the people is sound—there is no general agrarian conspiracy. I am no believer in a general Ribbon conspiracy. There is, indeed, a moral infection in crime. One begets another similar to itself, and the most atrocious are the most likely to be imitated. There is little sympathy for crime, but much sympathy for the criminal. The Catholic peasantry . . . . abhor the crime, but feel the strongest compassion for the criminal. They have little sympathy for "the law." This is not surprising. The law, for centuries, has persecuted and oppressed them. There is, now, little to complain of in the state of the law, and it is justly and humanely administered; but the change is too recent to earn the instant gratitude of the people.'

Mr. Senior himself did not attempt to conceal or excuse the shortcomings of the Irish peasantry. Too often, owing to ignorance or tradition, they oppose improvement, and are suspicious of their landlords; they cling with the tenacity of a tribe to the soil; they irritate those who would better their condition. The following description of the difficulties in the way of managing landed property in Ireland, even at the present time, may be overcoloured, but it is not without some degree of truth:—

'There are three ways of dealing with land in Ireland. One is the *laissez aller* system—to take the old rents, submit to the old arrears, and leave the tenants to themselves. It ruins the property, and it degrades the people, but it is the only popular one. Another is to exact as high rents as you can, and to require them to be punctually paid; but, subject thereto, to let the people treat the land as they like. This conduct is not popular, but it is tolerated; it is in fact expected. The third course is to stimulate the tenants by exacting the full value of the land, but to return to the land a large part of those rents in the form of road-making, drainage, lime-burning, *consolidation of farms*, building houses, and the introduction of good breeding stock—in short, to be an improver. This is not tolerated.'

But there are faults, too, on the side of the landlords. They are in general averse to granting leases; they are prone to consider their estates as 'their own,' without regard to the human beings upon them; they sometimes treat the peasantry as serfs and advocate repression and severity; there is occasionally a harshness in their sentiments we should not find in the same class in England. Even an enlightened thinker like Lord Rosse could see nothing at fault in Ireland but a deficiency in the means of coercion; his only policy was strengthening the hands of authority:—

'"In the first place I would disarm the people. . . . I would then reform the stipendiary magistracy. . . . I would endeavour to extend the field of summary convictions; juries are only fit for countries in which the people are the friends of the law." "All your measures," I said, "are measures for the prevention and punishment of crime." . . . "The prevention and punishment of crime," answered Lord Rosse, "*are all* that we want."'

The landlords, moreover, in some instances, disregard duties they should certainly perform. There is a great deal of truth in the following:—

'The country gentlemen are all Tories, and an Irish Tory is much more under the influence of the heads of his party than an English one. Their neglect of education is absolutely monstrous; they establish no schools, they assist no schools, they visit no

schools. They act as if the education, and therefore the feelings and opinions of the mass of the people, of their own tenants and labourers, were matters utterly indifferent to them. . . . They have little sympathy with their people, little sense of responsibility to them. They wonder at the hostility of the priests . . . . and yet in the struggle the landlords take not the slightest pains to get the support of the third party, and the most important one—the peasants.'

What is to be done then to remove the evils still affecting the landed system of Ireland? What is to be done to mitigate the ill-will still lingering between the owner and occupier of the soil, to lessen the mischief of precarious tenures, to prevent improvements done by the tenant from being confiscated by his landlord, to quicken the industry of the Irish peasantry? We lay aside 'heroical remedies,'—schemes of forming a vast peasant proprietary by despoiling landowners of their possessions, or by the direct interposition of the State. We must rely much on indirect means, on the removal of the sectarian ascendancy which injures all social relations in Ireland, but especially that of the landed classes, on education, on the increase of capital, on the gradual diffusion of new ideas. But improvements effected by the tenantry in Ireland might, we think, be protected by positive enactment; and an attempt, perhaps, might be wisely made to discourage the system of precarious tenures by facilitating legal remedies where leases exist and impeding them in the case of tenancies at will. Such measures would only satisfy justice; they would interfere with no right of property; and they would give the Irish tenant a security to which he has an equitable claim, not yet, unhappily, recognised by law. A Bill, with the first object in view, was introduced by Lord Russell's Government, but met the fate of his Administration; the second object is in part aimed at in a well-considered Bill proposed by Lord Clanricarde. Senior, rigid economist as he was, saw that some legislation of the kind was advisable:—

'I suggested to L. V. the plan which had been proposed by me of creating a tribunal which, on the eviction of a tenant for any cause, except breach of covenant or nonpayment of rent, should be empowered to judge what, if any, compensation should be paid to him. . . . The Irish landlords (I said), partly politically, and partly to obtain additional rent by means of the potato, encouraged, or (what was enough without active encouragement) permitted, subdivision and the increase of population. The inhabitants of Ireland, from 4,088,226 in 1792, rose to 8,175,124 in 1841. The landlords were unable, or unwilling, to expend money on their estates. They allowed the tenants themselves to make the provision—by building and reclaiming land, from its original state of bog, or heather, or

stony field—necessary to lodge and feed this increased population. It is thus that many estates have been created, and almost all have been enlarged, by generation after generation of tenants without assistance. It was the tenants who made the barony of Ferney, originally worth 3,000*l.* a year, worth 50,000*l.* a year. . . . It is to meet cases like these that I propose my tribunal.'

If, however, the wealth of Ireland has increased in a remarkable degree of late years, and if, though not what we might have hoped, her social progress has been considerable, a corresponding improvement has not taken place in the political condition and feelings of the nation. All classes, especially the lower classes, are decidedly better off than they were; but disaffection, and a blind dislike of the Imperial rule, has hardly diminished; the agrarian war against the landed proprietary has been in a great measure succeeded by discontent, vague and aimless, but general; and the religious discord, which at all times has been the peculiar curse of the country, is probably as fierce and deep as ever. As we look back at the last twenty years we see material prosperity grow, but moral disorder not decline, nay, in some respects, it has become more threatening, because more widely diffused and national. This sketch of Ireland in 1858 is, we believe, accurate in the main at this hour:—

'Materially (he said) the country is much improved since you were here in 1852. The people are better lodged, better clothed, and better educated. Wages have risen twenty per cent. . . . The poor-rate is ten pence in the pound. . . . Agriculture is improved notwithstanding the loss of the potato; land rises in price every year. And yet the moral improvement is not obvious. Disaffection to the English Government is as deep and wide as ever it was. The mass of the people sympathised with the French, sympathised with the Americans, sympathised with the Russians, sympathised even with the Sepoys. . . . The anti-English feeling is such that no one who has held office has any chance with a popular Irish constituency. . . . Religious animosity rages more fierce than ever.'

Notwithstanding Emancipation too, and the policy of conciliation ever since pursued by Liberal Governments to the Irish Catholics, the distinction between the religious communions, at least in the social relations of life, is almost as strongly marked as of old:—

'"I see as much of the Roman Catholic gentry (he answered) as I can, but still it is so little that I can scarcely answer you. The Roman Catholics do not appear to wish to mix much with the Protestants, and the Protestants rather avoid them. The presence of a Roman Catholic is felt by many as a *gêne*. Some topics must be avoided, some opinions suppressed. The host whispers to his

Protestant friends that there is a Roman Catholic present." "Has this mutual dislike (I asked) increased or diminished during the sixteen years that you have inhabited Ireland?" "I am inclined to think" (he replied) that it has increased."'

The following, however, is certainly true:—

'"Do you consider (I asked) the state of the country more or less dangerous than it was? Have the chances of rebellion, or of extensive disturbance increased or diminished?" "I think (he answered) they have diminished, and are diminishing. I think that the material improvement more than counterbalances the moral deterioration."'

Disaffection in Ireland has, no doubt, been stimulated by the passions engendered through the great emigration from 1847 to the present time, and by contact with American sentiment, the immediate origin of the Fenian conspiracy. Religious animosities, too, have been quickened by the unhappy results of the Papal aggression, and by the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, never so despotic, haughty, and uncompromising as it has been during the last twenty years. Something, also, should be ascribed to the growth of the sentiment of nationality all over Europe more or less affecting Irish opinion, and something to the marked divergence of popular feeling in England and Ireland upon the Papal and Italian questions. But the main and enduring causes, we believe, of the discontent and religious dissensions still agitating society in Ireland to its depths, are the ecclesiastical arrangements of the country, and the train of mischiefs inevitably resulting from it. The Established Church still recalls the memories of ancient conquest and confiscation, still creates a false and grievous ascendancy, is still from its position aggressive; and continues to alienate from the State, and to irritate the mass of the Catholics of Ireland, who feel the wrong only the more keenly as they increase in intelligence, wealth, and power. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church, strong in the affections of the people, resents bitterly its legal inferiority; it is hostile to every Imperial influence; it is at least as aggressive as its rival; and its priesthood, from sentiment and interest alike, in disaccord with the order of things and institutions amidst which they live, at once powerfully influence their flocks, and in turn are powerfully influenced by them, whatever may be their passions or tendencies. Hence the deep discontent and sectarian strife continuing in full force in Ireland, springing from sources clearly defined, and perhaps only increased by material progress and social improvement.

This state of things has been so often described that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. Mr. Senior thus pointed out how the Established Church provoked general disaffection and ill-will:—

'We have said that the ecclesiastical system of Ireland is both an injury and an insult. As an insult it has no parallel in history. Oppression and robbery in matters connected with religion have been unhappily frequent, but in all other cases the oppressed and robbed have been the minority. That one-tenth of the population of a great country should appropriate to themselves the endowment originally provided for all their countrymen; that, without even condescending to inquire whether there was or was not a congregation of their own persuasion to profit by them, they should seize the revenues of every benefice, should divert them from their previous application, and should hand them over to an incumbent of their own, to be wasted as a sinecure, if they were not wanted for the performance of a duty—this is a treatment of which the contumely stings more sharply even than the injustice.'

Contrast with this the position of the Catholic priesthood, with their immense influence over the mass of the nation:—

'They belong to the peasants by birth; they are connected with them by social intercourse; and they come little in contact with any others, either during their education or during their ministry. The only public opinion which they fear is that of their own congregations and of their own body; and there certainly is nothing in their position to make them less hostile than those around them to the institutions of their country. They owe nothing to the existing law. The theory of that law is that there is in Ireland neither a Catholic laity nor a Catholic priesthood. It does not secure them in their revenues or in their benefices; they have no property for it to protect; they have no families whom its subdivision might ruin; it offers no prizes to their vanity or their ambition. They feel more deeply than any other portion of the people the recollections of old and the presence of existing wrongs. Their predecessors were legally murdered, and they see every day the churches and cathedrals from which their predecessors were expelled. While they are forced to wring their subsistence from a half-starved peasantry, they see in every benefice an Anglican incumbent enjoying, often for doing nothing, or what they believe to be worse than nothing, the parsonage, the glebe, and the revenue which they think ought to belong to themselves.'

The consequences of the extreme injustice of the ecclesiastical settlement of Ireland appear in numerous passages of these volumes. We must remark, however, that most of the witnesses cited by Mr. Senior were of the dominant Church; and the evidence on one side is excessive. The following is in the true spirit of Protestant ascendancy, the genuine fruit of the

Irish Establishment; it must be remembered that the Catholics of Ireland believe not unnaturally that the State is animated by the same spirit:—

'Look at Maynooth. The priests have become worse and worse, more and more disaffected, ever since its institution. Nothing is to be done by trying to conciliate Roman Catholics; they attribute every concession to fear. It inflames their hatred by exciting their hopes; the only mode of governing them is to put them down and to keep them down. You kept flattering and bribing O'Connell, not indeed with money, but with what he valued more, patronage and influence; and what did you get by it? He went nearer and nearer to rebellion every day. At last you had the courage to turn on him, you prosecuted and convicted him; and though the Whig party Lords set aside the verdict, he never recovered it.'

The aggressive tendencies of the rival Churches and the results are well described as follows: the proselytism of the Protestants, we believe, is more conspicuous for meddling and arrogance, that of the Catholics for violence and terrorism:—

'The misery of this country,' he continued, 'is the proselytising system. If the different sects would let one another alone, or if each would rather look at what was good than at what was bad in other denominations, they would find that Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists may all be good men, good subjects, and good friends. But in Ireland every sect is polemical; every sect attaches more importance to the doctrines in which it differs from the others than to those in which it agrees. Every sect does all that it can to oppose, to insult, and to revile the opinions and the members of every other sect. . . . . Of the two great hostile sects, the Roman Catholics are perhaps the more active, the Protestants the more aggressive. Their abuse of the Roman Catholics is more insolent and more contemptuous. This may arise partly from their old habits of tyranny, or at least of domination, and partly from the different nature of the peculiarities which distinguish the two sects.'

The evidence of the manner in which the priesthood alienate their flocks from the State, oppose the influence of law and Government, and condemn the social arrangements around them, unhappily is but too conclusive. We quote from a speech made by a Catholic priest in 1852:—

'The Irish people are the most hard-working in the world, and they must not and shall not be exterminated from the soil. They must not be hunted off like vermin. The exterminators are banded together, but I tell you there must be an end of the system. I tell you (pointing to the Conservative party) there is danger in it. I have before now been threatened to have a shot in my head for endeavouring to save the blood of the landlords. I will not be so active hereafter. You have for your protection the army, the

police, and the law; but these are insufficient to sustain you. It has occurred that, in my own parish, murder has taken place with the police before, behind, and at the side of the victim. The ablest man of the day designated these occurrences as "wild justice." I now tell *you*, the People, to assert your rights, and that it is not in the power of the oligarchy to crush you. They must leave you on your land. They must not assail your title to it. It must not be given up to black cattle and sheep.'

The following is even more significant; it shows how completely the Irish priesthood believe that their flocks consider their advice superior to every other obligation:—

'Stephen Spring Rice put into my hands this morning a printed letter from a Mr. Fitzgerald, the Roman Catholic Archdeacon of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, addressed to the jurors of Rathkeale. "There are," it said, "for trial at the quarter sessions this week some persons charged with breaking the peace towards the spiritual traders who have made K—— the scene of their attempts at religious ruin—I may say, spiritual murder; for every sincere Catholic must and does hold that, without faith, it is impossible to please God: and this saving faith, the *sine quâ non* of escape from eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels, he believes, with St. Athanasius and the Universal Church of all ages, to be that of the 'true Catholic Faith' without which no one can be saved. In the eyes of every Catholic, these K—— mountebanks are persons who seek to poison to death (the second death in the Lake of Fire) the souls of all whom they can induce to swallow their dose. If a person were indicted for an assault on a spiritual poisoner, if I were a juryman, I would, without leaving the box, acquit the prisoner. If the intruder had come for the purpose of robbing, no jury would condemn his slayer; and in the eyes of every Catholic, life ought to be of less value than the eternal salvation of his soul, and the faith without which that salvation is impossible to be obtained. Some years ago I happened, on climbing an ascent near Coolrus, being on foot at the time, to come upon a party employed (in crowbar fashion) demolishing the house of a man named Patrick Lacy. He held a farm of about thirteen Irish acres, and had two stalwart Irish hard-working sons, who would have made as much of the land as it was possible for man to make, but not such a rent as it was thought proper to demand. The house was built by that man; it was ruthlessly levelled before his face, without, of course, a shilling compensation. If that man, or his next neighbour, had, at that moment, with the weapon next at hand (a pebble from the brook, or rather from the road) slain the demolisher of his dwelling, he would no doubt have violated the laws. But I would venture to ask Mr. —— in what respect would that man's act have differed from that of Moses four thousand years ago? Moses smote one that he saw oppressing an Israelite. Does the Scripture condemn him? Does not St. Paul praise Moses, and by implication praise the very deed which caused him to fly from

Egypt? Can what was worthy of commendation by the Spirit of God then be the very extreme of guilt in the present day? Pharaoh was a lawful monarch. He had made laws with all due formality and deliberation; yet Moses laughs at the law, smites the oppressor, and is praised, not by St. Paul, but by the Spirit of God who spake by the mouth of St. Paul. Leaving Mr. —— and his Bible readers to unravel this knotty point, I say in conclusion, that no matter what laws or lawyers may say, no matter what old gouty judges, with great horsehair wigs, may have said on breaches of the peace and that sort of thing—no honest juryman will ever say guilty on his oath, unless he believes that the man on his trial violated the law of God, and incurred guilt in the sight of Heaven, by the act charged or found against him. If the juryman act on any other principle, he will break his oath as a juryman, and bear false witness against his neighbour. He will be sure to obey man rather than God.'*

Yet we must not suppose that the Irish priesthood are wholly opposed to the cause of order, nor yet forget that, upon a fair account, the State owes them a large debt of gratitude. They have little regard for Protestant England; they feel keenly the wrong of the Irish Establishment; they are alive to the memories of the Penal Code; they are not the friends of the Protestant landlords, who return their hostility with contumely and fear; they have created in Ireland an *imperium in imperio* in which their authority is paramount. Yet on many occasions they have condemned rebellious movements with real sincerity; they have been excellent peace officers against the Fenians; above all, during ages of dark oppression, they have kept the masses of the people Christian, and have prevented them from becoming brutalised. There is but little testimony in their favour in these volumes, but Mr. Senior did them comparative justice; and Dr. Whately, we are happy to say, concurred:—

'I am frequently,' he said, 'led into an argument by hearing the Roman Catholic priests called the priests of a false religion. There is much in their religion that I think false, but much more that I believe to be true. There is much in their teaching that is mischievous, but much more that is useful. There is really not much crime in Ireland. A few crimes of a frightful nature are committed; they fill us with horror and terror, and their peculiarly mischievous tendency—directed as they are against the improvement of the

* In justice, however, it should be mentioned that the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese compelled the priest to recant from the altar—as severe a censure as can well be conceived. Nor, so far as the bishop is concerned, did it matter, though, as is related, 'the 'recantation was in so low a voice that scarce anyone knew what 'it was.'

country—force them on our attention. But burglary seems to be almost unknown. Colonel Senior never bars his doors or his windows. There is little theft, no poisoning, little unchastity. One of the evils most common in a disturbed country is the insecurity of the roads. Though Ireland has been disturbed for centuries, the roads have always been safe. The domestic affections of the Irish are notoriously warm and constant. All this shows that the teaching of the priests has been in the main good.'

We do not wholly agree with the following, but it is in some respects a correct account of the state of feeling produced in Ireland by the relations of the State to her Churches:—

'I believe that the discontent of the Roman Catholics of the higher classes* has rather increased than diminished. The nature of their education gives the priest great influence over them, much greater than he possesses on the Continent. The priests are of course disaffected. We cannot expect them to compare the state of their Church and that of the Anglican Church without shame, indignation, and deep resentment. They influence the laity, and the laity—mixing little with Protestants, looked down upon by them,† excluded from all posts of honour or emolument—are scarcely less bitter or narrow-minded than the priests.'

No person was more alive than Mr. Senior to the injustice of the relations in which the State stands to the Churches in Ireland, or to the widespread resulting evils. He pointed out ably how the existence of the Established Church divides Ireland into a favoured caste and a nation impressed with the belief that it is discountenanced by the law; how pride and resentment thus combine to embitter sectarian passion and ill-will; and how the position of the Roman Catholic Church, independent of the State and hostile to it—with its undoubted wrongs and its vast power, with its Tribunate of priests and its devoted millions—impair the influence of Government and law, and create general and angry discontent, with a train of mischievous social consequences. The Reform he proposed may be impossible now, but it bore the stamp of statesmanlike wisdom. Perceiving that the sectarian feuds of Ireland never could be appeased while a trace of Protestant ascendancy remained, he advocated the principle of Religious Equality, and

* This we believe to be erroneous. If the speaker had said 'lower' instead of 'higher,' we should have, in a great measure, agreed with him. The general sentiments of the Irish Roman Catholics have nowhere, we think, been so well described as in a charge of Bishop Moriarty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, delivered in 1867.

† Lord Derby's Government was at this time in office.

insisted that the rival Communions and Churches should be placed on a strictly equal footing. With this object, he thought the status of the Established Church should be wholly changed; being the Church of a class and not of the people, it should be deprived of its territorial rank—offensive, wasteful, and absurd alike—and should become Congregational in character; it should be detached altogether from the land, its revenues, justly considered a grievance when affecting generally all estates whether in Protestant or Catholic ownership, being commuted into a fund of money at interest; and it should lose its peculiar badge of supremacy—an Episcopate forming a part of the Legislature—though it might retain its connexion with the State, as regards its polity and internal management. In this way all that is obnoxious in the Establishment would, he believed, be removed; it would fall into its legitimate position as the Church of a minority without privileges or endowments odious to the mass of the nation; it would cease to challenge popular hatred; and it would properly exercise its spiritual functions without holding up to the Catholics of Ireland the spectacle of a State endeavouring to maintain a creed by gross ecclesiastical injustice. But not only was the Established Church to be deprived of every mark of domination, and to acquire a new and different character; in Senior's scheme the Roman Catholic Church was to be honourably recognised by the State, and to be brought into close relation to it. For this purpose a perpetual annuity from the Consolidated Fund was to be set apart, in order to supply the wants of its priesthood, and to add to the incomes of its dignitaries; provision was to be made for the acquisition of glebes and of endowments for Catholic places of worship; and facilities were to be given for the incorporation of a Board qualified by law to administer bequests and donations for its benefit. In a word, the rival Churches in Ireland, with some differences of no great importance, were to have an equality of rank, and proportionate emoluments, in dependence, however, upon the State; and religious equality having been thus attained, sectarian passions, Senior thought, would diminish, the main cause of bitterness being removed, and there would be grounds to hope that as justice would have been done to the Roman Catholic Church, it would co-operate harmoniously with the Government, and would cease to be an opposing influence. It might also be fairly expected that, without being less really pious, the social position of the Roman Catholic clergy would be improved in a variety of ways; and that, as they acquired education and independence, they would no longer feel their present antipathy to the

existing order of things in Ireland, nor be inclined or compelled to trade on the blind passions of an ignorant peasantry.

Such was Senior's plan for a complete reform of our ecclesiastical arrangements in Ireland; and we do not hesitate to say that, if the Legislature had carried it out when it was first proposed, it might have solved a most difficult problem in the interest of religion and of the Empire. We must not, however, conceal from ourselves, that this and every analogous scheme for dealing with the Church Question in Ireland appear now to be things of the past; and that the religious equality to which she has a right, and without which she will never prosper, will be probably vindicated in a different manner. How deeply rooted in the Catholics of Ireland the sentiment of religious equality is, and how steady has been its growth, may be judged from the following remarks of a Catholic gentleman of no ordinary gifts, made as long ago as 1852:—

'We spoke on the question of the Irish Church. "Whenever the next agitation on that question arises," said De Vere, "it will take the form of a demand, not for a provision, but for equality. We shall require the clergy of each religion to be put on the same footing. We shall not accept a Parliamentary grant, while the Protestant Church holds a charge on the land." "Of course," I answered, "you would not accept an annual grant; but would you refuse a portion of the National Debt transferred to your own trustees?" "We should," he answered, "if the Protestant Church retained her tythe-rent charge." "On what ground?" "As less secure and less dignified." "Nay," I answered, "I think it would be more secure. Nothing can be less secure than the tythe-rent charge." . . . . "The Protestant Church," he said, "cannot remain a territorial Church. We shall not long tolerate the fiction that Ireland is a Protestant country and requires a Protestant clergyman for every parish."'*

The same speaker, four years afterwards, expressed himself in this remarkable language:—

'"The clergy," he said, "of the different religions in Ireland ought to stand in the same relation to the State. There ought to be religious equality; and as the present state of feeling among the English constituencies, and the natural repugnance of the Catholic clergy to accept endowment from the State, make it impossible to endow the Catholic Church, the only resource seems to be to apply to public purposes the endowments of the Protestant Church, and to trust to the voluntary principle for the support of the clergy of each denomination." "I believe," I answered, "that the English constituencies would resent the spoliation of the Protestant Church

* It will be observed that Senior's plan would have met these objections.

more than they would the endowment of the Catholics. But the decisive objection to that plan is, that it would spread over Ireland a mischief now confined to a portion, though the largest, portion of the people, namely a clergy dependent on their flock." "I do not shut my eyes to the serious evils arising from the voluntary principle. A clergy maintained on the voluntary principle is exposed to the temptation of preaching doctrines palatable to the prejudices, and even to the passions, of their congregations. They are tempted to take a strong part in local politics for the purpose of maintaining their local influence. They are induced to wield their ecclesiastical authority to enforce the payment of contributions. All these evils and many others, I see clearly; but I have to make a choice between difficulties; and I see no way of escaping from the existing anomaly and injustice, save through the voluntary principle. . . . . Taking into account the state of parties in England, and the state of feeling in Ireland, I see no possibility of establishing the principle of religious equality in Ireland, except on the basis of the voluntary principle; and the time when that would be politically possible has not yet arrived."'

It is characteristic of English Conservativism, and of the vague ideas prevalent on the subject, that the 'property' argument has been put forward prominently in defence of the Irish Establishment. In the recent debate in the House of Lords, Lord Derby and the Lord Chancellor maintained that there was no essential distinction between the title of the Church to her temporalities, and that of a given individual to his estate, and that to change the application of ecclesiastical revenue is equivalent to confiscating private property. It might be enough to reply that, from the earliest times, the legislation of civilised Europe has marked a difference by a broad line; that, in England, Parliament has always asserted a paramount authority over the possessions of the Church while it has extended the proprietary rights of individuals to the very verge of absolute dominion; and that, nowadays, what is called ecclesiastical property, is in point of fact parliamentary property, vested in the Church for certain uses, but subject wholly to the control of the State, while individual property is not only hereditary, but its ownership is almost unrestricted. In truth, nothing can be more dangerous, regard being had to our historical precedents, than to contend that the right of the Church to her temporalities is the same as that of a freeholder to his lands; and it is singular that those who have undertaken the desperate case of the Irish Establishment rest their defence here on arguments drawn from the most extreme Ultramontane principles. Mr. Senior exposed this fallacy very clearly in a short tract on National Property:—

'Some deny the right of the State to deal with the income of property held in mortmain, on the ground that what they call the Church as distinct from existing clergymen is the owner of what they call Church property; that the episcopal lands belong to the Bench of Bishops, not for the lives of the existing bishops, but for ever; and that to declare that no bishop shall in future be appointed, and that the revenues of the sees, as they become vacant, shall be applied to the support of hospitals, would be an act of spoliation, even although it could be demonstrated that such an application would be more useful, not only at present, but permanently, than the present one. The answer to these reasoners is, that to every spoliation there must be two parties—the spoiler, and the person despoiled. And who, under these circumstances, would be the persons despoiled? Our posterity? No; for the argument assumes that they would be benefited. The existing bishops? No; for they are untouched. The persons who now have the power to appoint bishops? Their consent must, of course, be obtained. . . . . The persons who might hope to be made bishops? They have no vested interest susceptible of valuation.'

These volumes abound in interesting details respecting the administration of affairs in Ireland, and similar questions touching that country. Mr. Senior always advocated the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy as a bad institution; and nearly all the witnesses in these volumes, whatever their differences in other points, support him in his view of this subject. Archbishop Whately enumerated the following reasons for not continuing the Lord-Lieutenancy:—

'The Lord-Lieutenancy does harm, as keeping up in people's minds the notion of a separate kingdom; as affording a hotbed of faction and intrigue; as presenting an image of majesty so faint, and so feeble, as to be laughed at or scorned. Disaffection to the English Lord-Lieutenant is cheaply shown, and it paves the way towards disaffection towards the English Crown. . . . . England has no experience of the state of feeling in Ireland. There is no party there against the Queen, no party opposed to the Executive as the Executive. Here, in Ireland, with every change of Ministry we have a change of sovereign, and the party opposed to the Lord-Lieutenant does everything to make his administration unpopular and unsuccessful.'

Those who witnessed the late enthusiastic reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Dublin will regret that Royalty has so seldom made a personal appeal to the hearts of Irishmen. The Archbishop said:—'My hope is that one day 'the Great Absentee will return—that the Queen will be 'an Irish resident. The short visits of Her Majesty, for 'less than a week at a time, only excite the people of Dublin, 'make them mad for two or three days, and leave no results.

'I wish her to live among us for five or six weeks at a time, 'to know us and be known. I really believe this would make 'the people loyal.'

Mr. Senior knew well the difference of the relations of the English and Irish magistracy to the people, and how the administration of justice in Ireland consequently suffered. In this respect a great improvement has taken place in Ireland of late; and we do not concur with an opinion of his that a stipendiary magistracy should be substituted for a local in a great part of the country. But the stipendiary magistracy should be reformed; they have very important duties to perform, and they are, in many instances, incompetent men; and we will add that the candidates should be chosen more carefully than they are now, and that the income of the office should be largely increased. Lord Rosse describes these officials in these words:—

'No function requires more zeal, vigour, and intelligence. The men selected for it are generally elderly roués, with broken fortunes and damaged reputations, who are made stipendiaries because their patrons do not venture to make them anything else.'

There is too much truth in these remarks of Archbishop Whately on Irish appointments:—

'What Lord Rosse says of the stipendiary magistracy is true of every other Irish appointment. Fitness is the only claim that is disregarded. This would be bad enough anywhere, but it is peculiarly mischievous in a highly centralised country.'

The practice of purchasing evidence in Ireland by offering Government rewards to informers—an expedient occasionally necessary, perhaps, in the administration of criminal justice, but odious, and liable to frightful abuse—is thus censured by Mr. De Vere:—

'I cannot too strongly reprobate the system of attempting to repress crime by public rewards. . . . The reward appeals to all the lowest and the most sordid feelings of man, and brands for ever, as a recipient of blood money, even the honest man, who may have denounced the criminal from the purest motives. I need say nothing of the frightful consequences of perjured accusations and mistaken convictions.'

These volumes tell us a great deal about national education in Ireland. Even if it has failed in some of its objects, the system, taken as a whole, has succeeded in spite of vehement and steady opposition. In the Catholic provinces of Ireland, no doubt, the national schools are, in one sense, denominational; the pupils are almost all Catholics; it is only in the North, and there imperfectly, that anything like mixed

education exists. But the Commissioners control the national schools and direct the course of instruction in them; even in the Catholic schools the Catholic priesthood have not absolute and exclusive power; the schools are everywhere and the education is excellent. Nevertheless a large body of Irish opinion deserving respect opposes the system; the following remarks made in 1858 foreshadow what has been since witnessed:—

'The rise of the Roman Catholics (he continued) will produce one consequence which I should regret. It will destroy our system of United Education. They accepted that system twenty-five years ago, because it was a step towards equality. The inferior caste was proud to see its children put upon a level with those of the superior caste. . . . When they are strong enough, they will clamour for a grant for Roman Catholic education, even at the expense of consenting to one for Protestant education.'

Our own observation confirms this statement of Archbishop Whately as to the results of the opposition given by the clergy of the Established Church to the national system:—

'The unhappy rejection of these schools by the majority of the members of our Church, has produced the effect which I predicted. They are worse educated than the Roman Catholics. They have sown the wind, and have reaped the whirlwind. If you find a waiter at an inn peculiarly intelligent and well-informed, he is a Roman Catholic.'

The following conversation of the Archbishop with Mr. Senior on the establishment of the Catholic University in Dublin, and on the probable results of giving it a Charter, is interesting at the present juncture. Be it not forgotten that the Administration, now trying to stir up a Protestant cry in England for its own selfish ends, deliberately resolved a few months ago to charter and endow the Catholic University, and to initiate a policy which, in its consequences, would have been fatal to the national system, and have ultimately given the Catholic priesthood the education of the mass of the youth of Ireland. We are far, however, from being of opinion that Trinity College, as now constituted, meets the just requirements of the Catholics of Ireland:—

'I talked with the Archbishop about the new Roman Catholic University. "It is a retrograde step (he said) on the part of the Roman Catholics. For the last seventy years they have received their lay education at Trinity College. They never whispered a complaint as to their treatment there.* . . . I hear that the expe-

* This is not strictly correct. As far back as 1846 Mr. Wyse was desirous of reforming Trinity College in the interest of the Catholic students.

diency of giving them a charter is mooted. If it is done, it will be the first instance of such a charter since the Reformation. . . . I hear also that it has been thought that giving this charter may be an excuse for a grant to the Church Education Schools."* "Are they prepared, then (I said) to give up the National system? For a grant to exclusively Protestant schools implies, of course, a grant to exclusively Roman Catholic ones." "Some persons (he answered) are insane enough not to see this. They must suppose that the Roman Catholics are indifferent to Roman Catholic education, or that they have no one to plead their cause in Parliament. . . . Others, not insane, but misjudging, see plainly that a grant for separate education to one body implies one to the other, and rejoice at it."'

Many anecdotes in these volumes illustrate the social peculiarities of Ireland. The following, narrated by Lord Monteagle, shows how lawless the spirit of the country was within the memory of this generation: —

'The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Scanlon and Sullivan, and warrants for their apprehension were issued. But no one seemed, for a time, disposed to arrest a man so well born and highly connected as Scanlon; he not only walked about at liberty, but even appeared in shooting parties unmolested. I wrote to the Castle, urging that they should take measures to put an end to such a scandal as this impunity of crime. I was answered that the scandal was no more theirs than mine, as I, being a magistrate, ought to enforce my own warrant. I felt the truth of this, and acted on it. . . . I posted sentinels all round the house, and then, accompanied by a party of the 18th Hussars, knocked at the door. . . . I said that I was come on a painful duty —to execute a warrant against their son. "You! (screamed out the mother), you a Rice come to arrest a Scanlon! There is equally pure blood in both our veins."'

The scene of the following is now the retreat of a great historian in the summer months; steam has changed the character of the tenant:—

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* We have reason to know that these very hopes were entertained this year, when the policy of endowing the Catholic University was announced by the Government. In fact, that policy was viewed, and viewed justly, as the precursor of a system of separate denominational education in Ireland. Nay, Mr. Hardy, who 'would 'not quench the light of the Reformation' in that country, almost avowed as much. It may be observed here, too, that during their late visit to Dublin, the Prince and Princess of Wales, doubtless under ministerial advice, went to places of denominational, and abstained from going to places of national education—conduct that provoked a great deal of comment, as it was contrary to all precedents set by the Queen.

'"That hut" (said Trench to me), "was built by one of the MacFinnons as a fishing lodge. About twenty-five years ago, MacFinnon lent it to a friend, a Captain Nott, who was pursued by his creditors. Nott established himself there with a single servant and a little armoury of guns and pistols. . . . He and his servant gave out that they kept constant watch, and that anyone attempting to land would be shot. . . . I have no doubt that he would have shot anyone who attempted to arrest him." "And would he have been hanged?" I asked. "Certainly not," said Trench. "A bailiff at that time was *hostis humani generis*. The body would have been buried with the remark, 'What business had he to trouble the gentleman?'"'

The conversations of Archbishop Whately are excellent specimens of his wit and wisdom. They abound in keen observation and thought, expressed often in the happiest language. Yet even Whately could not escape the influence of the Irish Establishment; he is patronising and arrogant towards Irish Catholics; and he encouraged the Protestant conversion movement, an imposition and mere failure. Yet, after making every deduction, his remarks in these volumes are extremely interesting, Johnsonian in their strong sense and force, and occasionally enriched by happy illustrations. We quote some of these pregnant sayings:—

'One of the commonly received maxims, which has the sanction of La Rochefoucauld, is the homage which vice pays to virtue. It is not a homage to virtue, but to opinion. A hypocrite affects the qualities, the reputation for which he thinks will be useful to him. There was a time when it was fashionable to be supposed to be a rake—to be supposed to drink, to game, to be profligate, and to be extravagant. The same men who were then *fanfarons de vices*, would, under a different state of public opinion, have been ascetics.'

'In a dark mind, as in a dark room, enemies may lie down in different corners without its being known. Bring in a light, and they instantly rise and fight, until one expels the other; the inconsistency of conduct which arises from the coexistence in the mind of opposite opinions is not a moral but an intellectual defect. It is to be cured only by bringing in the light.'

'Paley confounded an innate moral faculty with innate moral maxims; which is like denying an instinctive palate because there is no instinctive cookery.'

'I am much of the opinion of the naval officer, who said that the service would never be in a good state until all the well-meaning people in it are shot. Well meaning is the excuse for ill doing. Such people are said to be good at bottom. A friend of mine, riding in a Devonshire lane, came to a suspicious place. He asked a passerby if there was a good bottom. "Oh yes," said the man, "a very good bottom." So he went on and sank in a bog up to his girths. "Why you rascal," he said, "you told me that there was a

good bottom." "So there be," said the countryman, "a very good hard bottom, but you b'ant half come to it yet!"'

'The frequent repetition of any act is a custom. The state of mind or of body thereby produced is a habit. The custom forms the habit, and the habit keeps up the custom. So a river is produced by a constant flow of water, which scrapes for itself the bed which confines it.'

'Though each separate opinion appears to the holder of it true, yet everyone is aware that, of the mass of his opinions, some must be wholly or partially false—just as a bad arithmetician, in adding up a long column of figures, is perfectly confident as to the truth of each separate addition, but may know from experience that it is highly probable that the total may be wrong.'

It has been said that these volumes convey a melancholy impression of the state of Ireland, and of the impossibility of solving the Irish Question. We wholly dissent from that opinion, and enter an emphatic protest against it. They show, indeed, that political wisdom has much to accomplish before Ireland shall be happy and loyal, one in heart and feeling with the remaining parts of this great Empire. They show that large concessions to justice have not, within a short space of time, effaced the wrongs of protracted misgovernment from the memory of the Irish people, and that so long as the chief of those wrongs exists disaffection will inevitably continue. They show that a high-spirited nation may hold cheap the gift of political equality, if its religious sentiments are outraged; and that until the Church Question shall be settled on broad principles of plain Right, the pacification of Ireland is hopeless. They attest, moreover, what was well known, that the animosities of class, inveterate in Ireland, have not yet altogether disappeared; that a single generation cannot at once put off deep-rooted habits of social disorder. But they bear witness to the general improvement of the country in a variety of ways; to increasing respect for authority and law; to the cessation of agrarian feuds and crimes; to the marked progress of civilisation through enlightened legislation and government. And we still think that the great work of conciliating and uniting Ireland to England may be accomplished by carrying out towards the weaker nation a policy of justice, looking at Irish questions in an Irish spirit, considering local opinions and feelings, and above all by doing to others as you would others should do to you.

ART. III.—*Old Deccan Days; or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India.* Collected from oral tradition by M. FRERE. London: 1868.

IF, as some have asserted, the story of Achilles as told in the Iliad is only another form of the legend which relates the career of the Ithakan chief in the Odyssey; if it be granted that this tale reappears in the Saga of the Volsungs and the Nibelungen Lied, in the epical cycles of Arthur and of Charlemagne, in the lay of Beowulf and the Shah-nameh of Firdusi, and if further it be conceded that all these streams of popular poetry can be traced back to a common source in mythical phrases which described the phenomena of the outward world, the resemblances thus traced are nevertheless not so astonishing as the likeness which runs through a vast number of the popular tales of Germany and Scandinavia, of Greece and Rome, of Persia and Hindostan. The wonder becomes greater when from the necessary outgrowth of certain conditions of thought and speech we turn to popular stories which, so far as we have the means of judging, cannot be brought within this class of epical legends, and yet exhibit, in spite of all differences of detail and of local colouring, a closeness of resemblance which sufficiently establishes their substantial identity. If among the stories which Hindoo, Persian, Greek, or Teutonic mothers recounted to their children we find tales which turn on the same incidents, and in their most delicate touches betray the influence of precisely the same feelings, we must conclude either that these legends were passed from the one tribe or clan to the other, or that before these tribes separated from their common home, they not only possessed the germs of the future epics of Europe and Asia, but had framed a number of stories which cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of conscious borrowing by one distinct people from another. How far such an hypothesis may be fairly urged Professor Max Müller has endeavoured to determine in his remarks on Dr. Dasent's Norse Tales:* but if the story of the Master Thief may have found its way into Northern Europe from the Indian tale as told in the Kalila and Dimna, the idea of any such lateral transmission becomes inadmissible when we deal with stories found in writers of different nations who never could have possessed any means of communication. The Hindoo and the Teuton assuredly lost sight of each other from the day when

* Chips from a German Workshop, vol. ii. p. 230, &c.

they parted, the one to journey to the land of the five streams, the other to find his way beyond the Caspian and the Ural to the forests and marshes of the Elbe and the Rhine.

If then any such stories are still preserved, we are apparently forced to the conclusion that before the several branches of the Aryan race separated from their common home, they had in their language the germs of all future mythological systems, and in their folk-lore or nursery tales a number of tales, the ideas of which were impressed on their minds scarcely less firmly than certain mythical words and expressions were impressed on their memories. For it must not be forgotten that even in the tales which exhibit the closest likeness, the points of difference in detail and colouring are so striking as to leave no room for doubt that the ancestors of the modern Aryan nations carried away with them for these stories no fixed type to which they were compelled to adhere with Egyptian slavishness, but living ideas which each tribe might from time to time clothe in a different garb.

It becomes therefore of the utmost importance in such an inquiry as this to bring together and compare the popular traditions of nations whose geographical positions show that their parting when they left the common home was for them a final separation. No one could have the hardihood to maintain that the countrymen of Herman had access to the pages of Pausanias, or that the soldiers of Varus had in their childhood listened to stories borrowed from the epic of Wainamoinen. Yet the children's tales gathered by the brothers Grimm established the general affinity between the mythical systems of Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Scandinavians; and the same astounding agreement between the popular tales of these races and those of the Hindoo is displayed in Miss Frere's volume of Deccan legends which will take their place by the side of the 'Arabian Nights,' the 'Kinder-und Haus-Mährchen' of Grimm, and the collections of Scottish, Norse, and Icelandic legends for which we are indebted to Asbjörnsen and Moe, to Campbell and Dasent, Magnussen and Powell.

If at first sight the harvest thus reaped from lands so distant from each other seems a goodly one, it must be remembered that the grain is falling from the stalk, and the time for gathering it fast passing away. Steam and telegraphs, the hurry and whirl, the prosaic cares and selfish toil of modern life will soon leave little to be gleaned in fields which fifty years ago were laden with crops of indescribable richness; and each labourer in his turn as, to the best of his power, he goes through his self-imposed task, mourns that if much has been

gathered much more has been lost irretrievably. The readers of Miss Frere's Deccan Tales will feel that nowhere perhaps may so much of popular folk-lore be still recovered as in that vast country in which Englishmen have special facilities for rescuing these memorials of the far past from the changes and chances of oral tradition. We rejoice that a golden opportunity has not been lost. Many an English child has past its early years in parts of India without hearing from native servants any one of the picturesque legends here gathered from the lips of Anna Liberata de Souza. If this woman still lives, it may convey to her a true pleasure, in the evening of a life which has had sore troubles, to know that she has made thousands of English children happy, and that here, if not in her own land, her name will be remembered with feelings of lively gratitude. The story of her life is prefixed to these tales, as nearly as possible in her own imperfect English. It can scarcely fail to make the reader anxious that not a fragment should be lost of the crumbs which may still be gathered among the genuine country folk of Hindostan. A temper critical as to facts gives the deathblow to the growth of mythology, and is scarcely less fatal to the preservation of legends which have not been reduced to writing. With the rise of a sceptical spirit the myth loses some portion of its charm, and, with this, of its hold on the narrator's heart; and the beautiful cows which the glistening Dawn drives every morning to their pastures, the gleaming Harits who bear aloft the chariot of the Lord of light, the lovely Charites who play with Aphroditê as she rises from the white sea-foam, the nymph who leaves her coral caves with invincible armour for her son, the Gorgon face which can turn every living thing to stone, all fade and must at last vanish away as the cold question is repeated 'How can these things be?' That this spirit is growing in every part of India, the ayah's narrative leaves no room for doubt; and, were it not for precious relics of Aryan tradition still to be rescued, we have no reason to regret it. Still it gives one an insight into the old life of all the Aryan nations, when we learn that hearing stories from the old people was the pleasant substitute for going to school. The freezing winters of Northern Europe, we may be sure, were spent in a manner not unlike that in which Hindoo children got through their scorching monsoons.

'"'Come here, children, out of the sun, and I'll tell you a story. Come in; you'll all get headaches.' So my grandmother used to get us together," says the ayah, "(there were nine of us, and great little fidgets like all children) into the house, and there she'd sit on

the floor, and tell us one of the stories I tell you. But then she used to make them last much longer, the different people telling their own stories from the beginning as often as possible; so that by the time she'd got to the end, she had told the beginning over five or six times. And so she went on, talk, talk, talk, Mera Bap reh! Such a long time she'd go on for, till all the children got quite tired and fell asleep. Now there are plenty of schools to which to send the children, but there were no schools when I was a young girl; and the old women who could do nothing else used to tell them stories to keep them out of mischief."'

We shrink from doing anything to weaken the props of so excellent an institution; but we may be thankful that old women, who doubtless thought themselves fit for nothing, have preserved to us a series of exquisite legends which pour a flood of light on the early history of the human mind. We see that the Hindoo child was at once roused and soothed by the stories of the sweet Star-Lady, and the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, just as the young German and Norseman listened to the tale of the beautiful Briar-rose sleeping in death-like stillness until the kiss of the pure knight roused her from her slumber. When we add that not only this ayah, but even her grandmother, was a Christian, we may well feel a further satisfaction in the little mischief which change of religion has inflicted on their folk-lore. We cannot regard it as a genuine or wholesome result of Christianity that the convert, because he deposes Zeus, Brahma, or Odin from their ancient throne, should transform all the beings of his pantheon into malignant and loathsome devils. If the Hindoo Christian still bows her head before the shrine of the old god of wisdom, thinking that after all the rite may not be without its meaning, this is surely better than that she should tremble like the Norseman at the approach of the wild huntsman, or regard the graceful creations of mythical speech and fancy as beings who would do her harm if they could. Such a condition of thought (which must be necessarily transitional) may lead the convert finally to see that these old myths form a vast storehouse of the highest and truest poetry. Still it is curious to contrast the different degrees of scepticism in the old grandame and her young listeners.

'"We used sometimes to ask my grandmother, 'Are those stories you tell us really true? Were there ever such people in the world?' She generally answered, 'I don't know, but maybe there are somewhere.' I don't believe there are any of those people living; I dare say, however, they did once live; but my granny believed more in those things than I do now. She was a Christian: she worshipped God and believed in our Saviour, but still she would always respect

the Hindoo temples. If she saw a red stone, or an image of Gunputti, or any of the other Hindoo gods, she would kneel down and say her prayers there, for she used to say, 'May be there's something in it.'"'

But if the old woman still hankered in some degree after the ancient theology, the children were too much addicted to the theory of natural selection not to maintain that seven-headed cobras must leave behind them a seven-headed progeny.

'"All the cobras in my grandmother's stories were seven-headed. This puzzled us children, and we would say to her, 'Granny, are there any seven-headed cobras now? For all the cobras we see that the conjurors bring round have only one head each.' To which she used to answer, 'No, of course there are no seven-headed cobras now. That world is gone, but you see each cobra has a hood of skin, that is the remains of another head.' Then we would say, 'Although none of those old seven-headed cobras are alive now, maybe there are some of their children living somewhere.' But at this my granny used to get vexed, and say, 'Nonsense, you are silly little chatter-boxes, get along with you.' And, though we often looked for the seven-headed cobras, we never could find any of them."'

Of all the stories related in this volume, although they may be arranged in at least three distinct classes, there are very few, perhaps none, which fail to exhibit some parallelism with Greek, Arabian, Teutonic, or Scandinavian tales. There is also perhaps not one on which the genius of the Hindoo people has not stamped its own peculiar character. This character, however, is by no means what in England it is popularly taken to be. As the Homeric poems assign to women a condition very different from their state in the days of Perikles, so these stories bring before us in Seventee Bai, and Panchphul Ranee, maidens as pure, as brave, and as beautiful as Nausikaâ, and the men not unfrequently treat a king as familiarly as Themistokles is said to have addressed Artaxerxes. When the Rajah in the story of 'Truth's Triumph' wishes to marry the gardener's daughter, he receives the blunt answer: 'Rajah or 'no rajah is all one to me. If you mean what you say, if you 'care for my daughter and wish to be married to her, come 'and be married; but I'll have none of your new-fangled 'forms and court ceremonies, hard to be understood.' The language has all the simplicity of a Quaker's address; but the contrast to ordinary Oriental servility is both wholesome and refreshing.

Although by far the larger number of these tales turn on incidents which in some one of their many forms lie at the root of the great epic poems of all the Aryan nations, some of them

are specimens of ready wit, repartee, and humour on ordinary matters, which surpass anything to be found in the 'Arabian 'Nights,' and may be fairly compared with the Greek battle of the 'Frogs and the Mice.' Like the latter, the best of these stories have beasts for the actors. Miss Frere remarks that in them 'the jackal usually overcomes every difficulty, and proves 'a bright moral example of the success of wit against brute 'force—the triumph of mind over matter.' In 'Tit for Tat' the honesty of the camel is more than a match for the cunning of the jackal, who, having invited him to carry him across a stream, feasts on crabs and fish-bones by the riverside, and then by his yelping and howling brings the villagers down on the camel while he is quietly eating the sugar-canes. The poor brute is severely handled, but when the jackal is again on his back in the stream, the camel, upbraiding him for his conduct, asks him why he had made such a noise—

'"I don't know," said the jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

'The camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees,—then above them—up, up, up, higher and higher, until he was obliged to swim. Then turning to the jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll." "Oh, pray don't. Why do you wish to do so?" asked the jackal. "I don't know," answered the camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner." So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the jackal off as he did so. And the jackal was drowned, but the camel swam safely ashore.'

The camel deserved his triumph. The alligator, who is an evil beast, does not get off so easily. A jackal, putting his paw into the water to catch up a crab, finds it seized by an alligator, who stupidly lets it go when the jackal cries out in a cheerful voice, 'Clever Alligator, to catch hold of a bulrush 'root instead of my paw.' Seeing himself outwitted, he resolves to be wiser next time. Next day the jackal, fearing that the alligator may be hidden beneath the water, calls out 'Whenever 'I go to look for my dinner, I see the nice little crabs peeping 'up through the mud; then I catch and eat them. I wish I 'could see one now.' The alligator at once shows the top of his snout, thinking that it would be mistaken for a crab, and immediately the jackal, bidding him farewell, goes to fish elsewhere. The next day the jackal again stands on the bank, and cries out that he can see not a single crab, adding that 'generally, even when they are under water, one can see them 'going bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go 'pop! pop! pop!' The alligator, trying to make crab's bubbles

and churning the water for yards round, is foiled the third time, and determines to lie in wait for his prey on land. A heap of figs is his place of ambush. The jackal is tempted, but cautiously exclaims that the figs cannot be good because the wind does not stir them. The alligator, trying to imitate the effects of the breeze, is again betrayed, and makes up his mind to carry the war into his enemy's den. The jackal, returning from a foraging expedition, calls out at the entrance, 'Little 'house, pretty house, my sweet little house, why do you not 'give an answer when I call? If I come and all is safe and 'right, you always call out to me. Is anything wrong that 'you do not speak?' The alligator, cooing not quite so gently as a dove, answers, 'Sweet little jackal.' With infinite readiness the creature replies, 'Thank you, my dear little house, I am 'coming in a minute, but first I must get firewood to cook my 'dinner;' and while the alligator waits to snap up the jackal when he enters the den, he is smothered by the fire, as the conqueror sings his triumphal song outside.

In the 'Valiant Chattee-Maker' we have a story clearly of the same parentage with the 'Valiant Little Tailor' in Grimm's 'Kinder- und Haus-Mährchen;' but the Hindoo tale seems decidedly the cleverer of the two. In both mere accident tends to the exaltation of the hero; but in the German story, the tailor merely strikes down seven flies with a cloth, and exulting at his feat, resolves to go forth into the world, with the words 'Seven at one blow' written on his belt, and the awful inscription imposes on everyone whom he comes across. He is in short a mere boaster; but the Deccan chattee-maker really does wonders, although he had no thought of doing them, and remains as meek and humble as he was before. Somewhat flustered with toddy, he sees by a flash of lightning a beast crouching under the wall of a hut for shelter from the rain, and mistakes it for his donkey, which had strayed. It is a tiger; but the brute has been already frightened by noises within the hut, caused by the constant moving of furniture from one place to another, and the loud complaints of a woman who exclaims against the 'perpetual dripping,' which must end by bringing the roof down. Assailed with furious blows by the angry chattee-maker, the tiger thinks that he must be in the gripe of the 'perpetual dripping,' and makes no resistance while his rider with vehement kicks and cuffs forces him home, where he ties his head and feet firmly to a post, and then goes to bed.

'Next morning, when the chattee-maker's wife got up and looked out of window, what should she see but a great big tiger tied up in

front of their house to the post to which they usually fastened their donkey: she was very much surprised, and running to her husband, awoke him, saying, "Do you know what animal you fetched home last night?" "Yes; the donkey, to be sure," he answered. "Come and see," said she; and she showed him the great tiger fastened to the post. The chattee-maker at this was no less astonished than his wife, and felt himself all over to find if the tiger had not wounded him: but no, there he was safe and sound, and there was the tiger tied to the post just as he had fastened it up the night before.'

The news soon found its way to the palace, and the rajah with all his court came to see the tiger and his captor. The beast was recognised as one which had long been the terror of all the country round, and the chattee-maker was made the commander of ten thousand horse. Just at this time came tidings that an overwhelming enemy was about to cross the borders, and not a general could be found to face them. 'Why not make the 'chattee-maker commander-in-chief?' they suggested. The appointment was made, but the chattee-maker begged leave first to go alone and reconnoitre. He had thus at the least gained breathing-time, for as he confessed to his wife the office of commander-in-chief was by no means an easy one for a man who had never been on a horse in his life. But while he was thinking of mounting a particularly quiet pony, a magnificent charger, sent from the rajah, galloped up and stood at his door. There was no help for it but to have himself tied on, after he had at length succeeded in mounting. 'Wife, wife, you forgot 'to tie my hands,' cried the chattee-maker, as the horse, puzzled to know what he had on his back, began kicking and plunging, and then set off across the country. 'Never mind,' was the reply, 'hold on by the mane;' and away went the chattee-maker on a ride as memorable as that of John Gilpin. Right towards the enemy's camp flew the horse, and the rider liked the prospect as little as Gilpin liked the idea of a leap over a turnpike gate. In his desperation he seized a young banyan-tree as he passed, hoping that the ropes might break and thus he might come to the ground. But the tree gave way instead of the ropes, and trunk in hand away he went, striking into the enemy, who now saw him coming, a terror not less than that with which Polyphemos filled the comrades of Odysseus. They could fight, they said, against men like themselves, but not against giants who tore up trees as they rode. At once they fly, leaving everything behind them; and when the tired horse at length reaches the camp and stands still, the ropes break and his rider falls to the ground. The chattee-maker finds in the king's tent a letter of abject sub-

mission, and with this prize he returns home, leading the horse which he dares not remount. On reaching home he bids his wife send the horse and the letter to the rajah. 'He will see 'by the horse looking so tired what a long ride I've had; and 'if he is sent on beforehand, I shall not be obliged to ride him 'up to the palace door to-morrow morning, as I otherwise 'should, and that would be very tiresome, for most likely I 'should tumble off.' Still higher dignities and more abundant wealth were of course bestowed on a man who showed himself as modest as he was brave.

Between this and the German tale the likeness is confined to the one leading idea of greatness achieved by accident and a run of good luck. We turn now to a class of stories which have little, or nothing, in common with the epic poems of the Aryan nations, but which exhibit a series of incidents in striking parallelism with those of the corresponding Teutonic stories. These incidents are in themselves so strange, and the result is brought about by turns so unexpected, that the idea of their independent development among separated tribes who had carried away nothing but some leading notion becomes a wild extravagance. Whatever the consequences may be, the conclusion seems irresistible that these stories had been wrought out with some fulness of detail while these tribes or nations still continued to form a single people. The resemblances between may perhaps bring down the time of separation to a comparatively late period; but the geographical position of Hindoo and German tribes must still throw that time back to an indefinitely distant past, and close as the parallelism may be, the differences of detail and colouring are such that we cannot suppose these Aryan emigrants to have carried away with them to their several homes more than the leading incidents grafted on the leading idea. The fidelity with which the Hindoo and the German tales adhere to this framework is indeed astonishing.

One of the most remarkable of these coincidences is furnished by the story of the Dog and the Sparrow in Grimm's collection as compared with an episode in the Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah. In both a bird vows to bring about the ruin of a human being; in both the bird is the helper and avenger of the innocent against wanton injury; and in both the destruction of the guilty is the result of their own voluntary acts. There are other points of likeness, the significance of which is heightened by points of singularly subtle difference. In the German story the sparrow is offended because a carter, not heeding the warning which she had given him, drove his

waggon over a dog which she had saved from starving. 'You 'have killed my brother the dog,' she said, 'and that shall cost 'you your horses and your cart.' 'Horses and cart, indeed,' said the carrier. 'What harm can you do to me?' and he drove on. But presently the sparrow contrived to force out the cork from the bung-hole of one of the casks in the waggon, and all the wine ran out on the ground. 'Ah me, I am a poor man 'now,' cried the carter when he saw it. 'Not poor enough 'yet,' said the sparrow, as she perched on the head of one of the horses and pecked out his eye. The carter in his rage took up his hatchet to kill the bird, but instead of it he hit his horse, which fell down dead. So it fared with the second cask and the two remaining horses. Leaving his waggon on the road, the carter found his way home, and bemoaned the loss of his wine and horses. 'Ah, my husband,' she replied, 'and what 'a wicked bird has come to this house: she has brought with 'her all the birds in the world, and there they sit among our 'corn and are eating every ear of it.' 'Ah me, I am poorer 'than ever,' said the man as he beheld the havoc. 'Still not 'poor enough, carrier; it shall cost you your life,' said the bird, as she flew away. By and by the sparrow appeared at the window-sill, and uttered the same words, and the carrier hurling his axe at it broke the window-frame in two. Every other piece of furniture in the house was demolished as he vainly attempted to hit the bird. At length he caught her, and his wife asked if she should kill her. 'No,' said he, 'that were too merciful; she shall die much more horribly, 'for I will eat her.' So saying, he swallowed her whole; but she began to flutter about in his stomach, and presently came again into his mouth, and cried out, 'Carrier, it shall cost you 'your life.' 'Thereupon the man handed the axe to his wife, saying, '"Kill me the wretch dead in my mouth." His wife 'took it and aimed a blow, but missing her mark, struck her 'husband on the head and killed him. Then the sparrow flew 'away, and was never seen there again.'

In the Hindoo story the bird is a parrot, and the dog's place is taken by a poor wood-cutter, from whom a dancing-girl attempts to extort a large sum of money by deliberate falsehood. The girl thus represents the carter, and at once the framework of the tale is provided; but the method by which the sparrow wreaks her vengeance on the man is thoroughly awkward and unartistic when compared with the simple scheme which brings about the ruin of the nautch-woman. She, like the carrier, is rich; but she cannot resist the temptation of making more money by claiming from the wood-cutter the

dowry which she said that he had promised to pay on marrying her, the dowry and the marriage being alike purely imaginary. The rajah, being called to give judgment in the case, determines to abide by the decision of a parrot famed for his wisdom, and belonging to a merchant in the town. When the wood-cutter had given his version of the matter, the parrot bade Champa Ranee, the nautch-girl, tell her story. After hearing it, he asked where the house was to which her husband had taken her. 'Far away in the jungles,' was the reply. 'And 'how long ago?' The day was named; twenty witnesses proved that Champa was at the time in the city; and the parrot gave judgment for the wood-cutter against the nautch-girl, as the sparrow had befriended the dog against the carter. Great was the praise bestowed on the wise parrot, but the incensed nautch-girl said: 'Be assured I will get you in my 'power; and when I do, I will bite off your head.'

Then follows the vow of the parrot, answering to the oath of the sparrow; but he has no need to repeat it. 'Try your 'worst, madam,' said he, 'but in return I tell you this; I will 'live to make you a beggar. Your house shall be, by your 'own orders, laid even with the ground, and you for grief and 'rage shall kill yourself.' Time goes on, and the nautch-girl, summoned to the merchant's house, dances so well that he asks her to name her own reward; and the price which she demands is the parrot. Taking the bird home, she ordered her servants to cook it for her supper, first cutting off its head and bringing it to her grilled that she might eat it before tasting any other dish. The parrot is accordingly plucked, but while the servant goes to fetch water wherein to boil him, the bird, who had pretended to be dead and thus escaped having his neck wrung, slips into a hole let into the wall for carrying off the kitchen sewage. In this dilemma the maid grilled a chicken's head and placed it before the Ranee, who, as she ate it, said:

'"Ah, pretty Polly, so here's the end of you. This is the brain that thought so cunningly, and devised my overthrow; this is the tongue that spoke against me; this is the throat through which came the threatening words. Aha, who is right now, I wonder?"'

With some little fear the parrot heard her words, for the loss of his wingfeathers had left him unable to fly; but at length he contrived to find his way to a neighbouring temple and to perch behind the idol. It was the favourite god of Champa Ranee, who in her abject fear of death had long besought him to translate her to heaven without the process of dying. So when she next came to offer her wonted supplica-

tion, the parrot spoke, and the nautch-girl at once took its words for the utterances of the god.

'"Champa Ranee, nautch-girl, your prayer is heard. This is what you must do: sell all you possess and give the money to the poor; you must also give money to all your servants and dismiss them. Level also your house to the ground, that you may be wholly separated from earth. Then you will be fit for heaven, and you may come, having done all I command you, on this day week to this place, and you shall be transported thither body and soul."'

The infatuated woman did as she was bidden, and after destroying her house and giving away all her goods she went at the time fixed, and sitting at the edge of a well outside the temple, explained to the assembled people that they—

'Would soon see her caught up to heaven, and thus her departure from the world would be more celebrated than her doings whilst in it. All the people listened eagerly to her words, for they believed her inspired; and to see her ascension the whole city had come out, with hundreds and hundreds of strangers and travellers, princes, merchants, and nobles, from far and near, all full of expectation and curiosity.

'Then as they waited, a fluttering of little wings was heard, and a parrot flew over Champa Ranee's head, calling out, "Nautch-girl, nautch-girl, what have you done?" Champa Ranee recognised the voice as Vicram's: he went on, "Will you go body and soul to heaven? Have you forgotten Polly's words?"

'Champa Ranee rushed into the temple, and, falling on her knees before the idol, cried out, "Gracious Power, I have done all as you commanded; let your words come true; save me, take me to heaven."

'But the parrot above her cried, "Good bye, Champa Ranee, good bye; you ate a chicken's head, not mine. Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?"

'Then the woman saw all, and in her rage and despair, cursing her own folly, she fell violently down on the floor of the temple, and, dashing her head against the stone, killed herself.'

It is impossible to question the real identity of these two stories, and incredible that the one could have been invented apart from the other, or that the German and the Hindoo tale are respectively mere derivatives from the same leading idea. This idea is that beings of no repute may be avengers of successful wrong-doers, or to put it in the language of St. Paul, that the weak things of the earth may be chosen to confound the strong, and foolish things to confound the wise. But it was highly improbable that this idea should of itself suggest to a Hindoo and a Teuton that the avenger should be a bird, that the wrong-doer should punish himself, and should seal his doom

by swallowing his persecutor, or by at least thinking that he was devouring him. There is no room here for the argument which Professor Max Müller characterises as 'sneaking' when applied even to fables which are common to all the members of the Aryan family.* A series of incidents such as these could never have been thought out by two brains working apart from each other; and we are driven to admit that at least the machinery by which the result was to be brought about had been devised before the separation, or to maintain that the story has in the one case or the other been imported bodily. But the variations between the two stories would seem to exclude the latter alternative, even apart from lack of evidence of any borrowing. It is otherwise with the Norse tale of the Master Thief, which can be traced through the Greek translation of the 'Kalila and Dimna' to the story of 'The Bush-'man and the Goat,' in the Hitopadesa. These stories also, as it so happens, have nothing but the leading idea in common, and Professor Max Müller remarks that, this keynote (viz., that a man will believe almost anything if he is told the same by three different people) once given, 'nothing was easier than to 'invent the three variations which we find in the Norse Master 'Thief.'

But the story of the nautch-girl is only one incident in a larger drama. The bird of the German tale is a common sparrow; the parrot which brings about the death of Champa Ranee is nothing less than the Maharajah Vicram who has received from the god of wisdom the power of transporting his soul into any other body, while by an antidote he keeps his own body from corruption. And here we are brought to a parallelism which cannot be accounted for on any theory of mediæval importation. The story of Vicram is essentially the story of Hermotimos of Klazomenæ, whose soul wanders at will through space while his body remains undecayed at home, until his wife, tired out by his repeated desertions, burns his body while he is away, and thus effectually prevents his resuming his proper form. A popular Deccan tale, which is also told by Pliny and Lucian, must have existed, if only in a rudimentary state, while Greeks and Hindoos still lived as a single people. But a genuine humour, of which we have little more than a faint germ in the Greek legend, runs through the Hindoo story. In both the wife is vexed by the frequent absence of her husband; but the real fun of Anna de Souza's narrative rises from the complications produced by a carpenter's son, who overhears

* Chips from a German Workshop, vol. ii. p. 233.

the god Gunputti as he teaches Vicram the mystic words which enables him to pass from his own body into another; but as he could not see the antidote which Vicram received to keep his tenantless body from decay, the carpenter's son was but half enlightened. No sooner, however, had Vicram transferred his soul to the parrot's body than the carpenter's son entered the body of Vicram and the work of corruption began in his own. The pseudo-rajah is at once detected by the Wuzeer Butti, who recommends the whole court to show a cold shoulder to the impostor and make his sojourn in Vicram's body as unpleasant as possible. Worn out at last with waiting, Butti sets off to search for his friend, and by good luck is one of the throng assembled to witness the ascension of Champa Ranee. Butti recognises his friend, and at once puts him into safe keeping in a cage. On reaching home it became necessary to get the carpenter's son out of Vicram's body, and the Wuzeer, foreseeing that this would be no easy task, proposes a butting match between two rams, the one belonging to himself, the other to the pseudo-rajah. Butti accordingly submits his own ram to a training, which greatly hardens his horns; and so when the fight began—

'The pretended rajah soon saw, to his vexation, that, his favourite's horns being less strong than its opponent's, he was getting tired and, beginning to lose courage, would soon be worsted in the fight; so, quick as thought, he left his own body and transported his soul into the ram's body, in order to give it an increase of courage and resolution and enable it to win.

'No sooner did Vicram Maharajah, who was hanging up in a cage, see what had taken place, than he left the parrot's body and re-entered his own body. Then Butti's ram pushed the other down on its knees, and the wuzeer ran and fetched a sword and cut off its head, thus putting an end, with the life of the ram, to the life of the carpenter's son.'

But fresh troubles were in store for Butti. Not yet cured of his wandering propensities, Vicram goes to sleep in a jungle with his mouth open, into which creeps a cobra, who refuses to be dislodged. The rajah in his intolerable misery leaves his home, disguised as a fakeer, and Butti seeks him in vain for twelve years. Meanwhile the beautiful Buccoulee, who had recognised her destined husband under the squalid rags of the fakeer, had succeeded in freeing Vicram from his tormentor; and thus all three returned to the long-forsaken Anar Ranee.

But before we examine incidents which take us into another region of Hindoo folk-lore, we are bound to show that these tales contain other stories which belong to the same class with

the tale of the dancing-girl and the wood-cutter. There are some which are even more remarkable for their agreement in the general scheme with thorough divergence in detail. In the story entitled 'The Table, the Ass, and the Stick,' in Grimm's collection, a goat, whose appetite cannot be satisfied, brings a tailor into grievous trouble by leading him to drive his three sons away from their home on groundless charges. At last, finding that he had been cheated, he scourges the goat, which makes the best of its way from his dwelling. Meanwhile the three sons had each been learning a trade, and each received his reward. To the eldest was given a table which, at the words 'Cover thyself,' at once presented a magnificent banquet; the second received a donkey which, on hearing the word 'Bricklebrit,' rained down gold pieces; and both were deprived of their gifts by a thievish innkeeper, to whom they had in succession revealed their secret. On reaching home the eldest son, boasting to his father of his inexhaustible table, was discomfited by finding that some common table had been put in its place; and the second in like manner, in making trial of his ass found himself in possession of a very ordinary donkey. But the youngest son had not yet returned, and to him they sent word of the scurvy behaviour of the innkeeper. When the time of his departure came, his master gave him a sack, adding, 'In it there lies a stick.' The young man took the sack as a thing that might do him good service, but asked why he should take the stick as it only made the sack heavier to carry. The stick, however, was endowed with the power of jumping out of the sack and belabouring anyone against whom its owner had a grudge; and thus armed the youth went cheerfully to the house of the innkeeper, who, thinking that the sack must certainly contain treasure, tried to take it from the young man's pillow while he slept. But he had reckoned without his host. The stick hears the fatal word, and at once falls without mercy on the thief, who roars out that he will surrender the table and the ass. Thus the three gifts reach the tailor's house. As for the goat, whose head the tailor had shaven, it ran into a fox's house, where a bee stung its bald pate, and it rushed out, never to be heard of again.

In the Deccan tale we have a jackal and a barber in the place of the goat and the tailor; and the mischief is done, not by leading the barber to expel his children, but by cheating him of the fruits of his garden. The parallel, however, is not confined to the fact of the false pretences; the barber retaliates, like the tailor, and inflicts a severe wound on the jackal. As before, however, in the German story, the goat is a goat, but

the jackal is a transformed rajah, none other in short than the Beast who is wedded to Beauty, and the monster who becomes the husband of Psyche. But before he wins his bride, he is reduced to sore straits, and his adventures give occasion for some sharp satire on Hindoo popular theology. Coming across a bullock's carcase, the jackal eats his way into it, while the sun so contracts the hide that he finds himself unable to get out. Fearing to be killed if discovered, or to be buried alive if he escaped notice, the jackal, on the approach of the scavengers, cries out, 'Take care, good people, how you touch 'me, for I am a great saint.' The mahars, in great terror, ask him who he is and what he wants. 'I,' answered the jackal, 'am a very holy saint. I am also the god of your village, and 'I am very angry with you, because you never worship me 'nor bring me offerings.' 'O my Lord,' they cried, 'what 'offerings will please you? Tell us only, and we will bring 'you whatever you like.' 'Good,' he replied; 'then you must 'fetch here plenty of rice, plenty of flowers, and a nice fat 'chicken—place them as an offering beside me, and pour a 'great deal of water over them, as you do at your most solemn 'feasts, and then I will forgive you your sins.' The wetting, of course, split the dry bullock's skin, and the jackal, jumping out, ran with the chicken in his mouth to the jungle. When again he was nearly starved, he heard a Brahmin bewailing his poverty, and declaring that if a dog or a jackal were to offer to marry one of his daughters he should have her, in complete contrast to the reluctance of the merchant who is obliged to surrender his child to the beast. The jackal takes him at his word and leads his wife away to a splendid subterranean palace, where she finds that each night the jackal lays aside his skin and becomes a beautiful young man. Soon the Brahmin comes to the jackal's cave to see how his child gets on; but just as he is about to enter, the jackal stops him, and, learning his wants, gives him a melon, the seeds of which will bring him some money. A neighbour, admiring the fruit produced from these seeds, buys some from the Brahmin's wife, and finding that they are full of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, purchases the whole stock, until the Brahmin himself opens a small withered melon and learns how he has been overreached. In vain he asks restitution from the woman who has bought them; she knows nothing of any miraculous melons, and a jeweller to whom he takes the jewels from the withered melon accuses him of having stolen the gems from his shop, and impounds them all. Again he betakes himself to the jackal, who, seeing the uselessness of giving him gold or jewels, brings him out a jar,

which is always full of good things. The Brahmin now lived in luxury; but another Brahmin informed the rajah of the royal style in which his poorer neighbour feasted, and the rajah appropriated the jar for his own special use. When once again he carried this story of his wrongs to his father-in-law, the jackal gave him another jar, within which was a rope and a stick, which would perform their work of chastisement as soon as the jar was opened. Uncovering the jar while he was alone, the Brahmin had cause to repent his rashness, for every bone in his body was left aching. With this personal experience of the powers of the stick, the Brahmin generously invited the rajah and his brother Brahmin to come and test the virtues of his new gift; and a belabouring as hearty as that which the wicked innkeeper received in the German tale made them yield up the dinner-making chattle. The same wholesome measure led to the recovery of the precious stones from the jeweller, and the melons from the woman who had bought them. It only remained now, by burning the enchanted rajah's jackal-skin, to transform him permanently into the most splendid prince ever seen on earth.

The points of likeness and difference between the Hindoo story of Punchkin and the Norse tale of 'The Giant who had 'no Heart in his Body' are perhaps still more striking. In the former a rajah has seven daughters whose mother dies while they are still children, and a stepmother so persecutes them that they make their escape. In the jungle they are found by the seven sons of a neighbouring king, who are hunting, and each takes one of the princesses as a wife, the handsomest of course marrying the youngest. After a brief time of happiness the eldest prince sets off on a journey and does not return. His six brothers follow him and are seen no more. After this, as Balna, the youngest princess, rocks her babe in his cradle, a fakeer makes his appearance, and having vainly asked her to marry him, transforms her into a dog and leads her away. As he grows older, Balna's son learns how his parents and uncles have disappeared, and resolves to go in search of them. His aunts beseech him not to do so. 'We have lost our husbands 'and our sister. If you too are taken from us, what shall we 'do?' But the youth feels sure that he will bring them all back; and at length finds his way to the house of a gardener, whose wife on hearing his story tells him that his father and uncles have all been turned into stone by the great magician Punchkin, who keeps Balna herself imprisoned in a high tower because she will not marry him. To aid him in his task, the gardener's wife disguises him in her daughter's dress, and gives

him a basket of flowers as a present for the captive princess. Thus arrayed, the youth is admitted to her presence, and while none are looking makes himself known to his mother by means of a ring which she had left on his finger before the sorcerer stole her away. But the rescue of the seven princes seemed to be as far off as ever, and the young man suggests that Balna should now change her tactics, and by pretending a readiness to marry him, find out the secret of his power and whether he is subject to death. The device is successful, and the sorcerer tells her that

'Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles away from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the jungle stand six jars full of water, piled one above another: below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die.'

But this keep is guarded by myriads of evil demons, and Balna tries hard to dissuade her son from the venture. He is resolute, and he finds true helpers in some eagles whose young he saves by killing a large serpent which was making its way to their nest. The parent birds give him their young to be his servants, and the eaglets, crossing their wings, bear him through the air to the spot where the six water-jars are standing. In an instant he upsets the jars, and snatching the parrot from his cage rolls him up in his cloak. The magician in his dismay at seeing the parrot in the youth's hands yields to every demand made by him, and not only the seven princes but all his other victims are restored to life—a magnificent array of kings, courtiers, officers, and servants. Still the magician prayed to have his parrot given him.

'Then the boy took hold of the parrot, and tore off one of his wings, and, as he did so, the magician's right arm fell off.

'Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying, "Give me my parrot." The prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

'"Give me my parrot," cried he, and fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg, the magician's right leg fell off; the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg, down fell the magician's left.

'Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot." "Take your parrot, then," cried the boy; and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician; and, as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round, and, with a fearful groan, he died.'

In its keynote and its leading incidents this story is precisely

parallel to the Norse tale of 'The Giant who had no Heart in his 'Body.' Here, as in the Deccan legend, there is a king who has seven sons, but instead of all seven being sent to hunt or woo, the youngest is left at home; and the rajah whose children they marry has six daughters, not seven. This younger brother who stays at home is the Boots of European folk-lore, a being of infinitely varied character, and a subject of interest for all who wish to know whence the Aryan nations obtained the materials for their epic poems. Seemingly weak and often despised, he has keener wit and more resolute will than all who are opposed to him. Slander and obloquy are to him as nothing, for he knows that in the end his truth shall be made clear in the sight of all men. In Dr. Dasent's words—

'There he sits idle whilst all work; there he lies with that deep irony of conscious power which knows its time must one day come and meantime can afford to wait. When that time comes, he girds himself to the feat amidst the scoffs and scorn of his flesh and blood; but even then after he has done some great deed, he conceals it, returns to his ashes, and again sits idly by the kitchen fire, dirty, lazy, despised, until the time for final recognition comes, and then his dirt and rags fall off,—he stands out in all the majesty of his royal robes, and is acknowledged once for all a king.'

We see him in a thousand forms. He is the Herakles on whom the mean Eurystheus delights to pour contempt; he is Cinderella sitting in the dust while her sisters flaunt their finery abroad; he is the Œdipus who 'knows nothing,'* yet reads the mysterious riddle of the Sphinx; he is the Phœbus who serves in the house of Admetos and the palace of Laomedon; he is the Psyche who seeks her lost love almost in despair, and yet with the hope still living in her that her search shall not be unsuccessful; above all, he is the Ithakan chief, clad in beggar's rags, flouted by the suitors, recognised only by an old nurse and his dog, waiting patiently till the time comes that he should bend the invincible bow, and having slain his enemies appear once more in glorious garb by the side of a wife as radiant in beauty as when he left her years ago for a long and a hard warfare far away. Boots then acts the part of Balna's son in the Hindoo story, while the sorcerer reappears in the Norse tale as a giant who turns the six princes and their wives into stone. The incident is by no means peculiar to this tale, and once for all it may be noted that the whole mass of folk-lore in every country may be resolved into an endless series of repetitions, combinations, and adaptations of a few leading ideas

* ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπους.—Soph. 'Œd. Tyr.' 397.

or of their developments. If speaking of the marvels wrought by musical genius Dr. Newman could say, 'There are seven 'notes in the scale; make them thirteen, yet how slender an 'outfit for so vast an enterprise,' we may well feel the same astonishment as we see the mighty harvest of mythical lore which a few seeds have yielded, and begin to understand how it is that ideas so repeated, disguised, or travested never lost their charm, but find us as ready to listen when they are brought before us for the hundredth time in a new dress, as when we first made acquaintance with them.

With the modified machinery of the Norse tale, the remonstrances addressed to Balna's son in the Ayah's story are here addressed to Boots, whose kindness to the brute creatures who become his friends is drawn out in the more full detail characteristic of Western legends. The Hindoo hero helps eagles only; Boots succours a raven, a salmon, and a wolf; and the latter having devoured his horse bears him on its back swifter than the wind to the house of the giant who has turned his brothers into stone.* There he finds, not his mother, like Balna's son, but the beautiful princess who is to be his bride, and who promises to find out, if she can, where the giant keeps his heart, for, wherever it be, it is not in his body. The colloquies which lead at length to the true answer exhibit the giant in the more kindly and rollicking character frequently bestowed on trolls, dwarfs, elves, and dæmons, in the mythology of the Western Aryans. The final answer corresponds precisely to that of Punchkin:—

'Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg, and in that egg there lies my heart,—you darling.'

His darling takes a tender farewell of Boots, who sets off on the wolf's back, to solve, as in the Eastern tale, the mystery of the water and the bird. The wolf takes him to the island; but the church keys hang high on the steeple, and the raven is now brought in to perform an office analogous to that of the young eaglets in the Deccan legend. At last by the salmon's help the egg is brought from the bottom of the well where the duck had dropped it.

'Then the wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he squeezed it the giant screamed out.

* In Grimm's story of 'The Two Brothers' the animals succoured are the hare, fox, wolf, and lion, and they each, as in the Hindoo tale, offer their young as ministers to the hero who has spared their lives.

'"Squeeze it again," said the wolf; and when the prince did so, the giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so prettily to be spared, saying he would do all that the prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two.

'"Tell him, if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides you will spare his life," said the wolf. Yes, the giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into king's sons again, and their brides into king's daughters.

'"Now squeeze the egg in two," said the wolf. So Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the giant burst at once.'

If the morality of myths is fair matter for comparison, the Eastern story has here the advantage. Balna's son makes no definite promise to the magician; but a parallel to Punchkin, almost closer than that of the giant, is furnished in Grimm's story of the Two Brothers, where a witch is forced to restore all her victims to life.

'The old witch took a twig and changed the stones back to what they were, and immediately his brother and the beasts stood before the huntsman, as well as many merchants, workpeople, and shepherds, who, delighted with their freedom, returned home; but the twin brothers, when they saw each other again, kissed and embraced and were very glad.'

But probably no two stories furnish more convincing evidence of the extent to which the folk-lore of the Aryan tribes was developed while they still lived as a single people, than that which we find in the German legend of Faithful John and the Deccan story of Rama and Luxman. A comparison of these legends clearly shows that at least the following framework must have been devised before Hindoos and Germans started on the long migrations which was to lead the one to the regions of the Ganges and the Indus, and the other to the countries watered by the Vistula and the Elbe. Even in those early days the story must have run that a king had seen the likeness of a maiden whose beauty made him faint with love, that he could not be withheld from seeking her, that his faithful friend went with him and helped him to win his bride, that certain wise birds predicted that the trusty friend should save his master from three great dangers, but that his mode of rescuing him should seem to show that he loved his master's wife, that for his self-sacrifice he should be turned into a stone, and should be restored to life only by the agency of an innocent child. That two men in two different countries could hit upon such a series of incidents as these, none probably will have the hardihood to maintain, still less can any dream of urging that Hindoos and Germans agreed together to adopt each the specific differences of their respective versions.

In the German story the prince's passion for the beautiful maiden is produced by the sight of her portrait in a gallery of his father's palace into which the trusty John had been strictly charged not to let the young man enter. Having once seen it he cannot be withheld from going to seek her, and with his friend embarks as a merchant in a ship laden with all manner of costly goods which may tempt the maiden's taste or curiosity. The scheme succeeds, but while the princess is making her purchases the Faithful John orders all sail to be set, and the ship is far at sea when the maiden turns to go home. The next scene in the drama is a colloquy between three crows whose language Faithful John understands, and who foretell three great dangers impending over the prince who can be saved only at the cost of his preserver. On his reaching shore a fox-coloured horse would spring towards him, which, on his mounting it, would carry him off for ever from his bride. No one can save him except by shooting the horse, but if he does it and tells the king he will be turned into stone from the toe to the knee. If the horse be killed he will none the more keep his bride, for a bridal shirt will lie on a dish, woven seemingly of gold and silver, but composed really of sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on it will burn him to his bones and marrow. Whoever takes the shirt with his gloved hand and casts it into the fire, may save the prince, but if he knows and tells him he will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart. Nor is he more safe even if the shirt is burnt, for during the dance which follows the wedding the queen will suddenly turn pale and fall as if dead, and unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die. But whoever knows and tells it shall be turned to stone from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet. The friend resolves to be faithful at all hazards, and all things turn out as the crows had foretold; but the king misconstruing the act of his friend in taking blood from his wife orders him to be led to prison. At the scaffold he explains his motives, but the act of revelation seals his doom; and while the king entreats for forgiveness the trusty servant is turned into stone. In an agony of grief the king has the figure placed near his bed, and vainly prays for the power of restoring him to life. Years pass on; twin sons are born to him, and one day, as he gives utterance to the longing of his heart, the statue says that it can be brought back to life if the king will cut off the heads of the twins and sprinkle the statue with their blood. The servant is restored to life, and when he places the children's heads on their bodies they spring up and play as merrily as ever.

In truth and tenderness of feeling this story scarcely equals the Deccan tale, in which the prince Rama sees the image of his future bride not in a picture but in a dream. Having won her by the aid of Luxman, he is soon after attacked by the home sickness which is common to the heroes in most of these tales, and which finds its highest expression in the history of Odysseus. During the journey which answers to the voyage of the king with Faithful John, Luxman, who like John understands the speech of birds, hears two owls talking in a tree overhead, and learns from them that three great perils await his master. The first will be from a rotten branch of a banyan tree, from the fall of which Luxman will just save them by dragging them forcibly away; the next will be from an insecure arch, and the third from a cobra. This cobra, they said,

'Luxman will kill with his sword, but a drop of the cobra's blood shall fall on her forehead. The wuzeer will not dare to wipe off the blood with his hands, but shall instead cover his face with a cloth, that he may lick it off with his tongue; but for this the rajah will be angry with him, and his reproaches will turn this poor wuzeer into stone.

'"Will he always remain stone?" asked the lady owl. "Not forever," answered the husband, "but for eight long years he will remain so." "And what then?" demanded she. "Then," answered the other, "when the young rajah and ranee have a baby, it shall come to pass that one day the child shall be playing on the floor, and, to help itself along, shall clasp hold of the stony figure, and at that baby's touch the wuzeer will come to life again. But I have told you enough for one night; come, let's catch mice,—tuwhit, tuwhoo, tuwhoo," and away flew the owls.'

As in the German tale, everything turns out in accordance with the predictions of the birds. When, therefore, Luxman saw the cobra creep towards the queen, he knew that his life must be forfeited for his devotion; and so he took from the folds of his dress the record of the owls' talk and of his former life, and having laid it beside the sleeping king, killed the cobra. The rajah of course starts up just as his friend is licking the blood from his wife's forehead, and drawing the same inference with the German prince, overwhelms him with reproaches.

'The rajah had buried his face in his hands; he looked up, he turned to the wuzeer; but from him came neither answer nor reply. He had become a senseless stone. Then Rama for the first time perceived the roll of paper which Luxman had laid beside him; and when he read in it of what Luxman had been to him from boyhood, and of the end, his bitter grief broke through all bounds, and, falling at the feet of the statue, he clasped its stony knees and wept aloud.'

Eight years rolled on, and at length the child was born. A few months more, and in trying to walk, it 'stretched out its 'tiny hands and caught hold of the foot of the statue. The 'wuzeer instantly came back to life, and stooping down 'seized the little baby, who had rescued him, in his arms and 'kissed it.'

There is something more quiet and touching in the silent record of Luxman, which stands in the place of Faithful John's confession at the scaffold, as well as in the doom which is made to depend on the reproaches of his friend rather than on the mere mechanical act of giving utterance to certain words.

In the Deccan story the bride of Rama is won after an exploit which in its turn carries us away to the deeds of Hellenic or Teutonic heroes. When the prince tells Luxman of the peerless beauty whom he has seen in his dream, his friend tells him that the princess lives far away in a glass palace. The glass answers to the ice of the Norse legends. 'Round 'this palace runs a large river, and round the river is a garden 'of flowers. Round the garden are four thick groves of trees. 'The princess is twenty-four years old, but she is not married, 'for she has determined only to marry whoever can jump across 'the river and greet her in her crystal palace; and though 'many thousand kings have assayed to do so, they have all 'perished miserably in the attempt, having either been drowned 'in the river or broken their necks by falling.'

The frequent recurrence of this idea in these Hindoo legends might of itself lead anyone, who knew nothing of the subject previously, to doubt whether such images could refer to any actual facts in the history of any given man or woman. In some form or other it may be said to run through almost all. In the story of Brave Seventee Bai it assumes a form more closely akin to the imagery of Teutonic mythology; and here we find a princess who declares she will marry no one who has not leaped over her bath, which 'has high marble walls all round, 'with a hedge of spikes at the top of the walls.' In the story of Vicram Maharajah the parents of Anar Ranee 'had caused 'her garden to be hedged round with seven hedges made of 'bayonets, so that none could go in nor out; and they had 'published a decree that none should marry her but he who 'could enter the garden and gather the three pomegranates on 'which she and her maids slept.' So too Panch-Phul Ranee, the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, 'dwelt in a little house 'round which were seven wide ditches and seven great hedges 'made of spears.' The seven hedges are, however, nothing more than the sevenfold coils of the dragon of the glistening

heath who lies twined round the beautiful Brynhild. But the maiden of the Teutonic tale is sunk in sleep which rather resembles death than life, just as Dêmêtêr mourned as if for the death of Persephone while her child sojourned in the dark kingdom of Hades. This idea is reproduced with wonderful fidelity in the story of Little Surya Bai, and the cause of her death is modified in a hundred legends both of the East and the West. The little maiden is high up in the eagle's nest fast asleep, when an evil demon or Rakshas seeks to gain admission to her, and while vainly striving to force it open, leaves one of his finger-nails sticking in the crack of the door. When on the following morning the maiden opened the doors of her dwelling to look down on the world below, the sharp claw ran into her hand, and immediately she fell dead. The powers of winter which had thus far striven in vain to wound her have at length won the victory, and at once we pass to other versions of the same myth which tell us of Eurydikê as stung to death by the hidden serpent, of Sifrit smitten by Hagene (the thorn), of Isfendiyar pierced by the thorn or arrow of Rustem, of Achilles vulnerable only in his heel, of Brynhild enfolded within the dragon's coils, of Meleagros dying as the torch of doom is burnt out, of Baldr the brave and pure smitten by the fatal bough of mistletoe, of the sweet Briar-rose plunged in her slumber of a hundred years.

The idea that these myths have been deliberately transferred from Hindoos or Persians to Greeks, Germans, and Norsemen is by general consent dismissed as a wild dream. Yet of their substantial identity, in spite of all points of difference and under every disguise thrown over them by individual fancies and local influences, there can be no question. The keynote of any one of Anna de Souza's stories is the keynote of almost all; and this keynote runs practically through the great body of tales gathered from Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. It is found again everywhere in the mythology of the Greeks, whether in the legends which have furnished the materials for their magnificent epics, or have been immortalised in the dramas of their great tragedians, or have remained buried in the pages of mythographers like Pausanias or Diodorus. If then all these tales have some historical foundation, they must relate to events which took place before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes from their original home.

To take these stories after any system and arrange their materials methodically is almost an impossible task. The expressions or incidents worked into these legends are like the few notes of the scale from which great musicians have created

each his new world, or like the few roots of language which denoted at first only the most prominent objects and processes of nature and the merest bodily wants, but out of which has grown the wealth of words to feed the countless streams of human thought. In one story we may find a series of incidents briefly touched which elsewhere have been expanded into a dozen tales, while the incidents themselves are presented in the thousand different combinations suggested by an exuberant fancy. The outlines of the tales, when these have been carefully analysed, are simple enough; but they are certainly not outlines which could have been suggested by incidents in the common life of mankind. Maidens do not fall for months or years into deathlike trances from which the touch of one brave knight alone can rouse them; dragons are not coiled round golden treasures or beautiful women on glistering heaths; princes do not everywhere abandon their wives as soon as they have married them, to return at length in squalid disguise and smite their foes with invincible weapons. Steeds which speak and which cannot die do not draw the chariots of mortal chiefs, nor do the lives of human kings exhibit everywhere the same incidents in the same sequence. Yet every fresh addition made to our stores of popular tradition does but bring before us new phases of those old forms of which mankind, we may boldly say, will never grow weary. The golden slipper of Cinderella was, as we knew, the slipper of Rhodôpis, which an eagle carried off and dropped into the lap of the Egyptian king as he sat on his seat of judgment at Memphis. This slipper reappears in the beautiful Deccan story of Sodewa Bai, and leads of course to the same issue as in the legends of Cinderella and Rhodôpis. The dragon of the glistering heath represents the seven-headed cobra of the Hindoo story, and in the legend of Brave Seventee Bai the beautiful Brynhild becomes his daughter. In the Greek myth these snakes draw the chariot of Medeia the child of the Sun, or impart mysterious wisdom to Iamos and Melampus, as the cobras do to Muchie Lal. That the heroes of Greek and Teutonic legends in almost every case are separated from or abandon the women whom they have wooed or loved, is well known; and the rajahs and princes of these Deccan tales are subjected to the same lot with Achilles and Herakles, Odysseus and Œdipus, Sigurd and Arthur, Kephalos and Prokris, Paris and Œnônê. Generally the newly-married prince feels a yearning to see his father and his mother once more, and, like Odysseus, pines until he can set his face homewards. Sometimes he takes his wife, sometimes he goes alone; but in one way or another he is kept away from her for

years, and reappears, like Odysseus, in the squalid garb of a beggar. Curiously enough, in these Hindoo stories his detention is caused by one of those charms or spells which Odysseus in his wanderings discreetly avoids. The Lotos-eaters and their magic fruit reappear in the nautch-people or conjurers, whom the rajah who has married Panch-Phul Ranee, the Lady of the Five Flowers, asks for rice and fire. The woman whom he addresses immediately brings them.

'But before she gave them to him, she and her companions 'threw upon them a certain powder, containing a very potent 'charm; and no sooner did the rajah receive them than he 'forgot about his wife and little child, his journey, and all that 'had ever happened to him in his life before; such was the 'peculiar property of the powder. And when the conjurors 'said to him "Why should you go away? Stay with us, and '"be one of us," he willingly consented.' We should be sorry to think that a remembrance of the Homeric story has unconsciously led Miss Frere to colour or modify the ayah's language, but her words are almost a paraphrase from the Odyssey.

The nautch-woman here has also the character of Kirkê, and the charm represents the *φάρμακα λυγρὰ* which turned the companions of Eurylochos into swine, while Kirkê's wand is wielded by the sorcerers who are compelled to restore to life the victims whom they had turned into stone, and by the Rakshas from whom Ramchundra, in the story of Truth's Triumph, seeks to learn its uses. The rod, she replies, 'has many super-'natural powers; for instance, by simply uttering your wish 'and waving it in the air, you can conjure up a mountain, a 'river, or a forest, in a moment of time.'

At length the wanderer is found; but Panch-Phul Ranee and Seventee Bai have the insight of Eurykleia, and discern his true majesty beneath the fakeer's garb. 'The Rajah came 'towards them so changed that not even his own mother 'knew him; no one recognised him but his wife. For eighteen 'years he had been among the nautch-people; his hair was 'rough, his beard untrimmed, his face thin and worn, sunburnt 'and wrinkled, and his dress was a rough common blanket.' Can we possibly help thinking of the wanderer who in his beggar's dress reveals himself to the swineherd

ἔνδον μὲν δὴ δῦ' αὐτὸς ἐγώ, κακὰ πολλὰ μογήσας,
ἦλυθον εἰκοστῷ ἔτεϊ ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,

and of his disguise, when Athênê

ξανθὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς ὄλεσε τρίχας, ἀμφὶ δὲ δέρμα
πάντεσσιν μελέεσσι παλαιοῦ θῆκε γέροντος,

κνύζωσεν δέ οἱ ὅσσε πάρος περικαλλέ' ἐόντε·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν ῥάκος ἄλλο κακὸν βάλεν ἠδὲ χιτῶνα
ῥωγαλέα ῥυπόωντα, κακῷ μεμορυγμένα καπνῷ.

and lastly of his recognition by his old nurse when she saw the wound made by the bite of the boar who slew Adonis? So in the vengeance of Chandra we see the punishment of the suitors by Odysseus, an incident still further travestied in Grimm's legend of the 'King of the Golden Mountain.' So too as we read of the body of Chundun Rajah which remained undecayed though he had been dead many months, or of Sodewai Bai who a month after her death looked as lovely as on the night on which she died, we are reminded of the body of Hector which Aphrodite anointed with ambrosial oil and guarded day and night from all unseemly things.

But though the doom of which Achilles mournfully complained to Thetis lies on all or almost all of these bright beings, they cannot be held in the grasp of the dark power which has laid them low. Briar-rose and Surya Bai start from their slumbers at the magic touch of the lover's hand, and even when all hope seemed to be lost, wise beasts provide an antidote which will bring back life to the dead. In the story of Panch-Phul Ranee these beneficent physicians are jackals who converse together like the owls of Luxman or the crows in the tale of Faithful John. 'Do you see this tree?' says the jackal to his wife. 'Well, if some of its leaves were crushed and a little 'of the juice put into the Rajah's two ears and upon his upper 'lip, and some upon his temples also, and some upon the spear-'wounds in his side, he would come to life again and be as well 'as ever.' These leaves reappear in Grimm's story of the Three Snakeleaves, in which the snakes play the part of the jackals. In this tale a prince is buried alive with his dead wife, and seeing a snake approaching her body, he cuts it in three pieces. Presently another snake crawling from the corner saw the other lying dead, and soon returned with three green leaves in its mouth, and laying the parts of the body together so as to join, put one leaf on each wound, and the dead snake was alive again. The prince applying the leaves to his wife restores her also to life. The following are the words of Apollodorus in relating the story, also told by Ælian, of Glaukos and Polyidos:

'When Minos said that he must bring Glaukos to life, Polyidos was shut up with the dead body; and being sorely perplexed how to do this, he saw a dragon approach the corpse. This he killed with a stone; and another dragon came, and, seeing the first one dead, went away and brought some grass which it placed on the

body of the other, which immediately rose up. Polyidos, having beheld this with astonishment, put the same grass on the body of Glaukos, and restored him to life.'

If we sought to prove the absolute identity of the great mass of Hindoo, Greek, Norse, and German legends, we surely need go no further. Yet we cannot resist the temptation of adding a few words on the story of Tara Bai, whom the disguised wife of Logedas Rajah finds on a gold and ivory throne. 'She was tall and of a commanding aspect; her black 'hair was bound by long strings of pearl; her dress was of fine 'spun gold, and round her waist was clasped a zone of restless 'throbbing light-giving diamonds; her neck and her arms were 'covered with a profusion of costly jewels, but brighter than 'all shone her bright eyes, which looked full of gentle majesty.' But Tara Bai is the star (boy) child or maiden, the Asteropaios of the 'Iliad,' of whom the Greek myth says only that he was the tallest of all the men, and that he was slain by Achilles. This is, in fact, but one of the many phases assumed by the struggle between the powers of light and darkness. This child in the Deccan stories appears not only as Guzra Bai, but as Panch-Phul Ranee, as Surya Bai, as the wife of Muchie Lal, the fish or frog-sun.* These women are the daughters of a gardener or a milkwoman, in whom we see the image of Dêmêtêr, the bountiful earth, who lavishes on her children her treasures of fruits, milk, and flowers.

The path is inviting, and we have done little more than enter upon it; but we must not now follow it further. Enough however has been said to show that these Hindoo tales will not only delight children but will be a mine of wealth for those who care to acquaint themselves with one of the most important chapters in the history of the human mind. Since the translation of the German popular stories from the text of Grimm, by the late Mr. Edgar Taylor, we do not remember to have met with so genuine and so lively an addition to this charming branch of literature. We are grateful to Miss Frere for her beautiful and, as we trust, faithful rendering of these Hindoo tales, which are presented to us in an English style of admirable grace and simplicity. To Anna Liberata de Souza we have to express not only our hearty thanks but our earnest hope that she will give us all the stories which she can remember herself or which she can by her utmost diligence gather from her kinsfolk or her friends.

* Max Müller, 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. ii. p. 248.

ART. IV.—*The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. III. and IV. London and Edinburgh: 1868.

A SUPERSTITION long prevailed, and may still be afloat in the world, that history, to be worthy of the name, should be dignified, calm, and judicial. We willingly own that, in ceasing to be dignified, historians have infused an amount of interest and vitality into the records of the past which amply compensates for the sacrifice. It is no longer essential to employ any particular style either in the relation of facts or the drawing of inferences. But along with her imposing, if somewhat ponderous attributes, history seems to be laying aside all claims to impartiality. The most successful among modern historians have written in the spirit not of the judge but of the advocate; of the advocate too, who has not practised his profession in the highest courts. The pleader growing sympathetic with his client, and at last identifying that client's interests with his own, becomes the violent partisan. The narrative is no longer a record of the acts of men impelled by diverse motives, and subject to various influences; it is a romance with its infallible heroes and its thorough villains. Once committed to advocacy of this kind, the writer is no longer dealing with the doings of a mere mortal; he has assumed the charge of a character all whose weaknesses are to be carefully veiled or converted into merits, all whose shortcomings and mistakes are to be laid to the account of others; while the scapegoats of the drama, endowed with enormous stupidity or superhuman malice, are never permitted to deviate into sense or virtue. The opposition of the strong lights against the strong darks simplifies the grand aim of producing striking effects. There need be no nice gradations of character, blending the good elements insensibly with the bad; no effort to obtain the clear daylight atmosphere which is the highest triumph of the thorough master, no reconciliation of opposing qualities in the same personage. The principal actors as they appear on the scene are bid to stand aside either to the right among the sheep, or to the left among the goats, and after that there is no redemption for those predestined to the pit, nor can the elect fall from their state of grace. Inferences and imputations, praise and abuse, the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*, the gossip of friends and the tattle of enemies, are the means employed for obtaining the

strong effects which historians of another school would have rejected as mere tinsel glare and glitter. The personal flavour, the evidence of strong partiality and of unsparing enmity, thus imparted to a work, is of the relishing kind that stimulates the reader's palate, but it partakes in no degree of the precious essences which embalm the personages of the past for the students of the future.

Everybody who read Mr. Kinglake's former volumes—and everybody did read them—agreed in thinking them interesting, brilliant, and attractive. The style, not always accurate, was at once careful and lively. The lamp that had for so many years shed light upon his work had imparted none of its fatal odour. The union of finish and ease was all the more remarkable since the labour appeared to have been chiefly bestowed not on sifting, composing, and condensing the materials, but on the structure of the sentences, the pointing of epigrams, and the heightening of effects. It is quite conceivable that an historian, after bestowing vast labour on ascertaining facts and investigating authorities, may still be enabled, chiefly indeed as a consequence of the confidence and certainty thus attained, to spend but a comparatively brief time on the composition, and that thus, however long the period of preparation, he may bring his work to light with the sparkle still on its surface. But here most of the patient industry had been bestowed in brightening the lights and deepening the shadows, in bringing this or that incident into more telling relief, in twisting the facts to suit a purpose; and yet the air of freedom and facility had been perfectly preserved. And along with grace of style it had other elements of popularity. Two prominent objects had been specially selected for attack and dealt with after a fashion that might suggest, according to the sympathies of the reader, extreme courage, or reckless aggressiveness. One of the foes thus selected was the 'Times' newspaper, the other the Emperor of the French. The great journal was described as the property of an unscrupulous company composed of country squires and widows. Who these rural potentates and bereaved females might be was not revealed, and, in the absence of particulars on these points, many well-informed people believe the whole idea to be one of those singular hallucinations to which the writer is evidently subject. Whatever the grounds for the assertion, Mr. Kinglake, however, evidently enjoyed the exercise of the combat, belabouring the squires and widows with great zeal and persistency, while the world looked on amused to see the champion doing such vigorous battle with his shadowy foes. But it was for the French Emperor that he

reserved his special store of invective. With a degree of caricature that rendered the picture, if less authentic, yet far more amusing than an honest portrait, the monarch was painted as a grotesque Mephistopheles, wily, base, grasping, sanguinary, and cowardly. The bare idea of Louis Napoleon seemed to enrage the author as the wooden admiral which resembled Kit Nubbles roused Mr. Quilp to fury; at the mention of the hated name he appeared to lay aside the pen, seize the poker, and deface his adversary's image till he was exhausted. This was found highly entertaining; and when it was known that the historian was keeping two noble lords, of sensitive and excitable temperaments, like rats in a cage, ready to be worried, public curiosity was greatly stimulated. It is true there were a good many people who questioned the expediency of encouraging such attacks, and who were disposed to side with the rats; but there were also many more who looked forward with pleasure to the promise of sport thus afforded, and who might indeed have pleaded, in justification, that their enjoyment entailed no serious injury on the victims, since it did not appear that the French Emperor had suffered in the least by the severe treatment of which he had been the subject;—

> 'Never was heard such a terrible curse,
> But what gave rise
> To no little surprise,
> Nobody seemed one penny the worse.'

If Mr. Kinglake was an unsparing foe, he had also shown himself an unflinching friend. He devoted no less pains and no less of imagination to the portraiture of his demigods than of his demons. In introducing the two Generals of the Allied Armies, he had, it is true, announced that he should depict Lord Raglan's faults as freely as his merits. But as this programme was never put in practice, it may have been intended merely to render the subsequent absence of all censure a piece of delicate flattery, implying that even so impartial a writer as himself could find nothing but praise for Lord Raglan; and, accordingly, he endowed him freely with attributes such as historians have generally been slow to ascribe to any but the greatest generals. Everybody who knew that kind and courteous nobleman must have desired to find him mentioned in the history of the war with respect and affection. To have touched gently on his failings, to have dwelt more on his excellent qualities as a man than on his deficiencies as a leader, would have been not only graceful but just. But his best friends could hardly have thought that, by ascribing

impossible qualities to him, his memory would be the better honoured. At no period of his life had he held an independent command of any kind. He had been a confidential and trusted associate of the great Duke, but the confidence and trust had not been of a sort to educate him for the conduct of an army in the field. Since he had seen war forty years of office life had passed over his head. Children unborn at the time of Waterloo had grown to middle age while he was acting as a military secretary at the Horse Guards, where every year of mere pen and ink inevitably added its blurs and blots to the mental record of his Peninsular experience. Nobody who has any acquaintance with the duties of his official position can suppose that they formed, even in a remote degree, a suitable preparation for a command in war. Yet Mr. Kinglake gravely asks us to believe that all this time Lord Raglan's generalship had been ripening like a bin of claret or a winter apple; that at the age of sixty-six he could look back over the vista of forty years of town and country life, and recall with such effect the martial experiences of his youth as to be at once fitted to lead hosts, to awe subordinates, and to control colleagues. Associated with men who, whatever their demerits, had considerable and recent experience in war and in command, he is represented as showing himself always their superior, and maintaining what Mr. Kinglake calls 'his ascendant,' whether he gives or declines to give them the benefit of his opinions. His faculty for estimating the capabilities of ground, and 'that 'instinctive knowledge of country which was one of his na-'tural gifts,' cultivated for half a lifetime in St. James's Park or the hunting-fields of Badminton, enables him to discern on a battle-field things hidden from his purblind colleagues. The critical moments, so fleeting and so rarely caught, except by the most gifted commanders, are seized at once by the ex-military secretary. Whether Mr. Kinglake ever persuaded anybody but himself of the truth of all this we do not know; but there were certainly vast numbers of readers of his former volumes whose opinions were not in the least affected by his extravagant encomiums. No eye but that of imagination or of faith ever detected in Lord Raglan all the qualities which his eulogist ascribed to him. He had been selected for the command for obvious reasons. The war was to be undertaken in concert with a sensitive and jealous ally whom it was important to keep in good humour, and Lord Raglan possessed in his rank, his manners, his easy temper, his familiarity with the French language, and his long official experience, so many guarantees for the maintenance of cordial relations. It was so

long since we had been engaged in a considerable war, that our generals were all old men, and, in the absence of any of great military reputation, we were only following what seemed a safe popular tradition in falling back on the survivor of a famous and successful military epoch. All that Mr. Kinglake says of Lord Raglan's imperturbable courage in action, and his patience in difficulty, all that he says of his urbanity and good heart, is well deserved. He was a man who probably never had an enemy. But he had what is as bad or worse—a very injudicious friend. To bring into strong light his military errors—to exhibit him as refusing to concert measures with his colleague on the eve of battle, or engaging in a Quixotic enterprise within the enemy's lines, while his army was left to direct itself, was to do no small injury to his memory; but when these errors were lauded as great strokes of military policy, subsequent praise from the same source became futile, since all confidence in so eccentric a panegyrist was lost. It was, therefore, with more expectation of finding such pleasant reading as careful and clear descriptions and animated narrative can afford, than of obtaining valuable comments on the personages or operations of the campaign, that we took up the continuation of the chronicle.

These volumes, like the others, rely for their effect not so much on the relation of facts as on the point of view from which those facts are treated. Everything is told, as an advocate would address a jury, with a view to somebody's triumph or somebody's conviction. Thus, on the first page we learn that,

'With the sanction of his chief, General Airey placed our infantry for the night in a line of columns on the heights, with the artillery in rear of each column; and the disposition of these two arms had been so contrived that, although the artillery was covered, yet at any moment, and without there being any need of moving the infantry, the guns could be rapidly brought to the front, and placed in battery between the columns. In this order, and having a portion of the cavalry covering the rear, with the rest of our horsemen on its left flank, the English army bivouacked for the night.

'When General Martimprey learnt that this plan had been adopted by the English, he was so well pleased with it that he resolved to advise a like disposition of the French army.' (Vol. iii. pp. 1, 2.)

This is intended to convey, and possibly may succeed in conveying to some readers, the idea that some invention and sagacity were implied in this particular arrangement. But no soldier can without a smile find so obvious and inevitable a disposition described as a contrivance worthy to be admired and

imitated by French generals. And even as a matter of fact, Mr. Kinglake's statement is only partially correct; for the batteries of the First Division were, at the close of the battle, so far in advance of the line as to be unprotected, and, at the instance of their commander, a small detachment of the 23rd Regiment was posted in front of them. Then we are told that the Russian prisoners and their English guard were left without food and water for many hours, till Mr. Romaine's humane exertions procured, and distributed to them a supply of biscuit and water. The historian expresses great indignation at the neglect, but not finding it convenient to say who was really to blame, he calls off the reader's attention by a flourish in another direction:—

'Happily,' we are informed, 'there was a man at Headquarters whose sense of honour and duty was supported by a strong will, by resistless energy, and a soundness of judgment and command of temper rarely united with great activity. Romaine came to know that these poor wounded Russians were lying untended, and he judged that, unless they were cared for, there would be a lasting blot upon the honour of the English name. An officer of the common stamp who had got to be possessed with such a feeling would have cheaply discharged his conscience by making a communication to Lord Raglan, or some other "proper authority." It was not so that the task was passed on, and got rid of.' (Vol. iii. p. 6.)

It may occur to readers that this comprehensive summary of Mr. Romaine's mental and moral qualities might have been reserved for some future biography, and that neither truth nor good taste required that 'officers of the common stamp' should be quoted for the purpose of depreciatory contrast. According to our experience, he must be an officer of a very uncommon stamp who, knowing of such a scene of suffering, would abstain from applying any remedy in his power. And in point of fact, Mr. Romaine was aided in his exertions by two British medical officers who devoted themselves to the service.

These passages, however, are of slight importance except as indications of the tone and spirit of the writer. More important questions into which we shall follow him are the operations of the armies and the motives that inspired them. The reader is of course prepared to find that the French generals could do nothing right, and the English general nothing wrong. St. Arnaud, 'formerly Le Roy,' continues to misconduct himself as incorrigibly as ever during the few remaining days that intervened between the battle of the Alma and the death-bed which, as we are darkly given to understand, was not, in a religious point of view, particularly edifying.

First in order among the delinquencies which he had still time to commit comes the omission to attack the north side of Sebastopol, which Mr. Kinglake discusses with all the animus of a strong personal interest, vigorously denouncing the failures at that and other periods of the operations to deliver an immediate assault. If his comments were applied to events still in course of being enacted; if we who read them were still chafing under the disappointment of being committed to a long and doubtful siege when a bold dash might have finished this important act of the drama at a blow, they would come with formidable force. But whatever the faults or blunders that kept the army all those dreary anxious months before Sebastopol, we have the consolation of knowing that the prolongation of the struggle at that point ended a war which might else, for aught we know, be still unfinished. Nowhere else was Russia so vulnerable, nowhere else would her vast resources have been so ruinously wasted in defence as at the southern extremity of the Crimea. So exhaustive was the conflict which drew her men and material from the heart of the empire across roadless wastes, to so distant a region, that she has scarcely even yet recovered from the losses it entailed. Mr. Kinglake's censures, therefore, like all blame cast on failures which have had a fortunate result, must of necessity lose much of their effect, and failing to rouse strong indignation or regret, can fulfil no other purpose than that of pointing examples and warnings for the future.

His account of the matter is that Lord Raglan, in accordance with the general spirit of the enterprise and his own rooted conviction, had, on the day after the battle of the Alma, complying with the suggestion of Sir Edmund Lyons, pressed the French Marshal to advance at once across the Belbek and assault the forts on the north side of the harbour of Sebastopol. St. Arnaud refused, saying that his troops were tired, and that the enemy had thrown up works at the mouth of the Belbek which were only to be forced at a greater loss than the army could afford. On the 22nd Lord Raglan renewed his proposal, which was again rejected. Mr. Kinglake says that thereupon 'the expedition was in danger of coming to an end.' 'I have 'never learnt,' he says, 'that the Marshal proposed any alter-'native plan.' The authority for this is, not anything that Lord Raglan ever wrote on the subject, for Mr. Kinglake confesses that none of his letters or despatches disclose his opinion—not anything that St. Arnaud either wrote or said—but a 'memorandum of a conversation held with Sir Edmund 'Lyons, which was made by Mr. George Loch, February 10,

'1856, and approved as accurate the same day by Sir Edmund;' that is to say, rather more than a year and a half after the occurrence of the events to which it related. 'The moment,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'he found himself encountered by this 'sudden recusancy at the French headquarters, he sought and 'perceived a way by which his continued persistency in the 'enterprise against Sebastopol could be made to consist with 'St. Arnaud's refusal to go on and attack the north forts'—that way being to march round to the south side. All this is related in Mr. Kinglake's second chapter. But on arriving at the fourth chapter, the reader, duly indignant at the Marshal's recusancy, and lost in admiration at the ready inventiveness with which Lord Raglan met the difficulty, may be surprised to learn that 'at the time of the earliest deliberations on the 'subject, Lord Raglan had been disposed to think that Sebas- 'topol ought to be attacked on the south side'—and that Sir John Burgoyne's opinion to the same effect 'was known to his 'chief,' who 'on the morrow of the battle on the Alma, 'requested Sir John to put his opinion in writing,' and sent him to propound the plan of the flank march to Marshal St. Arnaud. And in a private letter of September 28, Lord Raglan, speaking of Sir John Burgoyne's memorandum respecting the flank march, says, 'the Marshal did not very 'readily adopt the idea in the first instance; but when he 'found that the mouth of the Belbek was commanded, and 'that strong works were erecting in front of Fort Constantine 'which would impede the use of the river, he assented without 'hesitation.' It is either singularly candid or singularly imprudent of Mr. Kinglake to quote extracts so subversive of his own theory; but this is only one of many instances in which, after expanding some huge balloon of conjecture, he is impelled by some perverse fate himself to poke a hole in it. The extracts show that the project of attacking the south side had been contemplated from the very first, and the inferences that Lord Raglan coincided with Sir John Burgoyne, that they pressed the plan on Marshal St. Arnaud, and that he did not fall into it at once because he still had some intention of assaulting the north side, from which he was diverted by the discovery of the new works there, would be such as even Mr. Kinglake could scarcely have resisted but for Mr. Loch's memorandum. All his conclusions depend on this document, and the earlier chapters of the first of these volumes, deprived of its support, would collapse into a few pages. Now not only would it in itself have needed collateral evidence to give it authority, but it is, as we have seen, inconsistent with

facts quoted by Mr. Kinglake himself—it has received positive contradiction in an important particular to which we shall advert later—and Sir John Burgoyne in a letter to the 'Times' of June 30 last, says, as to an assault on the north side—

'Lord Raglan never consulted me on the subject, nor do I believe he ever entertained the idea. . . . I greatly doubt the fact of Lord Lyons having proffered such advice to Lord Raglan. In their relative positions it would have been very unbecoming, and it requires better authority than the report of a private conversation to substantiate so improbable a statement.'

So we think; and it is infinitely more incredible that Lord Raglan, when the question was that of directing an attack of the land forces on a fortified position, should have taken the opinion of a subordinate officer of the fleet, neglecting at the same time to say a word on the subject to his chief engineer, than that Sir Edmund Lyons, after so long an interval, should have given an incorrect version of a matter in which he had a strong bias, and should have inferred concurrence on Lord Raglan's part to an extent which did not exist.

But the amount of delinquency attributed to Marshal St. Arnaud is by no means summed up in the mere refusal to assault, for that carried with it other consequences, as we learn, besides the flank march. 'When by persisting in his 'refusal,' we are told, 'the Marshal constrained the Allies to 'entertain a measure involving the abandonment of the western 'coast, he drove them to an alternative which still further 'lengthened the halt.' They remained on the field of the Alma two days after the battle, instead of at once pushing their success. If they had continued to base their operations on the coast north of Sebastopol they could, we are informed, in advancing, have left only a detachment to take care of and to embark the wounded. But if they should determine to abandon that coast, then they could not venture to leave on the field an isolated detachment, and the whole Allied army must be detained to cover the operation. Marshal St. Arnaud caused the flank march, and the flank march caused the detention. 'The hinderer,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'was Marshal St. 'Arnaud.' But the map shows that the army, while acting from the north coast against the north side of the town, would have covered the field of the Alma only from an attack coming from the side of Sebastopol. Against an attack coming from other points it could have afforded to the isolated detachment no protection. Now the Allies had not only no right to suppose that that was the only direction from which an enemy

could come, but there was good reason to suppose otherwise. For in a subsequent page we are told that Prince Menschikoff, while retreating from the Alma, 'proposed to take up such a 'position in the country of the Belbek as would enable him to 'menace the left flank of the Allied army whilst engaged (as 'he assumed that it presently would be) in attacking the Star 'Fort, and at the same time allow him to communicate freely 'by his rear with the great road through Baktchi-Serai to the 'interior of Russia.' And again when the army had got to the Belbek, 'If it could have been taken for granted that the 'troops which retreated from the Alma were still a coherent 'army, there would have been no reason why the morrow's 'dawn should not show Prince Menschikoff coming down in 'force upon the left flank of the Allies and threatening to roll 'up their line.' This being the case, the field of the Alma was equally exposed to an attack from that quarter whether the Allies did or did not undertake the flank march; and if the Allied generals were influenced in their plans by the belief that the Russians could only approach the Alma from Sebastopol, they were inexcusably wrong. But we see no reason to impute the error to them; it is, we imagine, solely the offspring of Mr. Kinglake's meditations on the strategy of the campaign.

We will now follow the historian into his reasons for thinking that the enterprise against the north side was feasible. That he had no manner of doubt on the subject was shown by an assertion in a former volume, reiterated in one of those now published:—'I said that the victory of the 20th September 'gave Sebastopol to the Allies, on the condition that they 'would lay instant hands on the prize.'

Now, after deducting the losses in the battle, the Russians had still 60,000 men in Sebastopol, and a large reinforcement at no great distance; their supply of great guns and ammunition was inexhaustible; their position north of the harbour was strengthened by fortifications armed with artillery. The approaching enemy were likewise about 60,000 strong; they had only field artillery; but at hand, on board ship, they had a siege-train provided for the express purpose of balancing the well-known resources of the Russian arsenal. It is obvious that he who undertakes to blame the Allies for not delivering an instant assault, and who represents it as a measure obviously easy and certain of success, must be prepared to give good reasons for ariving at a conclusion apparently so inconsistent with the premisses. Mr. Kinglake's reasons are scattered among his assertions in a way that renders them somewhat difficult to arrive at, but

briefly summed up they stand thus:—The beaten army was thoroughly cowed, and having no hope of successfully resisting an attack, had retired to the south side. The troops allotted for the defence of the Star Fort and the neighbouring works were only 11,000 in number, and badly armed. The defensive works swept only in part the ground over which the troops must have advanced to the assault; they were imperfectly finished and armed, and were exposed to the fire of the Allied fleets. Though it was true there was no harbour on the north side which could be relied on as a base, yet that was a condition applying to the whole enterprise from the moment of landing, and one which rendered it only more imperative to seize on the harbour of Sebastopol as soon as possible. Finally he tells us, as a matter beyond dispute, that the success of the assault would have been decisive of the campaign, since by seizing the north side, the army could proceed at once to burn the shipping in the harbour and force the town with its arsenal and dockyard to surrender.

If Mr. Kinglake's picture of the disorganisation of the Russian army, and the general despair of resisting the coming foe which prevailed in the garrison, is correct, it is very disgraceful to them. Menschikoff, desirous only of keeping out of harm's way, had transported his troops to the south side, and was meditating withdrawal to a still safer distance. Korniloff was in a state of heroic despair and thought only of dying at his post. Nachimoff's mental plight was that of a frightened old woman. The advance of the Allies was to be the signal of retreat; and the loss of the north side was to be followed by the destruction by the Russians of their fleet and the immediate abandonment of the town with its arsenals and dockyards. The state of feeling was such as prevails among those who are absolutely at the mercy of the foe. Such is the shameful picture of the garrison that even then was beginning the first steps of a defence which was to render it illustrious. That such a panic should have existed is almost incredible. The defeat on the Alma was not a rout. The Russians had made a fair stand; in parts of the field they had fought with all the determination which is part of their military character; when compelled to give way, they had gone back fighting as they went, and the victors saw nothing to warrant the belief that they were making other than an orderly retreat, which was not pressed beyond the immediate precincts of the field. Consequently the Allies could have no reason to suppose that the north side would not be defended by numbers adequate to the extent of the ground, and even a close reconnoissance

would have failed to ascertain the actual force of an army sheltered from view by trenches, fortifications, and ravines. The Star Fort, placed on a commanding height, and supported by other works, is underrated by Mr. Kinglake,* who accepts Todleben's views on the subject. Todleben is by no means an impartial witness; he is evidently desirous to show how desperately defenceless was the state from which his efforts raised Sebastopol; and even if his bias were not apparent, no authority can suffice to disprove the fact that the assault of a permanent work, armed with artillery and flanked by other works, without the previous establishment of suitable batteries to reduce its fire, must always be a doubtful operation, and that a position thus crowned is indefinitely increased in strength. Yet even as an auxiliary to the defence, Mr. Kinglake decries it. 'The weakness of the Fort itself, *as an aid to defence*, had 'been perceived by the Allies,' he says, referring for proof to Sir John Burgoyne's memorandum already adverted to. But

* It is not surprising that the Star Fort should be undervalued by the authority who, in a former volume, called the insignificant earth-heaps in front of the Russian guns at the Alma 'the Great Re-'doubt,' and who thus lays down the law on a professional matter:—

'Practically—I am not speaking of what might be found in books or in the impressions of formulated people—the word redoubt has two meanings. In its most confined sense it means a work which is not open at the gorge; but in the everyday language of those military men who are not professing to describe in a special and distinctive way, any kind of field-work, whether open or not at the gorge, is commonly called a "redoubt." Like, for instance, the word ship (which may either be used in a very general sense, or else may be taken to designate a three-masted vessel of a particular rig), the word "redoubt" has practically two meanings, one general, the other distinctive. Lord Raglan—the most accurate of men in his language—constantly used the word "redoubt" in its general sense, applying it indiscriminately to works which were open at the gorge as well as those which were not.'

At risk of the mysterious stigma of being classed with 'formu-'lated people'—mysterious, because we never saw the word before, and cannot divine its meaning—we beg to assure Mr. Kinglake that he has here made two errors. 1st. The definition which he gives of a redoubt would apply equally to a fort; and a fort is not a redoubt, but essentially different. 2nd. The word redoubt having a specific meaning, can no more be used to signify field-works in general than any other specific term in fortification—redan, lunette, or what not—and never has been so used, except ignorantly. It may be thought that these mistakes are hard to excuse in the eulogist of Todleben, the censor of Sir John Burgoyne, and the chronicler of a great siege.

Mr. Kinglake misinterprets that document, which asserts something quite different. It says that a powerful support would be given to the position by the Star Fort, 'a permanent 'fortification, though by no means strong *if insulated.*' As to the assertion, quoted from Todleben, that the Allied fleets might have brought their guns to bear on the Star Fort, it is so incredible that we know not how the General could have committed himself to it.

We will, however, go so far with Mr. Kinglake as to agree that, if no other conditions than those he argues on had entered into the question of the assault, the difficulties to be apprehended, though sufficiently formidable, were not insuperable, nor such as to forbid the attempt in an enterprise which was adventurous from its commencement. It had been certainly the hope of the French and English Governments and of their generals, to find it possible to deliver an assault either immediately after arriving before Sebastopol, or after a short bombardment. Nobody in either army dreamed at that time of wintering in the Crimea, and some impatience was expressed when it became apparent that the attack was to be deferred till the movement to the south side should be completed. Had Mr. Kinglake been content with stating so much we should have had no desire to contradict him. But in speaking of success as certain, he leaves out of his calculations the change which had taken place in the conditions of the problem. One grand element in all projects of assault must hitherto have been the active co-operation of the fleets; and that was neutralised by Menschikoff's precaution of sinking some of his ships across the entrance of the harbour. Could the Allied fleets and the Allied armies have mutually supported each other—could some of the ships have engaged the forts, whilst others forced the harbour and attacked the vessels of the enemy—it is easy to imagine that forts and navy, arsenal and town, might have fallen amidst such a storm of fire and din of battle as has seldom reverberated through Europe. But when the sudden closing of the harbour condemned the naval commanders to be little more than spectators of the action, the conditions were essentially changed, and what would have been a promising though arduous enterprise might not unreasonably be regarded as dubious and full of peril.

The sunken ships, then, had seriously affected the prospects of the invaders. But the mere negative disadvantage of losing the co-operation of the fleets by no means expresses the whole of the difficulties under which the Allies would now have

attacked. Moored in the harbour floated securely the remainder of the Russian fleet, their united broadsides (half their armaments) numbering 500 great guns. If only a small proportion of these could be brought to bear on the assailants, they must cause enormous loss. Whether they could be so used for the defence depended, of course, on the configuration of the north shore of the harbour. Ships lying under high cliffs can exercise but small influence on the ground above, and may be destroyed, even by field artillery, without being able to return a shot; as had been exemplified in the case of the unfortunate 'Tiger,' a few months before. But having around them slopes which extend gradually backwards from the water's edge, ships' broadsides would have the same effect as any other batteries of equal power. Now, we find Sir John Burgoyne describing the north side as having 'the approach to the whole 'front subject to enfilade by heavy guns, and the right of the 'position open in flank, and even in rear, not only to the fire 'of several men-of-war, including steamers, in the harbour, 'but to the heights on the side of the town as far as the valley 'of the Tchernaya.' Nor is our knowledge of what the ships could effect only speculative. Any good map of the ground on a sufficient scale shows that the edges of the harbour and slopes of the shore are seldom less steep, generally steeper, on the south than the north side. Everyone who served before Sebastopol must remember how many opportunities were afforded to the ships of playing an important part. From the head of the great harbour, from the head of the inner harbour, from every creek whence they could bear on a scene of action, they swept it with their great shot and shell. Numerous passages from contemporary writers prove the importance of the part they frequently played, but a very few will suffice. 'A steamer with very heavy shell guns and mortars was sent 'up by night,' says the 'Times' Correspondent, 'to the head 'of the creek at Inkerman, and caused much injury throughout 'the day by the enormous shells she pitched right over the 'hill upon our men.' Again he says, 'The heavy frigate which 'has been dodging our batteries so cleverly gave us a taste of 'her quality in the Right Attack again to-day. She escaped 'from the position in which she lay before, where we had laid 'two 24-pounders for her, and came out again to-day in a 'great passion, firing regular broadsides at our battery, and 'sweeping the hill up to it completely.' The author of 'Letters from Head Quarters,' speaking of a reconnoissance of the ground looking on Inkerman, says, 'It was not very 'pleasant work, as the Russians kept up a constant fire on us

'of round shot and shell, from three steamers at the upper end 'of the harbour.' And, of the battle of Inkerman, 'The 'enemy kept throwing up every minute numbers of large shot 'and shell (chiefly 32-pounders), from two Russian steam-'frigates, the Vladimir and Chersonese, placed high up the 'harbour of Sebastopol.' In fact the influence of the ships was restricted not by the nature of the ground, but by the distance of their enemy's lines and troops from the harbour, and on the occasions quoted they were firing at a range of nearly 3,000 yards. But the Star Fort is barely 1,000 yards from the northern edge of the harbour, and would therefore have been within range of the ships even from the opposite shore; still more would all the unfortified ground between the works and the harbour have been exposed to fire. But perhaps the strongest testimony to the effect to be expected from the ships is given by Mr. Kinglake himself, at page 42, where he says, 'In order 'to cover the retreat of the Russians, some of their ships were 'placed in such positions as to be able to sweep with their 'broadsides the slopes on the north of the roadstead.' It must not be supposed, however, that he states this as one of the obstacles to the assault of the north side; in that light he never alludes to the ships. They were to be so considerate as to use their power of sweeping the ground where the Allies should, according to him, have established themselves, only 'to cover the retreat of the Russians.' And it was not the ships only that could so sweep this ground. The opposite shore of the harbour was lined with batteries, some of the guns of which bore on the north side; and the arsenal was stored with heavy artillery, which, posted here and there along the whole extent of the roadstead, would have seen into every part of the position. Such were really the circumstances in which the assault must have been delivered, the assault which Mr. Kinglake tells us was so certain of success. The defences were to be carried, the Allied troops were to establish themselves on the north side, and would have then 'pro-'ceeded at once to execute the main purpose of the in-'vasion by destroying the Black Sea fleet and the naval esta-'blishments of Sebastopol.' Now, even supposing that under any possible circumstances the field artillery of the Allies was capable of engaging the broadsides and batteries of the Russians, it would, in the Star Fort and its dependencies, have been unable to reach with an effective fire even the opposite shore of the harbour, distant from the Fort at the nearest point, 2,000 yards, though itself exposed to the full effect of the long-ranging guns of the enemy. It must, therefore, have

been moved down to the shore to combat the ships and those harbour-forts which afterwards resisted without material damage the cannonade of our line-of-battle ships. Was this the condition of affairs which Mr. Kinglake had in his mind when he wrote the sentence about 'destroying the Black Sea 'fleet,' &c.? But possibly it may be said that both he and his authority, General Todleben, contemplated the establishment of siege batteries for the accomplishment of this part of the programme; and we freely admit that with mortars and long-ranging guns, firing large shell and hot shot, placed in suitable batteries, the ships must have been destroyed. But in all Mr. Kinglake's argument not a word is said about the employment of our siege guns. On the contrary, he scorns the idea of protracted operations, and of dependence on a northern harbour, such as the erection of siege-batteries implies. We ought to have laid 'instant hands on the prize.' However, granting the further large concession that we could without loss of time, and in the absence of a suitable harbour, have found means to destroy the ships, we have still to follow him in the wide step he makes to the destruction of the naval establishment on the other side of the harbour. 'If once,' he says (still of the north side), 'the Allies could make them-'selves masters there, they would be able to deal so heavily 'with the town and harbour of Sebastopol, and would have it 'so completely in their power to burn every ship in the har-'bour, that thenceforth the main object of the invasion might be 'regarded as an object attained.' And again, 'It is clear that 'the capture of the Sievernaya or north side alone would have 'enabled the Allies to attain at once the main object of the 'invasion.' Now, the harbour is, as we have said, 1,000 to 1,200 yards wide. The Russians had at their elbow there an inexhaustible supply of artillery and ammunition. They could have made batteries as fast as we, and armed them ten times as fast. But it is unnecessary to speculate on this point, for a single fact disposes of the question. When the Russians, in September 1855, abandoned the south side, and destroyed the rest of their ships, they retained full possession of the north side down to the water's edge, with all its fortifications and guns. Their position there was infinitely more secure and more formidable than that of the Allies could have been after a successful assault. Yet they could not prevent us from occupying the town and suburb, and dealing with the docks and arsenal at our leisure. Did these things occur to Mr. Kinglake when he was writing his history? If they had, he would surely have found good reason for modifying his very positive

opinions; but then many long chapters of vigorous denunciation must have remained unwritten.

As it would be absurd to praise one general for wishing to attempt an operation which was full of difficulty and of doubtful advantage, and to blame another for wishing to avoid it, so Mr. Kinglake was bound to show that the course he insists on as the right one was easy of accomplishment and of decisive effect. How far he has done this we have endeavoured to show. Our task would have been greatly simplified if he had told us exactly what he conceives the plan of operation should have been. Had he indicated the nature of the successive steps by which the Allies were to seize the north side, establish themselves there, and then proceed to destroy the shipping and cause the town to surrender, we should have had definite grounds on which to agree or dispute with him. But for facts we have only declamation; for plans of arguments only sarcasm, invective, and vague though very positive assertions repeated incessantly and in a variety of forms. To show how curiously apt Mr. Kinglake is to look at facts only from the point of view which is convenient for his immediate purpose, we will, before dismissing this part of the subject, note the manner in which, while ignoring the influence of the Russian naval artillery, he speaks of the aid which our fleets were to render in the assault of the works. Not only were they to stand in and attack the Star Fort (p. 23) and its collateral defences, but he says of two new Russian batteries on the sea-cliff, erected, we are told, 'with the design of keeping off 'the enemy's ships,' that 'they were liable to be destroyed by 'the guns of the Anglo-French fleet.' The Allied fleet is to destroy the Russian batteries, and the Allied batteries are to destroy the Russian fleet. It is as easy to gain, after this fashion, victories on paper, as to win a game of chess played only by oneself. Finally, in order to bring a variety of Mr. Kinglake's conclusions as to ships and batteries into one focus, we will place beside the last extract this other, containing facts regarding the attack which our ships actually made on the coast batteries in October. 'An earthen battery mounting 'only five guns, but placed on the cliff at an elevation of 100 'feet, inflicted grievous losses and injury on four powerful 'English ships of war, and actually disabled two of them, 'without itself having a gun dismounted, and without losing 'even one man.' Now if Todleben's large and elaborate map be correct, as we are sure it is, the two batteries which the Anglo-French ships were to have destroyed in the theoretical assault on the north side, were even higher above the sea than

the earthen battery which did so much damage without receiving any in return. And when we say that the Star Fort was distant 1,000 yards from the coast, we have at least given excellent reasons for believing, in spite of Todleben's authority, that it was quite secure from the fire of the ships.

We have dealt with this matter at some length, not only because it is a main feature in this part of Mr. Kinglake's work, but because the evil to be done by disseminating false notions about war is incalculable. Public opinion is a great impelling influence in a campaign; it is easy to impart to it a rash or false direction; and if a general in command of an army which had just defeated a force covering a garrison town should be possessed with the idea that he must follow up his victory by rushing in, in spite of field-works or great guns, under penalty of being held up to contempt as an example of 'recusancy,' it is plain that the effect might be disastrous or even ruinous. The proper person to decide the question of an assault, under all the circumstances as they present themselves at the time, is the general of the assailing force in council with his chief engineer. His judgment cannot be too cool and unbiassed from without, and such volunteer advisers as Lyons can hardly be too sternly set aside.

Besides the flank march, Mr. Kinglake tells us there was yet another alternative which would have been decisive of the fate of Sebastopol. 'It is General Todleben's judgment that 'at this time the establishment of an Allied force on the road 'to Baktchi-Serai must have brought the campaign to an end.' And from a previous page we gather that the occupation of this road was to be simultaneous with operations against the north side. That the plan has Mr. Kinglake's concurrence we infer from his telling us elsewhere that, although 'it may be 'judged that the most politic mode of conquering the enemy's 'stronghold was by means of field operations carried on upon 'his lines of communication, yet the impatience of the English 'at home was so great, was so closely pointed to one object, 'and was, moreover, so hotly shared by their Government, 'that a resort to any plan of campaign, however wisely con-'ceived, which avoided a direct attack upon Sebastopol, would 'have been almost looked upon as an abandonment of duty.' Now the nearest point at which the Allies could have touched the Russian communications was M'Kenzie's Farm, and that this is the point indicated we infer from his speaking of those 'barren uplands,' the M'Kenzie Heights, as 'precious,' and to be gazed on hereafter by the Great Powers with 'the eyes of 'baffled desire.' Without disputing that the establishment of

a force there, if practicable, would have been a serious inconvenience to the garrison of Sebastopol, we may note that Todleben's own map shows another route from Baktchi-Serai to the Tchernaya, besides that of M'Kenzie's Farm, and not commanded by the M'Kenzie Heights; not so good, but no doubt practicable for troops and convoys. Possibly, therefore, the cutting of the main line of supply would not have been decisive. But however this may be, we will, with respect to the feasibility of the measure, point out that the reduction of a fortress by pressure of this kind must be slow in its operation; that throughout whatever length of time might be necessary to reduce the garrison to straits, the force so established on the road would be separated by a distance of seven or eight miles from the right wing of the army before the Star Fort, and twelve from its base on the Katcha; that the said base was so precarious that a gale of wind from the wrong quarter would render it useless; and that, all the time, the force on the M'Kenzie Heights would have been posted in a thick unexplored wood, accessible only by mountain paths. When we add, on Mr. Kinglake's authority, the fact (adduced, however, for a purpose quite different—namely, to show how dangerous was the flank march which the recusancy of St. Arnaud forced the army to undertake) that 'the Allies, after draining the last turbid 'cupful from M'Kenzie's Farm, would have been condemned 'to bear the torment of thirst,'—we leave him to explain how the position could have been maintained under the stress of such hostile enterprises against their communications and their line as the enemy showed himself capable of undertaking shortly afterwards at Balaklava and Inkerman.

The flank march being, according to Mr. Kinglake's views, altogether chargeable to the French, he depicts its perils in full relief. That it entailed some degree of hazard cannot be denied; it is a condition which not uncommonly attends military operations; but the risk did not consist nearly so much in the chance of an attack during the movement, which might have been sufficiently guarded against, as from the conjuncture which was so near occurring, of the head of the column of march finding a hostile force extended across it; and the great peril actually incurred lay chiefly in the bad arrangement of our troops on the march—bad and unmilitary to an extent which no reader would ever gather from Mr. Kinglake's narrative, nor from his map, which is, in an important particular, absolutely false. He represents the staff and a troop of horse artillery only, as on the road close to M'Kenzie's Farm when the Russians were passing; the rest of the

artillery more than three miles in rear, and well protected by infantry marching close on its flank. Nothing therefore but the staff and the single troop is represented as imperilled by the order of march, which thus appears as much less unsafe and unwarlike than it really was, for it was composed thus:—The batteries of the first division, followed by those of another, twenty-four guns in all, were directed by Lord Raglan himself, at the commencement of the march, to strike into the woodpath. After marching for some time they found their way stopped by the troop of horse artillery halted in front of them. Lord Raglan presently rode up, asking sharply the reason for the halt, and led the way himself. At the time of the collision with the rear of the Russian army the order of march through the thick wood was therefore of this singular kind: first went the General and the staff, then came thirty guns, with their waggons, &c., in long procession; then followed the rest of the army. These facts, recorded by eye-witnesses, should have been known to Mr. Kinglake; but we admit that if introduced by him they would have been sadly at variance with his theory of the military infallibility of the English general. The danger of a fatal blow was imminent—it would have been greatly lessened by the presence of a properly constituted and properly directed advanced guard; and even the fact that there *was* an advanced guard, which had gone astray, only slightly extenuates the fault, since no practised general would ever have sent a great body of cavalry to precede a march through a thick wood, where, far from affording protection, it would have been no less defenceless than artillery. Mr. Kinglake repeatedly and severely censures Menschikoff for neglecting to seize the great opportunity which, what he pleasantly terms 'fortune' stood offering, and for knowing nothing of the movements of the Allies. The reader may perhaps think that when the ridiculous incident occurred of two great armies blundering blindfold against each other in broad day, like ships in a fog, the responsibility did not all lie on one side. It may also occur to him that if the French had marched first, and in such order, Mr. Kinglake's description and map might have been very different.

Happily for himself Marshal St. Arnaud here disappears from the history with the parting offering which Mr. Kinglake lays upon his bier, or he would perhaps have been held responsible for all the coming misfortunes, including the inclemency of the winter. But, still pursuing *à outrance* his ancient enemies the French, the historian occupies himself again, at as great length as before, in representing their new leader

Canrobert as opposing the immediate assault of the south side, before which the Allies were now encamped. In proof of Lord Raglan's desire to attack at once he relies still on Mr. Loch's memorandum. Lyons's, it seems, was again the inspiring voice:—

'But before the day closed, bold counsel was tendered; and it seemed, at first sight, to originate with the vehement sailor whose words had always found welcome at the English Headquarters. Few, however, will believe that, upon the vital question of an immediate assault, the mind of Lord Raglan could have been a blank awaiting the impress which the first adviser might give it; or that Lyons would have urged his own opinion upon others, without first assuring himself that Lord Raglan approved it. On the other hand, it was of great moment that proposals liable to be overruled by the French should not be too closely identified with the name of the English General. There is, therefore, some ground for surmising that the germ of what Lyons proposed may have sprung from his intimate conversations with the Commander of our land forces, and that when he submitted this counsel he was echoing the thought and fulfilling the wish of Lord Raglan. Be this as it may, the recorded fact is that, having made himself acquainted in a general way with the state of the defences which covered the land front of Sebastopol, and concluding them to be imperfect and weak, Lyons urged at the English Headquarters the expediency of an immediate assault. Lord Raglan was of the same mind; but he found himself met by the counter-opinion of Sir John Burgoyne, who remonstrated against the notion of an assault without first getting down the fire of the place by means of heavy artillery. It is the lot of mankind to be blind to the future; and, unless Lyons errs, Burgoyne supported his opinion by arguing that an immediate assault would cost the Allies a loss of 500 men. Another of the arguments used was founded upon a suggestion that the assaulting forces would be exposed to slaughter from the fire of the enemy's men-of-war lying moored in the harbour beneath.' (Vol. iii. pp. 235, 236.)

We particularly call attention to this last paragraph where, at length, the ships are allowed to appear as a formidable item in the defences; and in a previous chapter, describing the state of the south side, he says: 'Ships of war were so placed in 'the creeks that their fire could search the ravines which de-'scended into Sebastopol.' This important element Lyons proposed to neutralise by seizing the position of the Malakoff 'and there establishing a battery which must soon drive off all 'the ships.' Seize the Malakoff! No doubt if that could have been done, and a battery established there, the whole problem would have been solved, for not only the ships, but the whole south side must have been constrained to surrender. But, as field-guns could not have reached the ships and would themselves

have been crushed with the opposing fire, siege artillery must have been landed, covered, and protected by troops—a step which Mr. Kinglake at page 251 treats with such scorn that we need not discuss it. In fact the 'vehement sailor's' advice was about as much to the purpose as it would be in discussing a plan for the conquest of France to say, 'Let us begin by 'taking Paris.' However, two days afterwards he was again at work offering advice in the business which was not his, or, as Mr. Kinglake says, 'gave counsel.' 'The Russians must 'think by this time that we are going to lay regular siege to 'the place. Let them be encouraged in this belief. Send 'numbers of men to the front with pickaxes, or something that 'will look like pickaxes, and make a feint of turning up the 'ground, and then when the enemy, deceived by the sight, 'shall be least expecting an attack, rush in.' Mr. Kinglake gravely tells us that he is unable to say whether Lord Raglan approved the 'stratagem' of the sham pickaxes, which reminds us of nothing so much, in its ingenuous simplicity, as of old Mr. Weller's plans for getting Mr. Pickwick out of prison, 'in a pianner, vun that has got no vurks in it,' or 'dressed up 'like an old lady in a green wail.'

As this is the last occasion on which Mr. Loch's memorandum is made to supply evidence, we will here make some final remarks on it. What Mr. Kinglake would have done without it we do not know. Its appearance must have been as opportune and gratifying as the finding of the missing will which does justice to everybody in the fifth act of a melodrama. That Sir Edmund Lyons did offer officious advice to Lord Raglan on the occasions specified, we do not doubt; neither do we doubt that it was so far tolerated as to induce him, recalling the interview long afterwards, to imagine that it had been acted on. But this is of no moment whatever; the only question of importance which the memorandum opens is whether Lord Raglan proposed, and St. Arnaud and Canrobert successively refused, to resort to an immediate assault. In order to believe this, we must believe also that Lord Raglan, having formed suddenly a design quite different from that which he entertained at the commencement of the expedition, concealed it from his chief engineer; that he then sent that officer to St. Arnaud to lay before him the reasons for adhering to the original plan; that for some unknown reason he suppressed in his own official and private correspondence all evidence of having ever entertained this new design; that when he wrote some days later of the difficulty with which he had prevailed on St Arnaud to adopt the alternative plan of the flank march, he still

suppressed all mention of the design which he had been forced to abandon; and that St. Arnaud also, in his official and private correspondence suppressed all mention of Lord Raglan's proposal and of his own refusal. And as if nothing should be wanting to discredit this only important part of the memorandum, Marshal Canrobert in a letter published by Sir John Burgoyne in the 'Times' of the 7th August last, expressly denies that Lord Raglan ever proposed to him an immediate assault. The reader will probably agree with us that Lord Raglan never did make the proposal, and that neither of the French generals could therefore have rejected it.

Nevertheless, triumphant as if, having made one fact perfectly clear, he was about to demonstrate another, Mr. Kinglake proceeds to explain how infallible of success the assault must have been—how Canrobert and Sir John Burgoyne were quite wrong, and Lyons and Lord Raglan quite right. He jeers at the idea of landing the siege guns, asking what there was for them to knock down? As for the Russian field army, it was between twenty and thirty miles off, and it need scarcely be taken into account. He takes in detail the reasons which the advisers of delay might be supposed to urge—all except one. Strange to say, he once more omits to notice, far less to dispose of, the objection of the fire of the shipping, and appears therefore, once more, as triumphant in that kind of logic which requires for victory the rejection of inconvenient facts. Nor is this the only suppression of what might tell against his argument. At page 135 he tells us that the number of the garrison of Sebastopol on the 20th of September was 31,875 (as he omits to enumerate 1,800 men of the landing battalions, it should have been 33,675). At page 196, after saying that a Taroutine battalion had been left in the place on the 25th, he tells us that 'the strength was about the 'same as it was on the 20th September, except that there were 'now about 2,000 more militiamen, and also some companies 'of sappers, which were not in the place on the 20th.' There were, therefore, at the least 36,000 men in the place.* Yet he repeatedly talks of Sebastopol as, at this time, garrisoned by 25,000 men. Eleven thousand men in buckram gone by a

* Mr. Kinglake's calculations frequently require revision. At p. 129, he says that the total Russian forces in the Crimea at the time of the invasion were 76,375. But he obtains this total by leaving out 5,000 workmen whom he intended to include, and 1,800 men of the landing battalions; while, on the other hand, he counts 1,000 men of the Local Companies twice over, for they were included in the number he assigns to the army. The proper total is 82,175.

stroke of the pen! and to support a pet theory! Naughty Mr. Kinglake. Menschikoff's army is also represented as 30,000 when it was at least 40,000, and was 'hourly expecting 'from the north fresh accessions of strength.'

Pursuing his confident career, he represents the chances of success as diminishing every day down to the commencement of the actual siege when they became small indeed, till 'at length 'came the morning of the 10th of October. If a stranger 'then alighting by enchantment in the Theatre Square, had 'hastened to ask why it was that people on all sides were 'shaking hands and embracing with raptures common to all, 'he would hardly have slaked his curiosity by learning that 'all this delight was the welcome which Sebastopol gave to a 'prospect of being besieged.' The French had made their first trench, and 'it was with unspeakable joy that the garrison 'and the inhabitants received the glad tidings.' Does Mr. Kinglake think his readers have lost their memories? For, what was it that these poor people are represented as rejoicing at? At the commencement of a siege which not only destroyed the garrison many times over, making Sebastopol a hell for eleven months—which not only reduced the city to ashes and dust, and ended in the destruction of the fleet, the arsenal, and the docks—but which for ten years ruined Russia. Stern facts these—but facts count for little with people whose predilections are on the side of theory. But the full extent of the madness of these unhappy jubilants can only be estimated on finding later, that at this time the number of the garrison which thus exulted at being delivered from the terrors of an assault, was 52,000, without counting the sailors on board the ships, and that it was in full communication with Menschikoff's army. (P. 336.)

But now the scene suddenly changes. The Allies having resorted to the absurd step of getting their siege batteries ready were actually preparing to assault—all too late to propitiate their critic. Up to this time all his efforts have been devoted to show how small were the molehills which they took for mountains. But now that they had 'wilfully suffered the 'enterprise to degenerate into a siege,' the molehills undergo a vast change. The space which the garrison had to defend contracts in a remarkable degree, for whereas they were formerly represented as having to occupy four miles of ground

In the next page, enumerating the men in the garrison who had been accustomed to work the machinery and guns, he again omits the landing battalions who, as marines, were of course practised in working naval artillery.

with only 16,000 men after the artillerymen had been deducted, we are now told that 'even from that narrow front a deduction 'would be practicably warrantable, because, towards its flanks 'both east and west, the position of the garrison was so strong 'as to leave no more than a belt some 3,000 yards long as the 'space really likely to be fought for.' This important admission, if made earlier, would further have weakened Mr. Kinglake's case; for let us tell him, whatever the Russian authorities may say, that 16,000 men are amply sufficient to defend, against any force that can assail it, a space of 3,000 yards, fortified with field-works fully garrisoned and armed; whereas he had constantly represented the garrison as too few for the extent of the defences. Menschikoff's army, which was before described as resorting to the 'ugly expedient' of 'evading' or 'deserting' the garrison, is now represented as 'in full ownership' of 'priceless dominion of territory.' Sebastopol, which 60,000 Russians were ready to abandon three weeks before, has become 'the "jewel," the "treasure"—for 'so men called their loved fortress.' The numbers of the garrison are suddenly allowed to assume their full value. But strangest of all, and most worthy of the reader's attention, is the fact, transpiring now for the first time, that 'the Allies, 'if proceeding to assault, might have to incur whilst advancing '. . . the shell and the shot of *ships' guns trained and pointed* '*beforehand from the waters below*'! Mr. Kinglake must repose unlimited confidence in the carelessness of his critics, or in his own powers of persuasion; but probably, after this, it will be deemed unnecessary to expend any more powder and shot on his main argument.

We will in a few plain sentences give our view of the course of the campaign. At the time when it was planned, no accurate information existed either of the Russian forces in the Crimea, or of the defences of Sebastopol. It was considered a matter of primary importance that the landing of the troops should be covered by the guns of the fleet. Hence some long low flat piece of coast where many troops and much material could be landed at once was the first thing sought for. But if it should become necessary to resort to the siege train, or to execute protracted operations of any kind, a defensible harbour was indispensable. Now the coast north of Sebastopol showed landing places but no harbours; the coast south of it harbours, but no landing places. Hence, from the outset, a movement to the south side formed a main feature of the plan. When they arrived on the Belbek the question of attacking the north side, no doubt, presented itself. But, beside the permanent

work that strengthened the position, others had been thrown up, and in the judgment of the generals and their engineers siege guns were required to reduce them. Protracted operations were, however, impracticable from the northern coast; and as to an assault, besides the obstacle of the works, there were 60,000 men in the place; and, above all, the barring of the harbour prevented our fleets from co-operating, and left the Russians free to use their ships for the defence. Even had the ground been carried, it was extremely doubtful whether it could be held; and if held, it would not, without the entrance of our fleets, secure the fall of the south side. Thus after losses which must inevitably be severe, the Allies would find themselves with the object of the expedition still unfulfilled, no harbour at their back, the communication with the fleets precarious, and in front and around an enemy whose strength was constantly increasing. Is it surprising that they adhered to their original programme? Arrived before the south side they saw (besides that new and fatal obstacle to an assault, the barring of the harbour) a hundred and fifty guns facing them in earthworks, and the ships' artillery pointed on the slopes and along the ravines; while on their flank and rear hung an army of unknown strength, and which might then have been within six miles of them, since, as they had no troops beyond the Tchernaya, it was impossible to know what might be hidden from view by the woody heights on its farther bank. But the Allies had now a harbour, which before they had not; and they were within reach of ground the capture of which would give them the town, the arsenal, and docks—which before they were not. The contingency of a siege had been contemplated —else why a siege train? 'What was there to knock down?' asks Mr. Kinglake, having just told us that there were a hundred and fifty great guns to be silenced. One of the best justifications of the siege is the fact that on the 17th October the English batteries had silenced all that opposed them, and made frightful havoc in the garrison; and the orders for the assault, which had been issued, would have taken effect, but for the inferiority, increased by the disaster to their magazine, of the French siege artillery. Had the French remained in condition to continue the cannonade, the assault would have been made. And under what different circumstances *now*, when we had powerful and protected batteries to cover a repulse, and a battering train at hand to render success decisive.

Such, in round unvarnished terms, are the circumstances which decided the operations of the war. Dealt with in a different spirit, they might have been the fruitful theme of

eulogy on the daring, perseverance, and fortitude of the army which, having thus invaded an almost unknown theatre of war, defended by numbers superior to its own, persisted, in defiance of odds, of appalling obstacles, of fierce attacks, and of the severities of winter, in fulfilling the purpose of the expedition. They might have been described without the aid of fanciful theories, of inordinate praise or inordinate censure of anybody concerned, and they would have possessed the simple but inestimable advantage of presenting a true picture. But how tame in any hands, except those of a great historian, would that picture have been, compared with the highly-coloured work of Mr. Kinglake, with his hatred of the French, his intemperate zeal for Lord Raglan, his unwearying advocacy of his own theories, and his incessant onslaughts on opposing facts! As a writer who makes it his business to interest and amuse as large an audience as possible, he probably chooses his course rightly. Multitudes of careless readers will share his partisanship and his enmities, will go on trustfully applauding or condemning as he bids them, who might have cared little for a clear and truthful narrative. But those who judge him as an historian will find ample grounds for dissent.

When Mr. Kinglake proceeds to discuss the affairs of the Russians, he still carries with him, as if they were indispensable elements of truthful inquiry, his favouritism and his hostility. Sir John Burgoyne, in his late account of the war, published in the 'Times,' says that there are two opposing parties in Russia on the Crimean question — the party of Menschikoff, and the party of Gortschakoff, to which latter Todleben adheres. Mr. Kinglake declares himself unreservedly of the Gortschakoff faction. He treats Menschikoff very little better than if he were a French Marshal. Now, we do not undertake to be the Prince's advocate—as a tactician he committed many faults, and balanced them by no merits—but he performed strategically two wise and creditable actions. The one was the sinking of the ships, which neutralised the advantage we possessed in our naval superiority, and changed the character of the campaign. The other was the withdrawal of his army from Sebastopol to a point covering his communications with Russia. Whether, in Mr. Kinglake's opinion he did well or ill in doing this, we cannot say. On the one hand he several times asserts that the army could aid the defence better from without than within. On the other hand, he is extremely sarcastic on the operation. He says, 'The 'army had stolen away in the night-time.' He talks of 'the 'instant fall of the place' as 'a natural result' of 'the default

'and retreat of the mere army.' It is 'the evading army;' in departing it resorts to 'an ugly expedient;' 'the garrison 'are left to their fate;' they have a sense of being 'abandoned 'and left for sacrifice.' All this comes with a bad grace from a writer who had before argued that the Allies had it in their power to cut those communications with Russia which it was the object of Menschikoff's movement to preserve. Had the garrison been thrown on its own resources, it would have made a vast difference in its power of holding out if 30,000 additional mouths had shared its supplies. On the other hand, the garrison left in the place being sufficient—and it was far more than sufficient—for defence, additional troops would add to the slaughter, without increasing the strength. And to show the power of the army to damage the invaders, while securing its own communications and those of the fortress, we need only point to the large diminutions which the besieging force underwent to cover its operations and to defend Balaklava; and to the injury which the Russian field-force inflicted on us on the 25th of October, when, by depriving us of the Woronzoff Road, it caused a great part of the disasters and sufferings of that terrible winter.

But if Mr. Kinglake has been hard on Menschikoff, he has made the Russians ample amends in the person of Todleben. 'The General,' we are told, 'honoured the author with re-'peated lengthened and most interesting conversations,' from which Mr. Kinglake says he derived 'immeasurable advantage.' Painting the General's portrait with the large brush and high colour which he employs on these occasions, he lets him share with Lord Raglan the mysterious quality of having an 'ascen-'dant,' a 'great ascendant;' such, indeed, as there is no question that he established over his confiding listener. He seemed to his auditor to be 'one to whom the very labours of fighting, 'and of exterminating the weaker breeds of men, must be an 'easy and delightful exertion of natural strength;' after which we are scarcely prepared to find in the same sentence that 'he 'had joyous, kind-looking eyes, almost ready to melt with 'good-humour, and a bearing and speech so frank and genial 'that people were instantly inclined to like, and, very soon 'after, to trust in him.' In praise of this genial exterminator of weaker men Mr. Kinglake exhausts his vocabulary of eulogy. He is always 'the great engineer,' 'the great volun-'teer,' and he combines the qualities of the most practical man with those of the most commanding genius. Now we desire to speak of Todleben's defence of Sebastopol with all the respect and admiration which so gallant and sustained an achievement

deserves. It was mainly due to his energy and ability that the garrison so long and so doggedly held us at bay. But he is anything but a safe guide on questions relating to the war. A work, still incomplete, being a Russian history of the war in the Crimea, is published under his superintendence, and it by no means increases our respect for him. The practical man can suppress and garble and colour facts to suit a purpose. He can also deliver military opinions so unsound that they would indicate ignorance in one of less reputation. He is anti-Menschikoff to the backbone. He precedes Mr. Kinglake in many of his most flagrant errors. He considers the case of 60,000 men, protected against the assault of an equal number by fortifications and heavy artillery, as absolutely desperate. He blames the other 60,000 for not sweeping them off the face of the earth. He ignores the power of the ships as an element of defence. He says the fire of the Allied ships could have been easily brought to bear upon the Star Fort. He says the capture of the north side would have insured the immediate surrender of the town. He represents the Allies as able to bring 40,000 men to the assault in October, and Mr. Kinglake admits that 'his arguments are in some measure vitiated by 'his errors in attributing to the Allies a greater numerical 'strength than they really had;' saying elsewhere that 'his 'way of dealing with numbers has not led him to an accurate 'apprehension of the relative strength of the Allies and the 'Russians'—an exceedingly tender way of mentioning a false calculation, when it is considered that the calculator had before him authentic records of the French and English forces. And he has put forth meagre and inaccurate accounts of the action of Balaklava and the battle of Inkerman. We imagine, therefore, that the 'immeasurable advantage' which Mr. Kinglake derived from his communications with the General is by no means without its drawbacks. He has written the history of the siege not merely from the Russian point of view, but from the point of view of one particular Russian party, and has thus to the two former mainsprings of his work—zeal for Lord Raglan's reputation and dislike of the French—added a third, which is hardly less questionable, the inspiration of the enemy's chief engineer.

That we have but small space left for discussing the remaining volume is of the less importance, because it is almost entirely occupied with the narration of two incidents which occurred both in one morning, the first of about five minutes' duration, the other of twenty. Nobody but Mr. Kinglake would, or indeed could, have expended on them such minute

and elaborate care, and his friend Todleben disposes of the Charge of the Heavy Brigade in half a dozen lines, which would never lead anyone to suppose that a collision took place at all. Their accounts represent, therefore, the two extremes of faulty description; for, if Todleben's is untrue from compression (or rather suppression), Mr. Kinglake's conveys an equally inaccurate idea of another kind. All who had the good fortune to look down from the heights on that brilliant spectacle must carry with them through life a vivid remembrance of it. The plain and surrounding hills, all clad in sober green, formed an excellent background for the colours of the opposing masses; the dark grey Russian column sweeping down in multitudinous superiority of number on the red-clad squadrons that, hindered by the obstacles of the ground in which they were moving, advanced slowly to meet them. There was a clash and fusion, as of wave meeting wave, when the head of the column encountered the leading squadrons of our brigade, all those engaged being resolved into a crowd of individual horsemen, whose swords rose and fell and glanced; so for a minute or two they fought, the impetus of the enemy's dense column carrying it on, and pressing our combatants back for a short space; till the 4th Dragoon Guards, coming clear of the wall of a vineyard which was between them and the enemy (Mr. Kinglake's plan represents them on the wrong side of it) charged the Russian flank, while the remaining regiment of the brigade went in in support of those which had first attacked. Then—almost, as it seemed, in a moment, and simultaneously—the whole Russian mass gave way and fled, at speed and in disorder, beyond the hill, vanishing behind the slope some four or five minutes after they had first swept over it.

If the reader is desirous of knowing the process by which this rapid achievement is made to fill so large a portion of a bulky volume, a reference to the table of contents will enlighten him, of which we will give a few, extracted here and there, from the enormous list that has reference to the charge:—

'Scarlett's orders to his trumpeter — His advance — Extent to which he was in advance of his men when he reached the enemy—The Russian officer confronting Scarlett—Scarlett sweeps past him and drives into the column—Scarlett in the column—Elliot's encounter with the Russian officer—The three horsemen with Scarlett engulped in the column—Ancient friendship between the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings—Distinguishing characteristics of the two regiments—Temper of the Greys at this time—Unavoidable slowness of the advance at first—Progress of the advance. . . . The din of fighting swelled into the roar of a tumult—Alexander Miller,

the acting Adjutant of the Greys—His voice heard above the uproar of the fight—His shout to the Greys,' &c.

When, to the fact that there are more pages of these marginal references than would have sufficed for a description of the whole business, we add that biographies and sketches of the characters of the principal actors, where they were educated, what they did at school, and so forth, are freely introduced; that the going and coming of every messenger is described minutely; that every conversation is recorded at length, and surmises as to the construction which may be put on everybody's words and deeds copiously interspersed, together with a detailed account of the way in which everybody did everything—how swordsmen delivered cuts and thrusts, or resorted to 'the swift-circling *moulinet*'—how the colonel of one of the regiments used to steer a boat at Eton, and how Mr. Kinglake is led to prefer the word 'melley' to the French *mêlée*, which he thinks 'a mincing substitute,' considering, however, that his own favourite should 'in strictness be spelt "mesley" 'or "masly" (not "medley," a word from another root),' with an infinite deal more of what we fear the irreverent will term twaddle—the reader may imagine what sort of an idea of a swift and short cavalry encounter is left at the conclusion. But indeed there seems no reason why, on the same principle, the charge should not have occupied a couple of volumes to itself, by the introduction of more details of the same kind:—'Pedi-'gree of Scarlett's horse—What Lord Lucan had for break-'fast—Effect of temporary indigestion on Cardigan's temper—'What a private of the Greys said to a Corporal of the Innis-'killings during the charge—Surmise as to the meaning of the 'Corporal's reply'—and so forth.—As it is, the prolix narrative is about as appropriate to the subject as would be an elaborate account of an arrow's flight, or a long-winded description of a flash of lightning; and, in any case, it would be a grievous thing indeed if military historians should often think themselves bound to enter at such length into particular incidents of a campaign.

For the equal minuteness with which the Light Cavalry Charge is detailed there is much more excuse. It has always been a subject of extreme interest in England, and broken up as it was into a number of detached enterprises and desultory combats, a succinct description might fail to convey a true impression of its nature. Undoubtedly, like all the rest of Mr. Kinglake's work, it would have gained immensely by judicious compression, but the description is animated, clear, and accurate in its general view, if not in all its details. His

remarks on the whole action are also temperate and sensible. But, as was to be expected, he glosses over the gross fault which left the Woronzoff Road at the mercy of the first attack, by protecting it only with trumpery field-works far from all effectual support, and the garrisons of which, with their artillery, seemed offered up as a sacrifice to the enemy. And though appreciating the importance of every moment till our infantry should arrive in the plain, he never even alludes to the ready way that offered of bringing them on the field. The First Division, on its march, actually reached the point whence the Woronzoff Road descends from the plateau towards the threatened redoubts, before the Russians captured them. Had it marched down that road, followed by the Fourth, the battle of Balaklava would have worn a very different aspect. But it passed that point, traversing the whole extent of the edge of the plateau, from whence it witnessed the flight of the Turks and the charge of the Heavies, till, by the path of the Col, it descended into the plain, arriving near the captured hills shortly after the Light Brigade had charged. It also witnessed an incident, recorded by one who saw it, but which Mr. Kinglake has failed to notice, though it was at least as important as Adjutant Miller's shout, somebody else's way of performing the '*moulinet*,' or Mr. Kinglake's preference of '*melley*' to '*mêlée*.' Three iron guns of position, in battery on the edge of the plateau, and worked by Turkish men and officers, opened on the rear of the Russian cavalry when it streamed over the hill, struck some men and horses, and put part of the column to flight before the remainder closed with the English.

It is with real and great regret that we have found ourselves obliged in so many instances to dissent, and more than dissent, from the theories which Mr. Kinglake seeks to enforce. That his history should be in many respects no history is a public misfortune. No attempt has been made before in England to give the world an ample and well-considered narrative of the Crimean war, though much valuable material for it has long been in existence. De Bazancourt's work was trashy in style and inaccurate in its facts. Todleben's is meagre, careless, and so very Russian as to be quite untrustworthy. In Mr. Kinglake a volunteer for the service appeared who, without having given proof of ability as an historian, was already favourably known as a writer, who had witnessed the opening scenes of the war, and who had enjoyed considerable opportunities of personal observation and inquiry. As soon as it was known that he had undertaken to write the history

of the campaign, he naturally became the depository of much of the material for the work which lay scattered in public documents, in private correspondence, and in the memories of living actors. He offered, therefore, unusually strong guarantees for the value of this work of national interest and importance, and there was all the more reason to wish that it might be well and thoroughly done, since any other chronicler would be a mere gleaner in the field where Mr. Kinglake had already gathered in the harvest. But, unfortunately, he had equipped himself at starting with certain prepossessions so strong as to sway him uncontrollably whenever he approached some of the most important parts of his subject. That the chronicler of the doings of an allied force should be deeply prejudiced against the army, leaders, and government of one of the two branches of the alliance was a disadvantage of the gravest kind. It was almost equally to be regretted that he should be inspired with immoderate zeal for the reputation of another leader whom nobody (that we know of) had ever disparaged. Conflicting forces like these must have warped the whole fabric of his narrative, even had he endeavoured to control them; but he entirely surrendered himself to them, and his personages and their doings are alike distorted. Out of ancient scandals, and inferences, and surmises he has created a shadowy being whom he calls St. Arnaud; out of conjectural qualities and negative merits another whom he calls Lord Raglan. Unfortunately, too, the men whom he so laboriously misrepresents were not in themselves or their achievements personages of high note, and he has been unable to see that, failing this, nothing but absolute truthfulness of representation could render them interesting to posterity. People still study Pope's description of Atticus because, although a vile slander, it was a slander on a man so eminent as Addison. But nobody will care, twenty years hence, to read a lampoon on St. Arnaud, who will by that time be consigned to the same obscurity as the heroes of the Dunciad. Nor is this manner of treating his characters his only artistic error. He frequently discusses, in the minutest detail, matters which are destitute of historical importance. In his last volume, for instance, he expends a vast amount of space in considering the proportions in which blame is to be divided between Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan in the matter of the Light Cavalry Charge. Possessed with the notion that this is a subject of great moment and of extreme interest, he gravely seats himself in the judicial chair to weigh the evidence and to deliver the decree; and there are few things in literary history more

amusing than the fact that the two generals of cavalry appear to have felt themselves under a necessity to submit their differences on a professional question to this singular tribunal. Though he is evidently quite determined to arrive at an impartial decision, yet his Rhadamanthine zeal for justice seems to have been mixed with some feelings of compunction on witnessing the agitation of the arraigned, insomuch that he tells us how, on one occasion, he 'sought to allay Lord 'Cardigan's extreme anxiety,' although he felt subsequently 'a slight feeling of anger at his persistency.' Besides devoting a supplementary chapter entirely to Lord Cardigan, he gives, in the Appendix, explanatory statements 'laid before Mr. 'Kinglake,' by both noble lords. In our opinion the whole matter, which has not a twentieth part of the historical importance of Lord George Sackville's conduct at the battle of Minden, might properly have been disposed of in a couple of sentences. We protest, too, in the interest of all persons who, by filling public positions, become the subject of historical comment, against the searching scrutiny which Mr. Kinglake directs into the moral, intellectual, and physical peculiarities of the individuals who came under his microscope. That Lord Cardigan was 'at once arbitrary and narrow,' and that Lord Lucan had 'steady haters,' who spoke of him with curses, is not fairly historical matter, any more than that the one had sometimes 'a glittering panther-like aspect,' while the other was 'long in the fork.' Personality on contemporaries is if eulogistic fulsome, and if censorious offensive; and we do not imagine that Mr. Kinglake would be inclined to excuse, on the ground that, by writing history, he had made himself a public character, a picture of himself painted in the style of his own portraits.

We have said nothing hitherto of the literary merits of these volumes, because we have been so much occupied with the prior claims of the facts and comments. The events of the Crimean war, far from being Mr. Kinglake's especial property, belong to the world, and every man who took part in shaping them has far more interest in them than any writer whatever. Therefore it is that we have dealt at such length with the basis on which his superstructure rests, believing it to be utterly unstable, and assuming that he is willing to concede the same freedom of criticism which he so liberally claims for himself. But notwithstanding our frequent and serious dissent, we should be sorry to conclude our review without cordially admitting the extremely readable and entertaining quality of the work. The faults of style, which lie on the

surface, are, without paradox, of an agreeable kind. The odd grandiloquence, and strange phraseology—as for instance, when he describes the machinery for moving guns as 'the engines of 'all kinds by which man enforces his dominion over things of 'huge bulk and weight'—confer individuality on the writing and help to entertain the reader. The patience with which he pursues the minutest details, and the persistency with which he reiterates what he has already more than sufficiently asserted, end by persuading the reader of the writer's profound belief in the truth of his own opinions. There are passages which would of themselves induce us to recommend everybody to read the book—such as the account of the condition of Sebastopol during the bombardment—the picture of the noble antique character of Korniloff—the topographical descriptions of the theatre of war—and many of the comments, such as the observations on the task of selecting generals of cavalry, which are sensible in thought and felicitous in expression. More entertaining than any but the best novels, more graphic than any but the best descriptive writings, it must have, and deserves to have, plenty of readers and plenty of admirers. Possibly if Mr. Kinglake attains to unusual length of days the work may be completed, and such of us as are not already stricken in years may live to read the end of it. But it is also possible that, in the long interval, some book may appear on the same subject, yet written in a different spirit; written by one who will make his theory conform to his facts, and whose convictions will not be founded on his prejudices. Such a work may be far less amusing than Mr. Kinglake's, but it may very easily be a great deal more like history.

ART. V.—*The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. Two Vols. 8vo. London: 1868.

NINE years have now elapsed since the publication of 'The 'Origin of Species,' a mere sketch, or preface, containing the conclusions to be proved in a large work then in course of preparation, with very few of the data on which they were founded. As it was arraigned at the bar of public opinion while most of the witnesses in its favour were absent, we cannot wonder at the verdict of non-proven having been recorded. Mr. Darwin could hardly expect judgment to be withheld for an indefinite time on so important a subject, which he himself brought into court. However, *sub judice lis est.* Mr. Darwin now brings a fresh batch of evidence, but still continues to deprecate any 'hostile conclusion' because of the evidence as yet unpublished, which at the present rate of publication will be finally brought before the world eighteen years hence. By adopting this deductive method, by publishing the conclusions first, and the facts in a piecemeal fashion afterwards, he has made it almost impossible to give a fair decision on the whole of the theory. Nevertheless the 'Origin of Species' has exercised a very marked influence on the study of natural history, not altogether from the views therein advanced being accepted, but because it is in the main an expression of the disbelief in special creations that has been gradually increasing among scientific men, and because it explains, better than any other theory, large and diverse classes of facts. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire in France, and Mr. Wallace in England, had already arrived very much at the same conclusions, and even had Mr. Darwin's book never been written, there can be little doubt but that some similar hypothesis would have sprung up. It must therefore be looked upon not so much as the product of the investigations of one man, as the necessary result of the progress of natural history during the last fifty years.

In attempting to grapple with a most complex and difficult problem Mr. Darwin is worthy of all praise, for he has brought to bear upon it the very highest powers of observation, and has devoted to it the labour of nearly forty years. Nor has he rushed into conclusions without due care and deliberation; step by step he was led on:—

'When I visited,' he writes, vol. i. p. 9, 'during the voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle," the Galipagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean about 500 miles from the shore of South America, I found

myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion-hawk, in the great candlestick-like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other. The archipelago with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava appeared to be of recent origin; and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced: the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent; and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived.'

From his return to England in 1837 up to the present day, he devoted himself to the investigation of the means by which species could be modified, by studying the variation of plants and animals under domestication, and thus he was led to recognise the wonderful results of selection by man:—

'As man can produce and certainly has produced a great result by his methodical and unconscious means of selection, what may not nature effect? Man can act only on external and visible characters: nature cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they may be useful to any being. She can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life. Man selects only for his own good; Nature only for that of the being which she tends. Every selected character is fully exercised by her; and the being is placed under well-suited conditions of life. Man keeps the natives of many climates in the same country; he seldom exercises each selected character in some peculiar and fitting manner; he feeds a long and a short-beaked pigeon on the same food; he does not exercise a long-backed or a long-legged quadruped in any peculiar manner; he exposes sheep with long and short wool to the same climate. He does not allow the most vigorous males to struggle for the females. He does not rigidly destroy all inferior animals, but protects during each varying season, as far as lies in his power, all his productions. He often begins his selection by some half-monstrous form; or, at least, by some modification prominent enough to catch his eye, or to be plainly useful to him. Under nature the slightest difference of structure or constitution may well turn the nicely-balanced scale in the struggle for life, and so be preserved.' (*Origin of Species*, p. 83.)

He observed that in a state of nature more animals were

born than could possibly remain alive, and that in the struggle for life thus rendered inevitable, only the hardier or most favoured individuals could survive to propagate their kind, and thence he inferred that natural selection operating on the principles of heredity and variation in each wild plant and animal was similar in kind to selection by the hand of man; and that species, genera, and orders sprang from the one, just in the same way as varieties, breeds, and races are formed by the other.

In these two volumes on the variation in plants and animals under domestication, delayed, as we regret to learn, by the ill-health of the author, we have the first instalment of the evidence in favour of the mutability of species. They are to be followed by a second work on the mutability of animals in a state of nature, in which the individual differences presented by plants and animals, and the difficulty of defining species from geographical races and varieties, will be discussed, as well as the results of the struggle for existence, and the bearing of natural selection. In a third and last the principle of natural selection is to be tested by its application to widely diverse phenomena, the different modes of life manifested within geological time, its distribution both in past and present time, and the affinities and homologies that it presents. We heartily wish Mr. Darwin God-speed in carrying to its completion this gigantic task.

Before we discuss the relation between varieties caused by the hand of man and species formed under natural conditions of life, it is very necessary to define what is meant by the term species. Has it an objective existence in nature, or is it merely subjective, formed in the human mind for the purpose of grouping like forms together? In answering this question we are reminded of the controversy that raged between the nominalists and realists throughout Europe in the Middle Ages. It appears almost as if the realistic doctrine, driven out of the schools of philosophy, had taken refuge in those of natural history. Linnæus held that not only were species objective but that genus also had a real existence. 'Species tot numeramus quot diversas formas ab initio produxit Infinitum Ens. '. . . Genus omne est naturale in primordio tale creatum.'* Were this view correct there would be comparatively little difficulty in classification, for each species would be perfectly defined from every other, without any of those intermediate forms which are stumbling blocks in the path of rigid systematists.

* Phil. Bot. p. 99. 8vo. Stockholmiæ, 1751.

Linnæus himself perceived that his realistic definition would not apply in all cases, and therefore to get out of the difficulty framed variable genera, such as cacti, primulæ, aloes. Moreover in another work, he gives up the very principle for which he contended by saying 'novas species immo et genera ex 'copulâ diversarum specierum in regno vegetabilium oriri 'primo intuitu paradoxum videtur; interim observationes sic 'fieri non ita dissuadent.'* The state of uncertainty as to what really constitutes a species is proved by the difference in the views of botanists as to the number of known species of plants, the minimum number being given as eighty thousand, the maximum as a hundred and fifty thousand.†

Buffon, on the other hand, reproduces the old Platonic doctrine of an *ἰδέα*:—

'Un individu, de quelque espèce qu'il soit, n'est rien dans l'Univers; cent individus, mille, ne sont encore rien; les espèces sont les seuls êtres de la Nature; êtres perpétuels aussi anciens, aussi permanens qu'elle, que pour mieux juger, nous ne considérons plus comme une collection ou une suite d'individus semblables, mais comme un tout indépendant du temps; un tout toujours vivant, toujours le même; un tout qui a été compté pour un dans les ouvrages de la création et qui par conséquent ne fait qu'une unité dans la Nature.'‡

By 'individuals being nothing' he means simply that they are ephemeral as compared with species, and merely the manifestation in time and space of the *ἰδέα* that is independent of both. We may justly ask of Buffon the same question which the great father of natural history put to Plato, 'How do you know of 'the existence of this *ἰδέα*, this *μέγα τι ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν*?' We can apply our five external senses to the individual, but we cannot bring the test of our experience to bear upon the ideal species; we have therefore no right to assume that the latter has an objective existence in nature. Professor Agassiz follows Buffon in part, in considering individuals to be 'the transient 'representatives of all those organic principles which certainly 'have an independent immaterial existence, since they outlive 'the individuals that embody them, and are no less real after 'the generation that has represented them has passed away.'§ He seems, however, to have failed in grasping the idea of

* Amœn. Acad. vol. i. p. 70. 1744.

† J. D. Hooker, 'Botany of Antarctic Voyage of "Erebus" and "Terror."' 1839–43. Flora of Tasmania. Introduction. 4to. London.

‡ Histoire Naturelle, tom. ix. p. xxi. 8vo. Paris, 1769.

§ Agassiz, 'Methods of Study in Natural History.' Boston, 1864.

species, for at one time he inclines to the realistic view that it is created by God; at another to the nominalistic, that it is a mere 'category of thought.' The Platonic and realistic views are therefore clearly as untenable in natural history as they are in philosophy. How, then, do we get our species? We classify the varying forms of life around us by placing all those individuals that resemble one another in certain points in the same division; the mental abstraction derived inductively from the comparison of the individuals in that division we call a species. In like manner we group species into genera, genera into families; the individual occupying to the species the same classificatory relation that the species holds to the genus, and at the same time being the only entity that has an objective existence. When, therefore, Mr. Darwin contends that variety is an incipient species, and that species, genera, and orders are merely certain stages of descent from some one remote ancestor, he is merely attacking general terms that are the result of an induction formed for our own convenience, and not anything that can be considered sacred and above criticism. For the universally received definition of species as 'a collection of 'similar individuals produced from like parents, and giving 'birth to like offspring,' he merely adds, with Lamarck, 'so 'long as the environment does not alter to such a degree as to 'cause corresponding modifications in their habits, characters, 'and forms.' He does not attempt to overthrow the classification which is universally received, but to attach a different meaning to the general terms employed. Whatever theoretical considerations a naturalist may hold, species must be treated as fixed in relation to the short life of man as well as the higher generalisations, genera, families, orders.

All naturalists are agreed that plants and animals may vary within certain limits. Mr. Darwin in this work shows to what extent this power of variation may be manifested in the domesticated forms. His labours have resulted in a series of monographs on the origin of the breeds and varieties now under the dominion of man, in which he has condensed all the light thrown by history and archæology on a highly difficult and obscure subject.

We will begin with the dog. This animal has been so long the servant of man that its wild source cannot be determined with absolute certainty. According to M. de Blainville, it has descended from a form now extinct; according to M. Buffon, it is probably derived from the jackal (*canis aureus*); according to others, from a modified wolf. The first of these views is probably untrue, because of the wonderful tenacity with which

the various species of the genus *canis* cling to their old haunts in highly cultivated districts. The fox and the wolf, for instance, still abound in Europe, and are among the most cosmopolitan of the wild animals, fitted to endure all the varieties of climate, from the pole to the equator. It is therefore extremely improbable that the early progenitor of our dogs, which exhibit a like elasticity of constitution, should have become extinct. Pallas, followed by Ehrenberg, Colonel Hamilton, and other naturalists, considered that it is descended from several species, because of the great difference between the breeds, and because, in the most ancient period known to history, several kinds existed closely resembling, or identical with, those still alive:—

'On an Assyrian monument, about 640 B.C, an enormous mastiff is figured; and, according to Sir H. Rawlinson (as I was informed at the British Museum), similar dogs are still imported into this same country. I have looked through the magnificent works of Lepsius and Rosellini, and on the monuments from the fourth to the twelfth dynasties (i.e. from about 3400 B.C. to 2100 B.C.) several varieties of the dog are represented; most of them are allied to greyhounds. At the latter of these periods a dog resembling a hound is figured, with drooping ears, but with a longer back and a more pointed head than in our hounds. There is also a turnspit, with short and crooked legs, closely resembling the existing variety; but this kind of monstrosity is so common with various animals, as with the Ancon sheep, and even, according to Rengger, with jaguars in Paraguay, that it would be rash to look at the monumental animal as the parent of all our turnspits. Colonel Sykes has described an Indian pariah dog as presenting the same monstrous character. The most ancient dog represented on the Egyptian monuments is one of the most singular; it resembles a greyhound, but has long pointed ears and a short curled tail. A closely allied variety still exists in Northern Africa; for Mr. E. Vernon Harcourt states that the Arab boar-hound is an eccentric hieroglyphic animal, such as Cheops once hunted with, somewhat resembling the rough Scotch deer-hound; their tails are curled tight round on their backs, and their ears stick out at right angles. With this most ancient variety a pariah-like dog co-existed.' (Vol. i. p. 17.)

Thus there is clear proof of the existence of different breeds closely resembling our own from four to five thousand years ago; and while man was universally considered to be only six thousand years old, this fact was sufficient to prove the multiple origin of the dog, for the one or two thousand years between the Assyrian dynasty and the creation would hardly have been sufficient to produce such marked variations from one original stock. But now modern discoveries in France, Germany, and Britain have shown that man existed on the earth at an epoch

and called by their master wag their tails, crouch, and throw themselves on their backs; they smell at the tails of dogs, and void their urine sideways. A number of excellent naturalists from the time of Güldenstädt to that of Ehrenberg, Hemprich, and Cretzschmar, have expressed themselves in the strongest terms with respect to the resemblance of the half-domestic dogs of Asia and Egypt to jackals. M. Nordmann, for instance, says, "Les chiens d'Awhasie "ressemblent étonnement à des chacals." Ehrenberg asserts that the domestic dogs of Lower Egypt, and certain mummied dogs have for their wild type a species of wolf (*C. lupaster*) of the country: whereas the domestic dogs of Nubia, and certain other mummied dogs, have the closest resemblance to a wild species of the same country, viz. *C. sabbar*, which is only the form of the common jackal. Pallas asserts that jackals and dogs sometimes naturally cross in the East; and a case is on record in Algeria. The greater number of naturalists divide the jackals of Asia and Africa into several species, but some few rank them all as one.'

All these cases are in favour of the truth of Mr. Darwin's conclusion that the dog is not derived from one wild progenitor, but from many belonging to distinct species. The strong resemblance between the domestic and wild Canidæ, both in the Old and New Worlds, can hardly be accounted for by modification caused by both being exposed to the same climatal conditions in the several countries; an hypothesis which must be assumed to be true on the theory of the domestic dogs having sprung from some one wild species.

Whichever of these views be entertained, the free intercrossing in America with the Arctic and prairie wolves and other Canidæ, and in the Old World with the wolf and the jackal, proves the very important fact that the dog, somehow or another, has the reproductive system so profoundly affected as to cause it to breed freely with diverse wild species which have never been known to breed together in a state of nature. There is not a single case on record of a hybrid between a wolf and jackal, although both inhabit the same area in Asia and Africa. The cases of sterility between some dogs and these two animals observed in the Jardin des Plantes have very little or no weight in the argument, because in both cases the animals were kept in close confinement, and because the wild origin of the dog was not ascertained in each experiment. Had a modified descendant of a wolf, such as the Esquimaux dog, been submitted to the jackal, or that of the jackal to the wolf, either less fertility or absolute sterility might be expected to occur, because in both there must exist, in a greater or less degree, the hidden cause of the wolf and the jackal remaining distinct in their wild state. This point has not been noticed by Mr.

Darwin when he infers, from the experiments of M. Flourens and others, that between certain breeds of dogs and some of their supposed aboriginal parents a certain degree of sterility 'has been retained or even acquired.'

The differences between the various breeds of dogs are almost too obvious to need special remark. If, as is most probable, they are descended from different species, the specific form will account to a certain extent for their diversity.

'For instance, the form of the greyhound may be partly accounted for by descent from some such animal as the slim Abyssinian *canis simensis* with its elongated muzzle; that of the larger dogs from the larger wolves, and the smaller and slighter dogs from jackals, and thus perhaps we may account for certain constitutional and climatal differences.' (Vol. i. p. 33.)

In the case, however, of the dogs belonging to civilised communities, free intercrossing has so obscured the original stocks that they cannot be recognised with certainty. By far the greater number of the breeds in civilised countries have been formed by careful selection. We seek in vain for thoroughbred terriers, spaniels, pugs, &c. among savages, because they are the result of the art of the trainer directed to a special end, which in all these cases is that ministering not to the necessity but to the pleasure of man. While man subsisted by hunting, the dog never passed beyond the hunter state; and even long after he took to a pastoral life, as in the case of the Stone-folk living in the Swiss Pfahlbauten, the dog was not trained to any other purpose. The gradual increase, therefore, in the number of breeds, other than those used for hunting, is direct evidence of the progress of man from the hunter state towards the higher forms of civilisation.

The dog presents variations from the ordinary canine type, apart from mere size, form, or colour, which if observed in a state of nature would be considered of specific value. Thus the Turkish or Egyptian dog is naked and possessed of few teeth, which in some cases are reduced to one molar in each jaw; others, again, have more than their full complement of teeth, the supplementary one being developed either in the lower or the upper jaw. Sometimes also there is an additional fifth toe added to the hind foot. These characters have not been rendered constant because man does not care much about them. Had they contributed to his pleasure or profit, as much as the form and fleetness of his greyhounds, the size of his mastiffs, or the stubbornness or ferocity of his bulldogs, they would probably have characterised breeds as distinct from other dogs as the recent hyæna from the extinct hyænodon. The English

pointer and the Newfoundland dog show how completely the form may be altered within a comparatively short time.

'Our pointers are certainly descended from a Spanish breed, as even their names, Don, Ponto, Carlos, would show; it is said that they were not known in England before the revolution of 1688; but the breed since its introduction has been much modified, for Mr. Borrow, who is a sportsman and knows Spain intimately well, informs me that he has not seen in that country any breed "corresponding in figure with the English pointer; but there are genuine "pointers near Xeres which have been imported by English gentlemen." A nearly parallel case is offered by the Newfoundland dog, which was certainly brought into England from that country, but which has since been so much modified that, as several writers have observed, it does not now closely resemble any existing native dog in Newfoundland.' (Vol. i. p. 42.)

The most important inferences affecting the question of selection, that can be drawn from the study of the dog, are, that breeds as widely diverse as species in nature have been formed artificially, and that they cross freely with wild allied species, which will not naturally breed together.

The domestic cat, on the other hand, known more than two thousand years ago by our Aryan ancestors in India, and in Egypt for a considerably longer period, presents but very few variations. This probably is brought about by the continual intercrossing that flows from the habit of nocturnal prowling, which renders it almost impossible to preserve the purity of a breed. It breeds freely with the wild cat (*F. sylvestris*) in North Britain, in Algiers with *F. Libica*, in South Africa with *F. cafra*, in India with *F. chaus*. The mummied cats of Egypt belong, according to M. de Blainville, to three distinct species, *F. bubastes*, *F. caligulata*, and *F. chaus*. Our domestic cat is probably the result of the crossing of the descendants of many distinct aboriginal stocks, which, as in the case of the dog, have not been known to breed together under natural conditions of life.

The parent form, or forms, from which our horses are descended, are not known with certainty; but the fact that in the Post-glacial epoch there were wild horses varying in size throughout Europe and Northern Asia, renders it very probable that the so-called *Equus fossilis* was the original progenitor. The animal first sprang into being in the Pleiocene Age, split off into varieties after the emergence of Europe from the glacial sea, and became the servant of man in the Neolithic or later Stone Age, during which two varieties were used by the dwellers in the Pfahlbauten. Since that time the varieties

have gradually been multiplied, and the forms altered, by the care and attention of man. Like the dog, the horse can stand all the extremes of temperature and is spread nearly over the whole world.

'Aboriginally,' Mr. Darwin sagaciously observes (p. 53), 'the horse must have inhabited countries annually covered with snow, for he long retains the instinct of scraping it away to get at the herbage beneath. The wild Tarpans of the East have this instinct, and as I am informed by Admiral Sulivan, this is likewise the case with the horses which have run wild on the Falkland Islands; now this is the more remarkable as the progenitors of these horses could not have followed this instinct during many generations in La Plata.'

This very remarkable habit adds to the probability of the post-glacial origin of the domestic horse, which ranged through just those countries, in Europe and Asia, which were annually covered with snow. It is an open question whether the mouse-coloured horses still inhabiting the North Asiatic Steppes are the wild descendants of the aboriginal stock, or the descendants of runaways from man, as in America and Australia. Most naturalists incline to the latter opinion. The last notice of the wild horse in Europe is found in a remarkable list of graces of the Abbey of St. Galle, written between the years 980 and 1036:—

'Sit feralis equi caro dulcis in hac cruce Christi.'*

But in this case also there is no evidence of this horse not having been descended from a runaway. On the whole Mr. Darwin's conclusion from the study of the colour of different domesticated breeds is probably true:—

'The similarity in the most distinct breeds in their general range of colour, of their dappling, and in the occasional appearance, especially in duns, of leg-stripes, and of double or triple shoulder-stripes, taken together, indicate the probability of the descent of all the existing races from a single duncoloured, more or less striped, primitive stock, to which our horses still occasionally revert.' (P. 61.)

The horse in the service of man presents great and deep-seated variations from the equine type. In Paraguay, individuals are occasionally born with crisp woolly hair and short manes and tails, and hoofs shaped like those of the mule. Sometimes there are eight incisor teeth instead of six, at others an additional rib is developed. According to M. Gaudry they

* Benedict. ad Mensas Ekkehardi Monachi Sangallensis (Du Chesne), line 83.

sometimes possess a trapezium, and a rudimentary fifth metacarpal, structures normally developed in the foot of the Hipparion, which is considered by that eminent naturalist to have been the Miocene ancestor of the horse.

The domestic cattle of Europe beyond all doubt have descended from at least two distinct wild forms—the gigantic urus quoted by Cæsar as being of a size little less than that of an elephant, and the small short-horn, *Bos longifrons*. Mr. Darwin, following Nillson and Rutimeyer, adds to these a third —*Bos frontosus*—which we cannot admit because it passes by insensible gradations gradually into the latter of these two animals. The urus boasts a far higher antiquity in Europe than the short-horn. During the Pleiocene epoch it dwelt in France and Italy, and before, as well as after, the Glacial period it was abundant in Britain. On the main land of Europe it was very numerous both in prehistoric and historic times, while in our own country insulated from the continent at the close of the Pleistocene epoch, it was exposed to exterminating causes that did not exist in the far larger area of the European mainland, and consequently it became very rare, and most probably was extinct as a wild species several centuries before it was driven away from the Hercynian Forest and the banks of the Danube. The first evidence of its domestication is afforded by the remains discovered in the pile-dwellings of Switzerland, which prove that before the use of bronze was known in central Europe, there was not only one domestic form but several varieties, probably formed by crossing. Thus in the Stone Age, the men who were the first to introduce the use of the dog and the horse into Europe, gave their attention to the breeding of cattle and to the formation of varieties. The wild animal, however, held its own ground in the forests of Switzerland and Germany, at least down to the tenth century, for it is mentioned in a vivid description of a great hunt held by Charlemagne in honour of the advent of the Persian ambassadors, as charging the Emperor, tearing his hose, and putting his suite to flight.* In Switzerland the monks of St. Galle returned thanks to God for its flesh as late as the eleventh century. At the close of the eleventh century it is mentioned along with the elk as being met with on the route through Germany taken by the first Crusade. For four centuries after this no mention is made of the animal, and if not extinct in Germany it must have become very rare.

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* Monachi Sangal[illegible] ii.; de Rebus Bellicis Caroli Magni, folio (Du Chesne

In regard to the second source of our domestic cattle, *Bos longifrons*, Mr. Darwin adopts Professor Owen's error, in ascribing to it an antiquity in Europe as far back as the time of the woolly mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct forms. That this view is untenable has amply been proved in the 'Quarterly Geological Journal' for 1867. The animal up to the present time has been found in no geological formation older than the comparatively modern alluvia and turbaries. Like the urus, the first evidence of its domestication is afforded by the remains found in the Swiss Pfahlbauten, belonging to the Stone Age. Throughout the ages of Bronze and Iron it was the principal food of the dwellers in France, Germany, Britain, and Italy. It is commonly associated in Britain with human remains of a date anterior to the coming of the Saxons. The tumuli studding the downs of Wiltshire are full of its bones, which occur almost universally also in the hut circles or dwelling places of the period. Around Roman stations and cities it is found in far greater abundance than any other animal, and especially in London and Colchester (Camulodunum). It must, therefore, have formed the principal part of the food of the coloni throughout the length and breadth of Roman Britain. Its sudden disappearance from all the parts of our country conquered by the Saxons is of very high historic interest, because it corroborates the view taken by Mr. Freeman, that the Saxon invader extirpated as far as he could everything Keltic and Roman. Along with the Kelt the animal was swept away, or so crossed and altered by the infusion of new blood in all parts of Britain that were conquered, that the type is only now to be found in the small black cattle of Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland, or exactly those parts whither the Keltic provincials fled for refuge. From the Saxon invasion the larger breeds of cattle begin to appear, most probably because the Saxons imported oxen from their old homes between the mouths of the Rhine and Jutland, which, according to Rutimeyer and Nillson, are descended from the great urus.

Mr. Darwin in treating of the selection of trifling characters by man, falls into a curious mistake:—

'With respect to cattle, an early record, according to Youatt, speaks of a hundred white cows with red ears being demanded as a compensation by the Princes of North and South Wales. If the cattle were of a dark or black colour a hundred and fifty were to be presented. So that colour was attended to in Wales before its subjugation by England.' (Vol. ii. p. 209.)

This passage by no means proves that the Welsh paid parti-

cular attention to colour from motives of taste, but simply that they kept two breeds of oxen, the one the small black *Bos longifrons*, the other a much larger animal of the urus type, and closely allied to the Chillingham cattle. The possession of white bodies and red ears merely implies that the larger animals were to be sent, and not the smaller and less valuable.

It is not known with certainty whether *Bos longifrons* is indigenous in Europe, for there is no proof that the alluvia and turbaries, in which its remains occur, had been formed before the advent of the pastoral neolithic race of men. As, however, there never existed any European stock in a fossil state from which it could be derived, and as in that respect it is closely allied to the sheep and the goat, which are acknowledged to have been imported, it was probably introduced into Europe from that great pastoral district in the temperate zone, which Professor Draper terms 'the pathway of the nations,' and subsequently relapsed into a feral state, like the oxen and horses in America and Australia.

Mr. Darwin's inference, that the ancestors, whence our cattle were derived, dwelt in a warm or temperate climate, because the domesticated breeds do not possess the instinct of scraping away the snow to get at the herbage beneath, is corroborated by what we know of the habits of the urus and the *Bos longifrons*, the former of which belongs to the temperate group of the post-glacial mammalia, while the latter did not arrive in Europe until the arctic conditions of climate had passed away. From the crossing of these two animals all the various breeds of oxen in Central and Northern Europe are derived. In Italy the African buffalo has also been naturalised. The breeds in Africa and India are derived from various indigenous wild species, and in one instance at least have been known to breed freely with the European herds. The late Earl of Powis imported the zebu, and found it perfectly fertile with his cattle in Montgomeryshire.

New and distinct strains have been formed within modern times by care in selection and breeding. The Galloway polled cattle, for instance, have had an important part of their structure obliterated during the last hundred or eighty years. The Earl of Selkirk writes:—

'The breed a hundred and fifty years ago was not generally "polled," i.e. without horns, though there were always a good many polled ones among them. Polled ones are found in every breed. My informant was an old man who died about thirty years ago, he being then near ninety. He was the son of the man who tended the cows for my grandfather, and had been employed among cattle

all his life; in his old age while still able to work he tended my cows. His name was James McKinnan, and he was a man whose recollections seemed always remarkably clear. He had been with cattle as far as Norfolk, to St. Faith's fair. He told me that in the days of his childhood, a Norfolk feeder, who bought many of the Galloway cattle, fancied those without horns, and would give 2*s.* 6*d.* or so more for a polled than for a horned beast. This set the fashion, and the people began first to look for polled bulls and none other; then they preferred the polled cows, &c. &c. to breed from, and thus the change was effected in, I believe, from fifty to sixty years. The horns of the Galloway beasts were very ugly, drooping, and as thick at the point as at the root. I have myself seen one or two beasts with horns like that; but nowadays when horns appear they are generally traced to some cross with an Irish brute. Those that are born polled have a bump in the centre of the forehead, which is very hard and will break another bull's skull for him.' *

The monstrous Niata breed from La Plata, quoted by Mr. Darwin, presents a variation among cattle analogous to that of the bulldog among the dogs, in the upward curvature of the maxillary and the projection of the mandible. It was first noticed in 1760, and as cattle were first imported into South America in 1552, it must have been formed in about two hundred years. The peculiarities are strongly transmitted to their descendants, and even to crosses with other breeds.

The domestic rabbit, from the rapidity with which it breeds, might be expected to show greater variation than the horse, dog, or ox; although, since the first evidence of its domesticity is afforded by the pages of Confucius, it has been under the dominion of man for a very much shorter time. It is considered by all naturalists, with the exception of Professor Gervais, to have descended from the common wild rabbit that has dwelt in Europe and Asia from the post-glacial epoch to the present day. During the two thousand years of its domestication it has been modified in a very remarkable degree, not only in enormous increase of size, or in the colour of its fur, but also in its osseous framework. The large lopped-eared rabbit is not only much larger than its wild progenitor, but presents a differently shaped occipital foramen and zygomatic arch, with many other points of difference. In the half-lop the bilateral symmetry of the skull is destroyed. Mr. Darwin sums up the more important modifications as follows:—

'By the supply of abundant and nutritious food, together with little exercise, and by the continual selection of the heaviest individuals, the weight of the larger breeds has been more than doubled.

* Extract from a letter of the Earl of Selkirk, dated March 6th, Quart. Geol. Journ. Feb. 1867.

The bones of the limbs have increased in weight (but the hind legs less than the front legs) in due proportion with the increased weight of body; but in length they have not increased in due proportion, and this may have been caused by the want of proper exercise. With the increased size of the body the third cervical vertebra has assumed characters proper to the fourth cervical; and the eighth and ninth dorsal vertebræ have similarly assumed characters proper to the tenth and posterior vertebræ. The skull in the larger breeds has increased in length, but not in due proportion with the increased length of body; the brain has not duly increased in dimensions, or has even actually decreased, and consequently the bony case for the brain has remained narrow, and by correlation has affected the bones of the face and the entire length of the skull. The skull has thus acquired its characteristic narrowness. From unknown causes the supra-orbital processes of the frontal bones and the free end of the molar bones have increased in breadth; and in the larger breeds the occipital foramen is generally much less deeply notched than in wild rabbits. Certain parts of the scapula and the terminal sternal bones have become highly variable in shape.' (Vol. i. p. 129.)

The evidence afforded by the study of domestic pigeons and fowls does not differ in kind from that of the rabbit. The peacock, however, affords proof that a bird so completely differing from its parents as to have been described under the name of a distinct species by Mr. Sclater, an eminent English ornithologist, may suddenly make its appearance. 'This black-'shouldered or japanned variety' differs from the common peacock 'in the colour of the secondary wing feathers, scapu-'lars, wing coverts, and thighs,' and breeds perfectly truly. There are five cases on record of its sudden appearance within the last fifty years:—

'Sir R. Heron states that this breed suddenly appeared within his memory in Lord Brownlow's large stock of pied, white, and common peacocks. The same thing occurred in Sir J. Trevelyan's flock, composed entirely of the common kind, and in Mr. Thornton's stock of common and pied peacocks. It is remarkable that in these two latter instances the black-shouldered kind increased "to the extinction of the previously existing breed." I have also received, through Mr. Sclater, a statement from Mr. Hudson Gurney that he reared many years ago a pair of black-shouldered peacocks from the common kind; and another ornithologist, Professor A. Newton, states that five or six years ago, a female bird, in all respects similar to the female of the black-shouldered kind, was produced from a stock of common peacocks in his possession, which during more than twenty years had not been crossed with birds of any other strain. Here we have five distinct cases of japanned birds suddenly appearing in flocks of the common kind in England. Better evidence of the first appearance of a new variety could hardly

be desired. If we reject this evidence and believe that the japanned peacock is a distinct species, we must suppose in all these cases that the common breed had at some former period been crossed with the supposed *P. nigripennis*, but had lost every trace of the cross, yet that the birds occasionally produced offspring which suddenly and completely reacquired through reversion the characters of *P. nigripennis*. I have heard of no other such case in the animal or vegetable kingdom.' (Vol. i. pp. 290, 291.)

We can add a parallel instance of a like suddenness of variation in the case of pheasants in the Nynehead woods in Somersetshire, noted by Mr. W. Ayshford Sanford. Some thirty years ago, a single specimen of a variety differing from the common pheasant, in its pale brown, or dark cream-coloured tint, in the inferior brilliancy of the metallic glint on the head and neck, and in the shortness of its tail, was shot and stuffed. Two or three years afterwards, a dozen or more made their appearance in the same woods, and were all killed by the keepers, because they drove the other pheasants. The variety is known to most pheasant preservers as the Bohemian, a term which is synonymous most likely with gipsy, in the mouth of a keeper. There is no evidence of its occurrence out of Great Britain. Had it not been destroyed in this particular case, it would have taken possession of the wood and driven away the common pheasant. The sudden genesis of the japanned peacock and the Bohemian pheasant cannot be accounted for on Mr. Darwin's theory of selection. In the one there was no artificial, and in the other no natural selection, for there were no intermediate varieties observed; selection only came into play when the newly-formed variety began to compete with the parent form; which would, probably, in the case of the pheasant, have been extirpated on the Nynehead estate, had not Mr. Sanford preferred the normal breed. These two cases illustrate a very large class of facts which cannot be explained on Mr. Darwin's view of the preponderating share taken by selection in forming new varieties and species.

In the vegetable, as in the animal world, our knowledge has been gained by direct experience. All the vegetable productions that now minister to the need or luxury of man have been the result of the cultivation of wild species, combined with a careful selection of the best varieties thereby produced. There is no reason to suppose that any of our cultivated plants ever existed naturally in their present form; but, probably, all have been more or less modified. The wonderful stone-using folk who dwelt in the lakes of Switzerland, and who were the first to use the ox, horse, and dog, cultivated no less than

'Ten cereal plants—namely, five kinds of wheat, of which at least four are commonly looked on as distinct species; three kinds of barley, a panicum, and a setaria. If it could be shown that at the earliest dawn of agriculture five kinds of wheat and three of barley had been cultivated, we should, of course, be compelled to look at these forms as distinct species. But as Heer has remarked, agriculture even at the period of the lake-habitations, had already made considerable progress; for besides the ten cereals, peas, poppies, flax, and apparently apples, were cultivated. It may also be inferred, from one variety of wheat being the so-called Egyptian, and from what is known of the native country of the panicum and setaria, as well as from the nature of the weeds which then grew mingled with the crops, that the lake-inhabitants either still kept up commercial intercourse with some southern people, or had originally proceeded as colonists from the South.' . . . 'Heer gives an interesting account of the first appearance and final disappearance of the several plants which were cultivated in greater or less abundance in Switzerland during former successive periods, and which generally differed more or less from our existing varieties. The peculiar small-eared and small-grained wheat, already alluded to, was the commonest kind during the Stone period; it lasted down to the Helvetic Roman age, and then became extinct. A second kind was rare at first, but afterwards became more frequent. A third, the Egyptian wheat (*T. turgidum*), does not agree exactly with any existing variety, and was rare during the Stone period. A fourth kind (*T. dicoccum*) differs from all known varieties of this form. A fifth kind (*T. monococcum*) is known to have existed during the Stone period only by the presence of a single ear. A sixth kind, the common *T. spelta*, was not introduced into Switzerland until the Bronze Age. Of barley, besides the short-eared and small-grained kind, two others were cultivated, one of which was very scarce, and resembled our present common *H. distichum*. During the Bronze Age rye and oats were introduced; the oat-grains being somewhat smaller than those produced by our existing varieties. The poppy was largely cultivated during the Stone period, probably for its oil; but the variety which then existed is not now known. A peculiar pea with small seeds lasted from the Stone to the Bronze Age, and then became extinct; whilst a peculiar bean, likewise having small seeds, came in at the Bronze period, and lasted to the time of the Romans.' (Vol. i. pp. 317–9.)

Thus, even at this remote epoch, by the combined labours of the archæologist and naturalist, a large number of the most useful vegetables are proved to have been under cultivation and to have varied in direct proportion to the increase of civilisation. But we are as ignorant of the wild progenitors of all these cultivated forms as we were before, for we do not know how long or in what country they were first cultivated. They have been so obscured by thousands of years of cultivation

that they cannot be identified with certainty. With regard to oats, Mr. Buckman has proved that the wild English *Avena fatua* can be converted into forms strongly resembling those under cultivation. The plasticity of organisation of the wheats and barleys is shown most remarkably by the results of the careful selection of seeds by Mr. Hallet of Brighton, who has formed within the last few years several varieties, such as the famous pedigree wheat, deviating very considerably from the original stocks.

Among the fruits the peach is the most remarkable product of long-continued cultivation. Its descent from a sweet almond is inferred by Mr. Andrew Knight, from the fact of a sweet almond-seedling fertilised with peach-pollen yielding peaches.

'In France there is a variety called the peach-almond, which Mr. Rivers formerly cultivated, and which is correctly described in a French catalogue as being oval and swollen, with the aspect of a peach, including a hard stone surrounded by a fleshy covering, which is sometimes eatable. A remarkable statement by Mr. Luizet has recently appeared in the "Revue Horticole"—namely, that a peach-almond, grafted on a peach, bore during 1863 and 1864 almonds alone, but in 1865 bore six peaches and no almonds. M. Carrière, in commenting on this fact, cites the case of a double-flowered almond which, after producing during several years almonds, suddenly bore for two years in succession spherical fleshy peach-like fruits, but in 1865 reverted to its former state and produced large almonds.' (Vol. i. p. 338.)

The evidence brought forward by Mr. Darwin proves that there is a regular gradation from inferior peaches, 'through 'cling-stones of poor quality to our best and most melting 'kinds,'—a fact that, coupled with the cases of sudden variation above recorded, renders it highly probable that the peach is the highly improved and modified descendant of the almond.

Whether we allow that the peach descended from the almond or not, we cannot help admitting that the nectarine is a variety of the peach, although it differs so remarkably from its parent form, that it is considered by M. Godron a distinct species. Mr. Darwin adduces evidence conclusive on the point:—

'Mr. Rivers states that from stones of three distinct varieties of the peach he raised three varieties of the nectarine; and in one of these cases no nectarine grew near the parent peach-tree. In another instance Mr. Rivers raised a nectarine from a peach, and in the succeeding generation another nectarine from this nectarine. Other such instances have been communicated to me, but they need not be given. Of the converse case, namely, of nectarine stones yielding peach-trees, both free and cling-stones, we have six undoubted instances recorded by Mr. Rivers; and in two of these instances the

parent nectarines had been seedlings from other nectarines. . . . Peter Collinson in 1741 recorded the first case of a peach-tree producing a nectarine, and in 1766 he added two other instances. In the same work (the "Correspondence of Linnæus," 1821) the editor, Sir J. E. Smith, describes the more remarkable case of a tree in Norfolk, which usually bore both perfect nectarines and perfect peaches; but during two seasons, some of the fruit were half and half in nature.' (Vol. i. p. 340.)

These remarkable facts cannot be accounted for by reversion to an original form, for in that case the nectarine ought to revert more often to the peach than the peach to the nectarine. Nor can they be explained by the hypothesis that the parent forms were in every case hybrid, and that the hybridity had lain dormant up to the time of the bud-variation, for six well-known different varieties, in different places, yielded the same result. Nor can they be ascribed to the fertilisation of the peach by the pollen of the nectarine, because a branch that has once produced nectarines has been known to continue to produce them for several years, and could hardly have been fertilised without the other branches also being similarly affected. Similar instances of bud-variation are presented by grapes, apples, and very many plants such as the rhibes, purple thorn, pelargonium, Sweet William, and others, that cannot be accounted for on any current hypothesis. In some cases, however, the bud-variation reverts to the original form, as in the oak-leaf laburnum, the parsley-leaved vine, the fern-leaved beech, and others.

'With seedlings raised from the more variable cultivated plants, the variations are almost infinitely numerous, but their differences are generally slight; only at long intervals of time a strongly marked modification appears. On the other hand, it is a singular and inexplicable fact that, when plants vary by buds, the variations, though they occur with comparative rarity, are often, or even generally, strongly pronounced. It struck me that this might perhaps be a delusion, and that slight changes often occurred in buds, but from being of no value were overlooked or not recorded. Accordingly, I applied to two great authorities on this subject—namely, to Mr. Rivers with respect to fruit-trees, and to Mr. Salter with respect to flowers. Mr. Rivers is doubtful, but does not remember having noticed very slight variations in fruit-buds. Mr. Salter informs me that with flowers such do occur, but, if propagated, they generally lose their new character in the following year; yet he concurs with me that bud-variations usually at once assume a decided and permanent character.' (Vol. i. p. 410.)

The phenomenon of bud-variation is precisely analogous to the sudden appearance of the japanned peacock and Bobe-

mian pheasant in the animal kingdom, and both are probably due to the same mysterious cause. In both the direct action of the external conditions of life appears 'to have played a 'quite subordinate part, of not more importance than the 'nature of the spark which ignites a mass of combustible matter.'

In these examples of Mr. Darwin's method of studying the origin and growth of each domestic species, it is impossible to deny the learning and ability with which he has approached the subject. That the facts are as he states them to be, there can be no doubt. We have now to discuss the principles based upon them. The first to be noticed is that of artificial selection. Mr. Darwin proves that the art has been practised since the very dawn of history:—

'In a well-known passage in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, rules are given for influencing, as was then thought possible, the colour of sheep; and speckled and dark breeds are spoken of as being kept separate. By the time of David the fleece was likened to snow. Youatt, who has discussed all the passages relating to breeding in the Old Testament, concludes that at this early period "some of the best principles of breeding must have been steadily "and long pursued." It was ordered, according to Moses, that "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind;" but mules were purchased, so that at this early period other nations must have crossed the horse and the ass. It is said that Erichthonius, some generations before the Trojan war, had many brood-mares, "which by his care and judgment in the choice of stallions, pro-"duced a breed of horses superior to any in the surrounding coun-"tries." Homer, book v., speaks of Æneas' horses as bred from mares which were put to the steeds of Laomedon. Plato in his "Republic" says to Glaucus, "I see that you raise at your house a "great many dogs for the chase. Do you take care about breeding and "pairing them? Among animals of good blood, are there not always "some which are superior to the rest?" to which Glaucus answers in the affirmative. Alexander the Great selected the finest Indian cattle to send to Macedonia to improve the breed. According to Pliny, King Pyrrhus had an especially valuable breed of oxen; and he did not suffer the bulls and cows to come together till four years old, that the breed might not degenerate.' (Vol. ii. pp. 201, 202.)

At the present day there is scarcely any savage tribe by which selection is not more or less practised. Even the Fuegians take pains to pair the finest of their dogs together to produce as fine and healthy a breed as possible. The most insignificant characters have been valued by ancient and semi-civilised peoples. Xenophon proscribed slate-coloured and white hunting dogs. The gourmands of ancient Rome preferred the liver of a white goose, and at the present day the Kaffirs admire the musical low of a heifer.

It is impossible not to attribute to selection, thus carried on during enormously long periods, very great power in the formation of new breeds, but Mr. Darwin goes too far when he writes, 'whenever and wherever selection is not practised, dis-'tinct races are not formed.' So far from this being true, there are many instances of the genesis of varieties or races without any selection whatever. What share, for instance, could it have had in the origin of the japanned peacock and Bohemian pheasant; or in the many recorded cases of bud-variation, or in the growth of a nectarine from the stone of a peach? It must be admitted, therefore, that there are principles at work in the formation of breeds and varieties other than that of selection. Mr. Darwin subsequently qualifies this statement by ascribing to selection 'a paramount power' only, and bases its action 'on what we in our ignorance call 'spontaneous or accidental variability':—

'Let an architect' (he writes), 'be compelled to build an edifice with uncut stones fallen from a precipice. The shape of each fragment may be called accidental, yet the shape of each has been determined by the force of gravity, the nature of the rock, and the slope of the precipice, events and circumstances all of which depend on natural laws; but there is no relation between these laws and the purpose for which each fragment is used by the builder. In the same manner the variations of each creature are determined by fixed and immutable laws; but these bear no relation to the living structure, which is slowly built up through the power of selection, whether this be natural or artificial selection.' (Vol. ii. p. 248.)

In this passage we fail to see the parallel between a block of stone lying at the foot of a precipice and the variation presented by a plant or animal. In the building the individual stones are removed from the parent rock and used according to the taste of the builder; in the breed the variations are *not* isolated from the form in which they are manifested, nor can they be used as the breeder chooses. They cannot be looked upon as so many independent entities, but as some only of the many phenomena manifested in each individual. Nor can we understand the argument, that because the stones in question are shaped in dependence on natural laws, therefore variations are determined by fixed and immutable laws, bearing no relation to the living structure. How, moreover, can an ignorance of the laws of variation be combined with the knowledge that they are fixed and immutable? Mr. Darwin has clearly been led astray by his attachment to the building metaphor, which he reproduces at the end of his work.

Variation has at least a co-ordinate power with selection in the formation of varieties in breeds. In the four chapters treating of this subject the only principle that can be considered fully established is that excess of nutriment, or change in conditions of life in the parent forms, cause variability, which however is frequently not manifested for several generations. Turkeys raised from the eggs of wild species lose their metallic tints in the third generation and become spotted with white:—

'An excellent observer, who has often reared birds from the eggs of the wild duck, and who took precautions that there should be no crossing with domestic birds, has given, as previously stated, full details on the changes which they gradually undergo. He found that he could not breed these wild ducks true for more than five or six generations, "as they then proved so much less beautiful. The "white collar round the neck of the mallard became much broader "and more irregular, and white feathers appeared in the duckling's "wings." They increased also in size of body; their legs became less fine, and they lost their elegant carriage.' (Vol. ii. p. 262.)

This generally holds good also in the case of flowers. The zinnia after several years' culture only began to vary in 1860, while the Swan River daisy varied after seven or eight years of very high cultivation. In these and the like cases the variability apparently is the direct result of a change in the conditions of life, the effect of which has gradually accumulated until at last the constitution of the plant or animal has broken down.

Variation is in some cases directly traceable to the use or disuse of parts. Thus in the domestic duck the wings weigh less, and the legs more, in proportion to the whole skeleton, than do the same bones in the wild duck. The brain of the domestic rabbit weighs less relatively to the whole body than in the wild animal, because it is not compelled to use its faculties in the acquisition of food:—

'It is well known that several animals belonging to the most different classes, which inhabit the caves of Styria and of Kentucky, are blind. In some of the crabs the foot-stalk for the eye remains, though the eye is gone; the stand for the telescope is there, though the telescope with its glasses has been lost. As it is difficult to imagine that eyes, though useless, could be in any way injurious to animals living in darkness, I attribute their loss wholly to disuse.' (*Origin of Species*, p. 137.)

There are no reasons for supposing that selection, either natural or artificial, had anything to do with any of these cases.

With regard to bud-variation, Mr. Darwin halts between

two opinions. In the 'Origin of Species' (p. 131) he attributes for the most part the varying or plastic condition of the offspring to a functional disturbance in the reproductive system of the parents. 'The male and female sexual elements 'seem to be affected before that union takes place which is to 'form a new being. In the case of sporting plants the bud, 'which in its earliest condition does not essentially differ from 'an ovule, is alone affected.' In this passage he implies that there is no radical physiological difference between the ovule and the bud. On the other hand, in the work under consideration, he writes (vol. ii. p. 267):—'It is at least clear that 'in all cases of bud-variation the action cannot have been 'through the reproductive system.' He reverts to the former of these views, which probably is the true one, in his chapter containing the provisional theory of pangenesis.

Although the precise cause of variation in this or that organ cannot be pointed out, it is, on the whole, fair to assume that it is identical with that which gives to each individual those differences by which he is separated from his fellows, and which are either inherited or the result of the direct action of the external conditions. Mr. Herbert Spencer forcibly argues that variation must take place by the law of the persistence of force:—

'The members of a species inhabiting any area cannot be subject to like aggregates of forces over the whole of that area. And if, in different parts of the area, different kinds, or amounts, or combinations of forces act on them, they cannot but become different in themselves, and in their progeny. To say otherwise is to say that differences in the forces will not produce differences in the effects; which is to deny the persistence of force. Whence it is also manifest that there can be no variation of structure, but what is directly or indirectly consequent on variation of function. On the one hand, organisms in complete equilibrium with their conditions, cannot be changed except by change in their conditions, since to assert otherwise is to assert that there can be an effect without a cause; which is to deny the persistence of force. On the other hand, any change of conditions can affect an organism only by changing the actions going on in it—only by altering its functions. The alterations of functions being necessarily towards a reestablishment of the equilibrium (for if not the equilibrium must be destroyed and the life cease, either in the individual or in the descendants), it follows that the structural alterations directly caused are adaptations; and that the correlated structural alterations indirectly caused are the concomitants of adaptation. Hence, though by the intercourse of organisms that have been functionally and structurally modified in different directions, there may result organisms that deviate in compound ways which appear unrelated to external conditions, the deviations of such organisms must still be regarded as indirect results

of functional adaptations. We must say that in all cases adaptive change of function is the primary and ever-acting cause of that change of structure which constitutes variation; and that the variation which appears to be "spontaneous" is "derivative and secon-" dary."' (*Principles of Biology*, vol. i. p. 271.)

Whether this view be held as proved or not, it explains the phenomena of variation far better than the view taken by Mr. Darwin, that 'in most cases the conditions of life play a sub-'ordinate part in causing any particular modification;' while in the case of bud-variation and of the sudden appearance of offspring unlike the parents, which he is content to look upon as inexplicable, 'accidental or spontaneous,' it supplies an adequate cause for the results produced. The fact that peaches, nectarines, apricots, roses, and camellias under cultivation have yielded closely analogous bud-varieties, would imply some one cause affecting all pretty much in the same way; that is to say, a constitutional change brought about by unnatural conditions of life. But, whatever view we take of variation, we must admit that in some cases it can produce a variety or breed without the intervention of selection, and that therefore it by no means occupies the subordinate position which is assigned to it by Mr. Darwin among the causes of the appearance of new forms of life.

The principle of heredity also has at least a co-ordinate power with variation and selection:—

'It is hardly possible, within a moderate compass, to impress on the mind of those who have not attended to the subject, the full conviction of the force of inheritance which is slowly acquired by rearing animals, by studying the many treatises which have been published on the various domestic animals, and by conversing with breeders. I will select a few facts of this kind which, as far as I can judge, have most influenced my own mind. With man and the domestic animals, certain peculiarities have appeared in an individual, at rare intervals, or only once or twice in the history of the world, but have reappeared in several of the children and grandchildren. Thus Lambert, the "porcupine-man," whose skin was thickly covered with warty-projections, which were periodically moulted, had all his six children and two grandsons similarly affected.' (*Darwin*, vol. ii. p. 4.)

Gait, gestures, handwriting, features, colour, disease, and the like are transmitted faithfully to the offspring. The art of horse-breeding depends altogether on the force of inheritance. The English racehorse, for instance, invariably inherits his vigour and endurance from his ancestors:—

'Eclipse begot 334, and King Herod 497, winners. A cock-tail is a horse not purely bred, but with only one-eighth or one-sixteenth

impure blood in his veins, yet very few instances have ever occurred of such horses having won a great race. They are sometimes as fleet for short distances as thoroughbreds, but as Mr. Robson, the great trainer, asserts, they are deficient in wind and cannot keep up the pace. Mr. Lawrence also remarks, "perhaps no instance has "occurred of a three-part bred horse saving his *distance* in running "two miles with thoroughbred racers." It has been stated by Cecil, that when unknown horses, whose parents were not celebrated, have unexpectedly won great races, as in the case of Priam, they can always be proved to be descended on both sides, through many generations, from first-rate ancestors. On the Continent Baron Cameronn challenges, in a German veterinary periodical, the opponents of the English racehorse to name one good horse on the Continent which has not some English race-blood in his veins.' (Vol. ii. p. 11.)

The power of direct inheritance is, however, sometimes overborne by atavism or reversion, in which the plant or animal does not resemble the parent form so much as that of an ancestor more or less remote. For instance, in variously coloured pure breeds of pigeons, the characteristic plumage of the wild rock pigeon occasionally appears. In the hornless breed of cattle the ancestral horns are sometimes developed. A reversion to the ancient dark or tawny colour is frequently seen in all breeds of sheep. In the vegetable world also,

'by the aid of a little selection carried on during a few generations, most of our cultivated plants could probably be brought back, without any great change in the conditions of life, to a wild or nearly wild condition. Mr. Buckman has effected this with the parsnip; and Mr. Hewitt C. Watson, as he informs me, selected during three generations "the most diverging plants of Scotch kail, "perhaps one of the least modified varieties of the cabbage;" and in the third generation some of the plants came very close to the forms now established in England about old castle walls and called indigenous.' (Vol. ii. p. 31.)

Mr. Darwin takes very just exception to the general assumption that domesticated plants and animals which have run wild invariably revert to their primitive specific type. There are many cases that disprove its truth. Feral rabbits, in Jamaica and Porto Santo, assume new colours and new characters, instead of reverting to their wild progenitor of Europe and Asia. The guinea-fowl, naturalised in the West Indies, varies more than in the domestic state. Pigs

'have run wild in the West Indies, South America, and the Falkland Islands, and have everywhere acquired the dark colour, the thick bristles, and great tusks of the wild boar; and the young have reacquired longitudinal stripes. But even in the case of the pigs, Roulin describes the half-wild animals in different parts of South

America as differing in several respects. In Louisiana the pig has run wild, and is said to differ a little in form and much in colour from the domestic animal, yet does not closely resemble the wild boar of Europe.' (Vol. ii. p. 33.)

While therefore we must admit that there is a tendency in all these cases to revert to an ancestral type, there is no proof that it has been fully carried out. The characters acquired by long domestication being in no case wholly lost, and the variability caused by the change from feral to cultivated conditions of life being maintained after the change from the domestic to the feral.

Reversion is often caused by intercrossing two breeds. Thus the Himalayan breed of rabbits, with its snow-white body, black ears, nose, tail, and feet, formed by the union of two varieties of silver-greys, contrary to what is generally received on the subject, breeds perfectly truly. When crossed with a sandy-coloured buck the progeny reverts to the silver-grey variety. Not only lost characters but lost instincts may be recovered by crossing. The breeds of fowls called the everlasting layers have lost the instinct of incubation, but when two of these are crossed the result is a mongrel that, according to the great authority of Mr. Tegetmeier, becomes 'broody and sits with remarkable steadiness.'

The hybrids of our domestic animals reproduce the instincts of the primitive wild stocks in a remarkable degree. The descendants of the Indian zebu, crossed by the late Earl of Powis with English cattle, were extraordinarily wild. Mules are notoriously obstinate and vicious. The progeny of the musk and common duck exhibit migratory propensities. Mr. Darwin applies this principle of reversion to the explanation of the savage and brutal character of crossed races of men.

'Many years ago, long before I had thought of the present subject, I was struck with the fact that, in South America, men of complicated descent between Negroes, Indians, and Spaniards seldom had, whatever the cause might be, a good expression. Livingstone—and a more unimpeachable authority cannot be quoted—after speaking of a half-caste man on the Zambesi, described by the Portuguese as a rare monster of inhumanity, remarks, "It is unaccountable "why half-castes such as he are so much more cruel than the Por-"tuguese, but such is undoubtedly the case." An inhabitant remarked to Livingstone, "God made white men, and God made black "men, but the Devil made half-castes." When two races, both low in the scale, are crossed, the progeny seems to be eminently bad. Thus the noble-hearted Humboldt, who felt none of that prejudice against the inferior races now so current in England, speaks in strong terms of the bad and savage disposition of Zambos, or half-

castes between Negroes and Indians; and this conclusion has been arrived at by various observers. From these facts we may perhaps infer that the degraded state of so many half-castes is in part due to reversion to a primitive and savage condition, induced by the act of crossing, as well as to the unfavourable moral conditions under which they generally exist.' (Vol. ii. p. 46.)

All the highly complex phenomena presented by plants and animals under domestication fall naturally under these three great principles—selection, variation, and heredity—which may be viewed as a trinity of causes, in which variation sometimes acts without selection. There seems to be full evidence that external conditions of life operating on slightly different individuals, cause them to vary in different degrees and directions; that these variations are transmitted in accordance with the laws of heredity, and become more or less firmly stamped on each organism; and lastly, that selection merely gives a definite direction to variations thus impressed on the constitution of each plant and animal. In this way the formation of each breed and variety is brought about. Mr. Darwin gives an undue prominence to selection, and degrades the two other principles to a much lower position, although when treating of them separately he is compelled to recognise their true value.

We can give merely a faint outline of the bearing of variation under domestication on the origin of species, because Mr. Darwin reserves its discussion for a future work. We have seen that three great principles lie at the root of all the phenomena presented by plants and animals under the dominion of man, two of which—heredity and variation—are inseparable from life itself. Is the third, or selection by which breeds arise, identical in kind with natural selection, to which Mr. Darwin ascribes the origin of species? At first sight there appears to be this difference, that by one the variations are guided according to the will of man, by the other for the well-being of the individual in the struggle for life which is incessantly going on in nature. This difference is also shown in the appearance of monstrous forms under domestication, such as the hairless and edentulous dogs, poodles, and the like, which could not have existed under natural conditions. Apart from this difference of end, there seems to be none other. Man takes a plant or animal out of the province of natural selection, by which its variations were curbed and restrained according to its environment, and substitutes for that principle his own will and pleasure; he merely developes the capacity for adaptation to external circumstances by a sudden change in the condition of life, but he does not create that capacity. All

naturalists are agreed that there are natural varieties caused in some cases by the direct influence of external conditions of life. The restricted range, for instance, of the Singalese elephant has left its mark in the small development of the tusks as compared with those of the Indian peninsula. Baron Cuvier himself admits the very principle for which Mr. Darwin and M. I. G. Saint-Hilaire contend when he writes,* that domestication 'développe toutes les variations dont le type de chaque espèce 'est suceptible, et en tire des produits que les espèces, livrées à 'elles-mêmes n'auraient jamais donné.' That is to say, that there is a latent power of variation in each species. The study of domestic productions, therefore, shows to what extent this may be developed, and therefore has a very important bearing on the origin of species.

It is undoubtedly true that in nature the pronounced variations visible under domestication are absent; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that there is no sudden change of external conditions to produce them. The breed is frequently of equal classificatory value with the species, as, for instance, in the case of pigeons, cattle, and the like. The test of breeding does not even afford a means of definition; for, on the one hand, the feral Porto Santo rabbits refuse to breed with their tame English progenitors; while, on the other hand, in the vegetable world, some species, such as Cactus, Salix, Saxifraga, are even admitted by Linnæus to be capable of crossing. There is therefore a parallel between breeds and species, and it may be fairly argued that as the one is the product of the operation of artificial selection on heredity and variation, so the other may have been formed by a like operation of natural selection on the same principles.

There is another point of view from which the mutability of species may be examined. All the varied forms of life in the world around us are exquisitely adapted to the external conditions, which either remain unchanged, or change so slowly as to escape notice. An appeal to the earth's crust proves that the latter have been constantly changing; continents have been elevated and depressed, climates altered; at one time the sea has encroached on the land, at another the land on the sea—

> 'There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> Oh, earth! what changes hast thou seen:
> There where the city roar hath been,
> The stillness of the central sea.'

* Discours sur les Révolutions, Oss. Foss. tom. i. p. 61. 4to. 1825.

With each change of circumstance there is full geological proof that there has been a corresponding modification in the animal and vegetable world, so that the harmony between life and its environment has always been maintained. The common red deer, for instance, at the time when Britain formed part of the mainland of Europe, during the Post-glacial epoch, in consequence of the large extent of its feeding-grounds, grew to an enormous size, and possessed antlers so much larger than those now borne by the English varieties, that Professor Owen did not hesitate to ascribe it to a distinct species* (*Strongylocerus spelæus*). During prehistoric times, after the insulation of Britain and the consequent submergence of the low-lying districts, the restricted range is manifested in its diminished size; but even then it was far superior to any now living in Great Britain, for the cultivated lands were but oases in one large forest. From that time down to the present, it has been growing smaller exactly in proportion to the restriction of its area. The difference in the size of the antlers is so marked, that it would be possible to ascertain approximately the antiquity of a deposit in which they might be found, from that fact alone. There is also another cause of its reduction in size. During post-glacial times men were few, and the lion and hyæna preyed only on the weakest and less active; while in the prehistoric period man increased and multiplied to such a degree that he made an impression on the wild animals, and, as far as he could, selected the largest and finest for his prey. At the present day, in Scotland, it is steadily deteriorating in size, because the largest bucks are invariably shot off. In this case there is a direct correlation between the size of the animal and its environment, from the Post-glacial epoch down to the present day.

If we deny that change of conditions operating on the latent power of adaptation is a cause adequate to the making of new groups of animals, we must fall back upon the theory that the latter have been created from time to time in harmony with the external conditions from the very beginning of things. But if this be true, how can we account for the destructions of old forms of life? The cataclysms and convulsions of nature, that were formerly invoked to the aid of the special creation theory, have now been banished from the schools of philosophic geology. A sudden destruction, overtaking the whole of a fauna or flora, is unknown in the past history of the world. The horse, urus, and *Elephas antiquus*, for instance, that inhabited France,

* Brit. Foss. Mammals.

Germany, Italy, and Britain, escaped the destruction brought upon their fellows by the lowering of the temperature, and the concomitant invasion of the reindeer, musk-sheep, and other Arctic mammalia. Their survival can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that their elasticity of constitution adapted them to the new order of things; while certain species of rhinoceros and elephant, and many species of deer, became extinct because they were not able to modify their habits so as to become in harmony with the new conditions of life. To say with M. Lartet,* that species disappear 'en conformité sans 'doute des lois qui, en réglant la longévité des individus, 'limitent en même temps la durée des espèces,' is to leave the problem unsolved and hampered with a very wide question, as to whether its life obeys the same laws as that of the individual. Few would be prepared to explain this class of facts by the assumption that at stated times the destroyer walks over the whole earth, choosing out species for extermination. Yet we must admit this if we adhere to the theory of special creation.

So far as our experience goes, change of conditions whether natural or artificial must cause corresponding change in the individual. If a variety of elephant can be formed by the insulation of Sumatra and Ceylon from the mainland of Asia, sufficiently marked to cause Schlegel to consider it distinct from the Indian species, in the short time, geologically speaking, that has elapsed since those two islands formed part of the same continent, can we venture to assert that no lapse of time and no further changes in condition would suffice to widen and deepen the chasm between the species and the variety, until the latter ranked also as a species? This is really what the believers in the invariability of species assume. They ask us to believe that because slight modification in the environment during the fleeting life of man produces only slight varietal modifications in the individual, greater changes in the environment operating on the individual during an inconceivably long period could not produce any greater effect. The fallacy of this argument it is unnecessary to point out. As plants and animals now invariably live in exact harmony with their external conditions, and exhibit a power of variation in exact proportion to slight modifications in them, the inference may fairly be drawn that in past time the magnitude of the variation corresponded to the magnitude of the change in their external conditions, or, in other words, that the cause which

* Comptes Rendus, 1858, p. 413.

produces a variety in limited time, in unlimited is adequate to the production of a species.

If this be true, we ought to find among the scraps and tatters of former faunas and floras, stored up in the rocks, intermediate forms to bind together divergent species and genera. It has usually been assumed that such forms do not exist; their existence, however, has been placed beyond all doubt by recent discoveries, and especially by those of M. Gaudry * in the Upper Miocene strata of Pikerni on the plains of Marathon. In the case of the Quadrumana, a fossil monkey (*Mesopithecus Pentelici*) links together the two genera *Macacus* and *Semnopithecus*. In the Carnivora, the family of the hyæna and that of the weasel, at the present day widely divergent, are connected by three distinct genera (*Lychyœna*, *Hyœnictis*, and *Ichtiherium*). The wolf and the bear by the *Metarctos diaphorus*. Although there is little outward resemblance between the existing birds and reptiles, their inner affinities are known to every comparative anatomist. The chasm between them is to a certain extent bridged over by the discoveries in the Solenhofen slates. On the one hand, the extraordinary fossil bird, archæopteryx, is more reptilian in character than any now alive, having feathers and other characters of a bird, combined with the tail of a reptile. From the same formation a remarkable reptile has been derived, more bird-like than any with which we are now acquainted. 'It is impossible,' writes Professor Huxley, 'to look at the con-'formation of this strange reptile, and to doubt that it hopped 'or walked in an erect or semi-erect position, after the manner 'of a bird, to which its long neck, slight head, and small an-'terior limbs must have given it an extraordinary resem-'blance.'* The whole Deinosaurian class is proved by the same eminent authority to have been more ornithic in character than any existing reptiles. Intermediate forms are undoubtedly few and far between; but could we expect them to be otherwise? A very small portion of the animal or vegetable kingdom chances to become entombed in the rocks, and to be

* Animaux Fossiles et Géologie de l'Alligne, Part I. Animaux Fossiles, livraisons 1–16. 4to. 1862–7. M. Gaudry has based his conclusions in this magnificent work for the most part on variations in the number and form of the teeth, and in the form of the bones. It is the most philosophical exposition of an extinct fauna that has yet been published. See Quart. Journ. Geolog. Soc. vol. xxiv. Part I. Memoirs, p. 1.

* Lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Friday, Feb. 7, 1868.

thus preserved for future time. The rocks themselves are exposed to the incessant wear and tear of the waves and of the streams and atmosphere from the very moment they become dry land. A very small area, moreover, of the earth's surface has been scientifically explored. From these three causes intermediate forms must necessarily be scarce. Again, two consecutive formations do not represent an unbroken sequence of time, but epochs indefinitely removed from each other, and they contain suites of fossils distinct from each other, in proportion to the length of the interval between the times of their deposition. As therefore an unbroken sequence of time is not represented in the rocks, we cannot expect to find a perfect series of gradations between any one living species and its fossil ancestors. The evidence therefore of intermediate forms, so far as it goes, is corroborative of the hypothesis that species are transmutable, and that all the varied forms of life now on the earth are lineally descended from ancestors which have varied exactly in proportion to the change in their external conditions. Additional proof tending in the same direction may be obtained from the classification and distribution of plants and animals which Mr. Darwin reserves for a future work. Whether his views be accepted or not, it must be admitted that he has given a most valuable impulse to the 'philosophical investigation of the most backward and obscure branch of the biological 'sciences of the day,'* by his careful researches and earnest writings. In all probability the naturalists of the future, while endorsing his principle, will deny to selection the paramount power with which it is invested in his theory of evolution.

Mr. Darwin concludes with an attempt to account for the obscure facts presented by reproduction, heredity, and variation, by the following hypothesis, which is very likely to be true, although it is not capable of direct proof:—

'It is almost universally admitted that cells, or the units of the body, propagate themselves by self-division or proliferation, retaining the same nature, and ultimately becoming converted into the various tissues and substances of the body. But besides this means of increase, I assume that cells, before their conversion into completely passive or "formed material," throw off minute granules or atoms, which circulate freely throughout the system, subsequently becoming developed into cells like those from which they were derived. These granules, for the sake of distinctness, may be called cell-gemmules, or, as the cellular theory is not fully established, simply gemmules. They are supposed to be transmitted from the

* Falconer's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 254.

parent to the offspring, and are generally developed in the generation which immediately succeeds, but are often transmitted in a dormant state during many generations, and are then developed. Their development is supposed to depend on their union with other partially developed cells or gemmules which precede them in the regular course of growth. . . . Gemmules are supposed to be thrown off by every cell or unit not only during the adult state, but during all stages of development. Lastly, I assume that the gemmules in their dormant state have a mutual affinity for each other, leading to their aggregation either into buds or into the sexual elements. Hence speaking strictly, it is not the reproductive elements nor the buds which generate new organisms, but the cells themselves throughout the body. These assumptions constitute the provisional hypothesis which I have called Pangenesis.' (Vol. ii. p. 374.)

Similar views to these had already been advanced by Mr. Herbert Spencer in 1863.† The existence of free gemmules, or physiological units as they are called by the latter author, 'is a gratuitous assumption,' but can hardly be considered improbable, since it is universally admitted that cells have the power of multiplication through the self-division of their contents. An atom of small-pox poison inconceivably minute is able to affect the whole blood by self-multiplication. By the same process also, an atom of diseased matter from an animal affected with rinderpest, increases so fast, 'that in a short 'space of time the whole mass of blood, weighing many 'pounds,' is infected in the body of a healthy animal. When we remember how long seeds lay dormant in the earth, the idea that these free gemmules may remain dormant in the organism, is not so improbable as it appears at first sight. Their minuteness and numbers, rendered necessary by the hypothesis, is no stumbling-block to its being accepted. The common *Ascaris lumbricoides*, according to Dr. Carpenter, has been known to contain no fewer than sixty-four million ova at one time. The revelations of the microscope prove that size is merely comparative and depending upon our powers of vision. In the case of odours, such as musk and assafœtida, small atoms may be given off for a long period, without causing any visible diminution of the bulk. The gemmules must be thoroughly diffused throughout the body, and must possess an 'elective 'affinity' or 'polarity' for those particular cells that precede them in order of development. If we cut off the tail of a lizard, a fresh tail buds forth and passes through all the stages of development until it acquires its perfect form; a fact that can only be explained by the hypothesis that there exists in the

* Principles of Biology, vol. i.

whole body gemmules thrown off by each individual cell in the lost tail, and capable of assuming the same position in the new one as the parent cells in the old. A common polyp may be cut to pieces, and each fragment will form the basis of growth for a fresh individual. From a scrap of begonia leaf stuck in the ground, a whole plant is capable of being formed. In the case of abnormal growths, the elective affinity of the first set of gemmules has changed in such a way as to cause them to combine with others of a different kind; and when this combination has been once effected, the aggregation of the succeeding ones is carried on as if their predecessors occupied their normal positions. The growth of hairs in the brain, and of teeth in ovarian tumours, or in the orbit of the eye, can only be explained on this hypothesis. No one can deny that the various tissues possess an affinity for certain organic substances. The kidney cells attract urea from the blood, the nerves are affected by worrara, the muscles by upas, digitalis, and the like. If, then, each cell possess certain affinities, the gemmule or hypothetical offspring of that cell must possess them to a greater or less degree.

There seems to be sufficient evidence that each cell in the body has a quasi-independent existence; the spur of a cock inserted into the eye of an ox, lived for eight years, and acquired a weight of nearly fourteen ounces. The tail of a pig has been grafted into the middle of its back, and that belonging to a rat into the cartilage of its nose, and both have reacquired sensibility. A strip of periosteum from the bone of a young dog placed under the skin of a rabbit has been known to develope true bone.

Let us now see how this theory accounts for other classes of facts. All the forms of reproduction graduate into each other. According to Professors Huxley and Clark, fission is little more than a peculiar mode of budding. That the union of two sexual elements is not indispensable, is proved by the well-known facts of parthenogenesis. Ovules and buds are admitted to have the same essential nature by the high authority of J. Müller. In M. Jourdain's experiment on 5,800 eggs, laid by unimpregnated silkmoths, many passed through their embryonic stages and thus showed that they were capable of self-development; but of the whole number only twenty-nine produced caterpillars. From these and the like cases it is clear that the belief in the function of the spermatozoa to communicate life to the ovule is groundless. The phenomenon of budding in the lower animals, such as the medusæ, proves that the belief that the sexual elements are created by the

reproductive organs is equally unfounded. All these facts are rationally explained by the doctrine of Pangenesis. It also accounts satisfactorily for the facts that the offspring is more or less like the parents, and yet sometimes more like an ancestor. That the gemmules have a power of remaining latent is proved by male characters handed down through the female, from the grandfather to the grandson, as well as by the inheritance of certain diseases peculiar to one, through the opposite sex. There appears, indeed, to be evidence that every character that occasionally reappears is present in a latent form in each generation. On this theory each individual contains gemmules of his ancestors on each side, which are capable of manifesting themselves according to their prepotency.

The transmission of variations is unaccountable by the current views of reproduction. How, for instance, can the use or disuse of particular organs be inherited unless it be through the gemmules of that organ? 'A horse is trained to certain paces, and 'a colt inherits similar consensual movements.' The offspring of dogs taught to beg have been known to beg without any teaching. The legs of the domestic duck have increased in size while its wings have decreased as compared with those of its wild ancestor. 'How,' Mr. Darwin pertinently asks, 'can 'the use or disuse of a particular limb, or of the brain, affect a 'small aggregate of reproductive cells, seated in a distant part 'of the body, in such a manner that the being developed from 'those cells inherits the character of either one or both 'parents?' To this question the theory of Pangenesis affords an imperfect answer.

This theory is one that can be neither proved nor disproved, but may be considered true in exact proportion as it explains the facts. According to it each plant and animal 'may be 'compared to a bed of mould full of seeds, most of which soon 'germinate, some lay for a period dormant, while others perish... 'Each living creature must be looked upon as a microcosm 'formed of a host of self-propagating organs inconceivably 'minute and as numerous as the stars of heaven.' But even if the truth of the theory of Pangenesis be granted, it leaves us as far off as ever from the knowledge of the method by which the first cell or gemmule became endowed with its mysterious properties. Polarity or elective affinity are merely terms that cover our own ignorance. We can but fall back on the old doctrine of a First Cause and a Supreme Will: that life itself sprang in the beginning from the great Life-giver, the great Maker and Sustainer, 'by whom, through whom, and for whom 'all things were made.'

ART. VI.—*L'Église Romaine et le Premier Empire*, 1800–1814. *Avec Notes, Correspondance diplomatique et Pièces justificatives, entièrement inédites.* Par M. LE COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE. 2 vols. Paris: 1868.

THOUGH the contest of Napoleon with the Papacy is thrown into the shade by the glare and splendour of battle-fields and military glory which fill the 'Histories of the Consulate 'and Empire,' it merits the special attention which the writer of these volumes has given to the subject; and the more so, since his diligent research has enabled him to elucidate the character of the struggle by the testimony of a great quantity of hitherto unexamined documents. The story of the negotiation of the Napoleonic Concordat forms the prelude to this eventful conflict. M. Thiers, in a note in his 'History of the Consulate and 'Empire,' had already observed that no negotiation offered a more worthy subject for political study than that of this Concordat, and he notified to the world the existence of a large body of correspondence in the French archives which might one day reveal details hitherto enveloped in secrecy, even to those best versed in the study of the history of the Empire. M. d'Haussonville has not only incorporated into his text, but has published in an appendix, a large portion of this correspondence, the perusal of which is found to justify the remark of M. Thiers. M. d'Haussonville bestows great praise on the precision and truth of the outline drawn by the author of the history of the Consulate and Empire. Nevertheless, it is impossible for two writers to disagree more in their appreciation of the part played by the leading actor in this important transaction—a part regarded by the one as matter for unqualified praise, and by the other for almost unredeemed censure and suspicion. The truth here, as in most cases, lies probably between the two extremes. M. Thiers certainly overlooked some incidents in his narrative highly discreditable to the Imperial negotiators; whereas M. d'Haussonville, with considerable art and malice, never fails to seize a single point prejudicial to the French negotiators of the Concordat, or characteristic of the violence and bad faith of Napoleon. It is true that, on almost every question in dispute, Napoleon brought the Papacy to terms by peremptory *ultimatums* and by language in the nature of menace. But the timorous hesitation and interminable scruples of the aged Cardinals of Rome were not to be overcome in any other

way. It was not till after the Concordat, and during the subsequent disputes of Napoleon with the Holy See, that the pride and arrogance of the despot became inflated to immeasurable limits by an astounding career of new victories, and dictated a system of usurpation devoid of all respect for justice or principle. Nevertheless, although his design of reducing the Papacy to a mere state of vassalage to his empire was probably only a subsequent conception, yet there can be no doubt that from the first he regarded the re-establishment of the Catholic Church as a political measure, with the view of rendering the religious institutions of France as powerful engines as possible for the subjugation of its people.

The conclave held at Venice in the Isola San Georgio on the death of Pius VI. opened with a strong disposition to choose a Pope whose election should be received with favour by the Cabinet of Vienna. A deceitful intrigue, however, of the Austrian representatives delayed the choice of a Pope for nearly three months, during which time the political state of Europe was completely changed by the unexpected appearance of Napoleon at the head of affairs in France. It ended, as so many conclaves have ended, in electing a Pope utterly unthought of at its commencement; and the Cardinal Chiaramonti was proclaimed Pope on the 14th of March, 1800.

The Pope who was thus elected was one of the most estimable prelates who have ever occupied the chair of St. Peter. If he was not a great Pope, he certainly possessed a combination of spiritual and moral qualities rarer than genius, and certainly more beneficent than ambition; of all the sovereigns of the time, he is perhaps the only one who can be placed face to face with Napoleon, and yet not suffer by the contrast. Pius VII. was an incarnation of benevolence, humility, and Christian virtue of evangelic sweetness; his imperial antagonist was a man of insatiable ambition, of Cæsarian force of will. To appreciate still more thoroughly the character of this exemplary Pontiff, it must be remembered that he had not, like his predecessor Pius VI., any bigoted aversion to the new doctrines of the time; on the contrary, he had large sympathies with the philanthropic aspirations of the leading spirits of the Revolutionary school, and believed that the new movement would, in spite of the crimes and extravagances which accompanied it, prove ultimately beneficial to the spiritual as well as material interests of humanity; and that the leading principles of the new doctrines were not irreconcilable with the traditionary supremacy of Rome as the religious mistress of the world. These convictions Pius VII.

xpressed in a very remarkable homily, the most signifi-ant document, so far as study of himself is concerned, which ver issued from his pen. It was published while he was Bishop of Imola, two months after the signature of the treaty f Campo Formio. In this homily, addressed, on Christmas Day 1799, to the people of his diocese in the Cisalpine Re-ublic, he recommended entire submission to the new order of hings, and demonstrated that the principles of democratic overnment were founded on principles quite in harmony with he teachings of the Scriptures. He even quoted some words rom the profession of faith of the *Vicaire Savoyard*:—'Je vous avoue que la majesté des Écritures m'étonne; la sainteté de l'Évangile parle à mon cœur.' The Bishop and Prince of he Church was found to be acquainted with the writings of Rousseau, and adduced them in support of his argument!

When the French troops first invaded the Legations under Bonaparte, all the other Bishops quitted their dioceses—Chiaramonti alone remained: this conduct caused him to be mentioned by the French General in his address to the inhabitants of Ancona when he received the keys of the town. The Bishop of Ancona had left the place, and, in remarking on the fact, he said, 'Celui d'Imola, qui est aussi cardinal, 'ne s'est pas enfui; je ne l'ai pas vu en passant, mais il est à 'son poste.' This praise accorded by the victorious General to the Cardinal Chiaramonti made a wide impression among the inhabitants of the Legations; and these circumstances undoubtedly influenced the conclave in fixing upon Chiaramonti as the most eligible member of the Sacred College for the vacant Papacy. If any accord was to be brought about between Rome and revolutionary France, such a character presented the greatest chances of its accomplishment. It must be added also that the Pope himself was at first fascinated by the genius of Napoleon. 'He had for him,' says Consalvi in his 'Memoirs,' 'a mingled sense of admiration, fear, paternal 'tenderness, and gratitude for the powerful and ready hand 'with which he re-established the Church in France.' Probably he felt in his heart a religious conviction that such an astounding prodigy of genius and ambition was not sent into the world without a Divine purpose. From this fascination he never freed himself, even in the days when he suffered unmerited and even cruel persecution at the hands of his Imperial captor. In the solitary oratory of his prison at Savona the victim prayed earnestly and fervently for his oppressor; and to his latest days his old affection for the author of his afflictions survived the recollection of insult and injury.

Immediately on the election of Pius VII., the political difficulties inseparable from the union of the spiritual and temporal power of the Papacy commenced, and that not with a heretic or infidel power, but with such orthodox sons of the Church as the sovereigns of Austria and Naples. Previous to the battle of Marengo, the Austrians were in possession of the Legations, and indeed of the whole Pontifical territory nearly up to the gates of Rome, which they had acquired by conquest from the French. No effort had been spared to induce the new Pope to make permanent cession of the spoils of the French Republicans to Austria. The Austrian envoy, the Marchese Ghislieri, was not content even with menaces, but, on pretence of conveying the Pope back to Rome by sea, put him on board an Austrian frigate, and kept him virtually a prisoner on board for twelve days, during which time he harassed the Pope incessantly to procure the cession of the Legations. At length Pesaro was reached, and Ghislieri escorted the Pope to Ancona, where intelligence of a surprising character reached them. The battle of Marengo had been fought. Ghislieri now ceded the Legations with alacrity, and took his leave of the Pope, who proceeded to Rome, though the Neapolitans still held possession of the city till ejected by the peace of Florence. It may be said, if the Head of the Church met with such treatment from the hands of the champions of the ancient order of Europe, what might not be expected from a revolutionary Power? Such conduct must doubtless have made a deep impression on the mind of Pius VII., and rendered him the more willing to enter into relations with the First Consul, who had just uttered a string of generous and magniloquent phrases in defence of the clergy and religion of Rome, which met with an eager response in the heart of the new Pontiff.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of history is that of the strange parallelisms and coincidences of the destinies of persons who are designed to play simultaneously a great part in human affairs. Napoleon had crossed the Great Saint Bernard precisely at the time at which Pius VII. was sending forth his encyclical letter announcing his elevation. He entered Milan on the 3rd of June, 1800, and before leaving that city to contest the domination of the Italian peninsula with Melas, addressed a most remarkable speech to the assembled clergy of the capital of Lombardy. He declared that whatever disorder in religious affairs had been caused by his first invasion of Italy had taken place entirely against his will. At that time, however, he was but the simple agent of a Government who had no care whatever for the Catholic religion.

'At the present time I am provided with full powers, and I am decided to exercise every means I believe to be the most proper for the protection of this religion. France has learnt a lesson from her misfortunes, and has opened her eyes; she has recognised that the Catholic religion is the only anchor of salvation amid the storms of the tempest.

'As soon as I can communicate with the new Pope, I trust I shall have the happiness of smoothing all the obstacles which stand in the way of an entire reconciliation of France with the Head of the Church.'*

This first public declaration of Napoleon in the matter of religion had, as he intended it should have, an immense effect. His vast intelligence, with prophetic ambition, was already marshalling his schemes of empire. He had long come to the conclusion that some form of national religion is a necessity for any stable Government; and his education, his love of unity, his Italian sympathies, and his natural taste for grandeur, led him to regard the Roman Catholic Church as the ecclesiastical institution best suited to his purpose. This address to the clergy of Milan was delivered eight days before Marengo. After Marengo, in defiance of the sarcasms of Deists and Voltairians at Paris, he had a *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral; and after the conclusion of the armistice with Austria, he expressed his desire to enter into negotiations on the subject of religious affairs in France, and requested that Pius VII. would send for that purpose Monsignore Spina, archbishop *in partibus* of Corinth, to Turin and subsequently to Paris.

Napoleon in this, as in all the negotiations he undertook, depended entirely upon himself for the leading principles of the arrangement, and entrusted third parties only with matters of detail. Under the guidance of M. Portalis, a well-known jurist, and one of the chief compilers of the *Code Napoléon*, he had already employed his vast and penetrating intelligence in mastering the chief points of ecclesiastical history, and the previous relations of the Holy See with France. M. Portalis was admirably qualified for the subordinate part he intended him to play, and was, moreover, a sincere Catholic; and to him he entrusted the chief part in the business of drawing up the Concordat with Monsignore Spina. M. de Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as an ex-bishop of the Church of France, necessarily stood in too delicate a position towards a Power whom he had deserted, to be put prominently forward; he reserved for critical emergencies.

* espondance de l'Empereur Napoléon I, vol. vi. pp. 340, 341.

But Napoleon had to his hand a Churchman, the Abbé Bernier, a Breton by birth, whom, with his wonderful insight into human character, he selected as a fitting instrument for the work he contemplated. Bernier was intriguing, avaricious, and unscrupulous; but he was resolute and active. He had been formerly a professed royalist, and this circumstance had enabled him to be useful to the First Consul in the pacification of La Vendée. His position, however, in La Vendée had become insupportable, since the unscrupulous nature of his intrigues there had been discovered—for one of his arguments to induce the peasantry to submit to the new Government was that the First Consul was preparing the way for the return of the Bourbons. Bernier found it necessary to remove to Paris, where he attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon; and in this matter of the Concordat placed the whole of his intriguing abilities at the disposition of the First Consul without reserve.

Under the conduct of these negotiators and Monsignore Spina the question of the Concordat was discussed at Paris for nearly a year, without apparently much prospect of agreement; every clause of the projected document seemed bristling with difficulties. The question was, moreover, simultaneously the subject of negotiation at Rome, between M. Cacault, the French Minister there, and the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi, Papal Secretary of State, and the Sacred College. M. Cacault was a Breton gentleman, who had negotiated the Treaty of Tolentino on the part of France; and he it was who received the famous admonition from Napoleon before starting for Rome: 'N'oubliez 'pas de traiter le pape comme s'il avait deux cent mille hommes 'à ses ordres.' The good sense, plain dealing, and honourable character of M. Cacault were highly esteemed by the Roman Court, and his pacific counsels exercised a favourable influence on both parties to the negotiation.

At length, after the delivery of projects and counter-projects, and infinite discussion, the First Consul became utterly impatient and intolerant of what seemed to him to be mere irrelevant quibbles about dogmas; and M. Cacault was directed to inform the Pope that further dilatory measures might be attended with deplorable consequences as well for 'religion 'as for his temporal dominion.' The French Minister was ordered to retire from Rome to Florence, unless the Concordat as last drawn up at Paris by the French negotiators was accepted. This announcement struck terror into the bosom of the Papal Court. M. Cacault, knowing that it was useless to attempt to persuade Pius VII. to yield at once to this summary *ultimatum*, devised with great ingenuity a plan to

save the appearance of a rupture. He proposed to the Pope that, since he himself was obliged to leave Rome, Consalvi should accompany him in his carriage to Florence, and proceed from thence to Paris, and endeavour to come to a settlement on the disputed points. This plan was adopted by the Pope, not, however, without great reluctance; for the idea still prevailed at Rome that Paris continued to be a den of ferocious assassins and brigands; and the Pope took leave of his bosom friend and secretary with tears. Consalvi himself shared the apprehensions of the Pope; for he wrote to the Cavaliere Acton, the Minister of Ferdinand, King of Naples, 'the good 'of religion demands a victim; I am going to the First Consul '—*I march to martyrdom:* the will of God be accomplished.' This passage of Consalvi's letter was unfortunately communicated through the French Minister at Naples to the First Consul, and may probably have had some share in producing for Consalvi the reception he met with at Paris.

Cardinal Consalvi was a finished type of the old Roman ecclesiastics, whose amenity of manners, combined with worldly sagacity, caused them to be characterised as 'half swan and 'half fox,' a mixture of priestly suavity, diplomatic subtlety, and almost feminine courtesy. In the little world of Roman society Consalvi was called the 'siren,' and he was said to be as insinuating as a perfume. He had undoubtedly considerable diplomatic and political ability, though there is something of self-sufficiency in his Memoirs; his habitual depreciation of Napoleon, and his accounts of his diplomatic and colloquial triumphs, must be received with suspicion from a man who had suffered much from the Emperor, and who, after the fall of his great enemy, was fêted by all the Courts of Europe, and became a sort of demigod of hospitality to distinguished foreigners at Rome.

The Secretary of State of Pius VII. arrived in Paris in his cardinal's dress: he had met with no disrespect on his journey; nevertheless, he took care while in the capital not to show himself too openly. No ecclesiastic, he tells us, was to be seen in the street; and the churches were still profaned with inscriptions recalling the temporary worship of the goddess of Reason: they were dedicated to Friendship, to Abundance, to Hymen, to Commerce, to Gardens (!), to Fraternity, Liberty, and Equality; people still gave to each other the appellation of citizens; and he himself was styled citizen in the course of his journey. He went at once to the Hôtel of Monsignore Spina, where he immediately received the visit of the Abbé Bernier. It was arranged that he should

presented to the First Consul on that very day; and on inquiry as to his costume, he was told, *il devait venir le plus en cardinal possible.*

And here ensued a strange scene of surprise for the Cardinal. He dressed himself for the audience, not in his scarlet dress, but in black, with red stockings, cap, and collar. The master of the ceremonies introduced him to a small apartment on the ground-floor of the palace, where there was no noise or sound of motion, and went to take the orders of the First Consul. He returned immediately, and led the Cardinal through a side door which opened on to the great staircase, into an immense saloon full of people all splendidly attired. It happened to be a day of military parade or grand reception at the Tuileries, a circumstance of which the Cardinal was ignorant. Perhaps the trick was not intentional. But Consalvi, just alighted from his journey, full of the excitement of travel, and of his arrival in a strange capital, coming upon this unexpected crowd, naturally considered at first that he was the subject of a *coup de théâtre.*

M. de Talleyrand proceeded to conduct him towards another apartment. The Cardinal took breath. He was about surely to be introduced to the private cabinet of the First Consul; but alas! he was shown into another saloon, of graver and more august appearance than any he had yet passed through. Three individuals occupied a prominent place. These were evidently the three Consuls, of whom the centre figure advanced towards him, and after M. de Talleyrand had gone through the ceremony of presentation, said—

'Je sais le motif de votre voyage en France. Je veux que l'on ouvre immédiatement les conférences. Je vous laisse cinq jours de temps, et je vous préviens que si, à l'expiration du cinquième jour, les négociations ne sont pas terminées, vous devrez retourner à Rome, attendu que, quant à moi, j'ai pris mon parti pour une telle hypothèse.'

These were the first words which Cardinal Consalvi heard from the lips of the man whom M. Cacault called '*l'homme* '*terrible*,' '*le petit tigre*,' and they were pronounced with coldness and dignity. Consalvi made a conciliatory reply; after which, the First Consul, standing as he was before all present, spoke with energy, vivacity, and wonderful precision of language on all the topics in dispute between the French Government and the Holy See; and in the course of his argument handled the general question of Concordats, of the relations of Church and State, and of religion, with astonishing learning, but without anger or harshness. The general story

of the negotiations which ensued may be found in M. Thiers. Here, with M. d'Haussonville, we merely dwell on the points on which we get additional information from the Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi.

The leading points of the Concordat on which the First Consul insisted were these: resignation of all the bishops—both those in exile and those styled constitutional; a new allotment of dioceses; a new clergy to be established in place of the old; bishops to be nominated by the First Consul and inducted by the Pope, and all the clergy to be salaried by the State. There was to be a renunciation of all the former property of the Church. There was to be a *police des cultes*—that is to say, the performance of acts of public worship was to be made subject to civil authority and the decisions of the *Conseil d'État*; and such priests as had married during the revolution were to be admitted to reconciliation with the Church.

The Church of Rome had opposed difficulties and delays to each of these demands of Napoleon. The point about which there was the greatest disagreement was that comprised in the expression *police des cultes;* and, moreover, the Papacy insisted that the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion should be declared in the preamble of the Concordat the religion of the State; or, failing that, the dominant religion. Representations were made in vain to Consalvi, that to declare the Roman Catholic the dominant religion would create immense opposition in France in the present state of public opinion on religious matters, and that it would uselessly irritate all members of other creeds. On this point alone there was infinite discussion. The conferences had already lasted twenty-four days, and there seemed no hope of coming to any compromise. The First Consul grew so irritated at last, that he suffered a council of the constitutional clergy to assemble in Paris to discuss Church affairs, with a view of impressing Consalvi with the necessity of greater expedition.

The signing of the Concordat was to take place at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, who had been appointed one of the French Commissioners; and the scene which ensued there, according to Consalvi, is unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. According to his account, when they were proceeding to sign the document, Bernier produced a paper and placed it before Consalvi for signature as though it were the Concordat agreed upon; but, to his astonishment, when he cast his eyes on the paper, he perceived that the clauses before him in nowise corresponded with those agreed upon and

accepted by the First Consul. It was, in fact, a totally different instrument. The astonishment of Joseph, he says, was equally great with his own, and he believed it to be unfeigned. He questioned the Abbé Bernier, who then stammered out that the change had been made by order of the First Consul, who would accept no other stipulations. Consalvi, indignant according to his statement at this piece of trickery, declared he would not sign the document as it stood, and the whole work of the conference seemed at an end. Joseph, however, who had hitherto had nothing to do with the negotiation, appealed to the reason of the Cardinal; he set forth before him how prejudicial further delay would be to the interests of the Church; he declared that the settlement of the Concordat had already been announced in the Government papers, and that his brother, who was accustomed to yield to no obstacles, would be roused to the highest pitch of fury and indignation if the announcement given to the public in his own journals in a matter of such importance should be falsified. Consalvi consented to reopen the negotiation. It was then five o'clock in the afternoon, and they began the discussion anew. Neither Joseph Bonaparte nor the Abbé Bernier would allow Consalvi peace or respite till the affair was finished; they plied him with arguments the whole night through, and it was noon the next day before the Concordat was settled. The discussion had lasted *nineteen hours!*

The document having been thus drawn up, Joseph left to communicate it to the First Consul. One clause had been cancelled altogether, as Consalvi declared positively that he had no powers to grant it; and Joseph expressed his fears, before leaving Consalvi, that his brother would not accept the Concordat as it now stood even after this last nineteen hours' manipulation. He returned in a short time with an air of vexation, and said the First Consul had at first flown into a fit of exasperation, and torn the paper into a hundred fragments; but that, at his urgent entreaty, he had at last, with the greatest difficulty, been persuaded to accept the Concordat in its last form, upon condition, however, that the article objected to by Consalvi, that concerning the *police des cultes*, should be inserted as it stood in the Abbé Bernier's copy: on this point he would admit of no compromise. Then Consalvi was summarily requested to decide on one of two things, to admit the article or break off all negotiation. Consalvi was in the greatest state of anguish; nevertheless, he refused to admit the article.

To add to Consalvi's embarrassment, all this high pressure

had been put upon him to finish the Concordat with a view of announcing its conclusion in a great banquet to be held that very day at which he himself was to be present. Consequently, in less than an hour he was at the Tuileries, where he found the apartments crowded with the same high dignitaries, and the same company in splendid array whom he had found there on the day of his arrival—all the ministerial functionaries, the chief generals and the aides-de-camp of the First Consul, and a host of persons who would learn with extreme satisfaction the news of the rupture of negotiations between the Government and the Papacy. The First Consul received the Papal Secretary with a terrible frown, and addressed him in that harsh loud cutting tone which was peculiar to him when displeased:—

'"Eh bien! monsieur le cardinal, vous avez voulu rompre! Soit. Je n'ai pas besoin de Rome. Je n'ai pas besoin du pape. Si Henri VIII, qui n'avait pas la vingtième partie de ma puissance, a pu changer la religion de son pays, bien plus le saurai-je faire, et le pourrai-je moi! En changeant de religion, je la changerai à presque toute l'Europe, partout où s'étend l'influence de mon pouvoir. Rome s'apercevra des pertes qu'elle aura faites. Elle les pleurera, mais il n'y aura plus remède. Vous pouvez partir: c'est ce qu'il vous reste de mieux à faire. Vous avez voulu rompre. Eh bien! soit, puisque vous l'avez voulu. Quand partez-vous?" ... "Après dîner, général," replied Consalvi.'

According to Consalvi's account, the First Consul was surprised by the promptness of this reply; however, the Roman Cardinal began to argue gently and at length that all points had been settled but this one of the *police des cultes*, and this he wished to submit to the Pope, but such liberty was denied him. Bonaparte, however, would not be pacified, and concluded the discussion by saying, '*Rome versera des larmes de sang sur cette rupture.*'

After dinner Consalvi had to submit to another attack from the Austrian Ambassador, Graf von Cobentzel, who besought Consalvi to endeavour, for the welfare of the Holy See and of Europe, to bring the matter to a conclusion. Through the mediation of the Austrian Ambassador, one last conference was permitted to debate this momentous article of the *police des cultes*. It stands the first in the Concordat, and as finally settled runs thus:—

'La religion catholique apostolique romaine sera librement exercée en France. Son culte sera public, en se conformant aux règlements de police *que le gouvernement jugera nécessaires pour la tranquillité publique.*'

The words in italics are those which Consalvi insisted should be added, to restrict the application of police regulations to the ceremonies of religion. It does not seem to us that the words were worth fighting so desperately about on either side. Consalvi's object was to secure free liberty for the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church; but since he admitted that the practice of Catholic worship should be amenable at all to police regulations, his restriction that these regulations should only be such as should in the judgment of the Government be necessary to public tranquillity, would not abridge the power of state authority, if it were disposed to interfere with the liberty of Catholic worship. At last, however, the Concordat, with this article as it now stands, was agreed to by the First Consul.

By this Concordat the Gallican Church was brought once more under the spiritual dominion of the Papacy; but the publication of the Concordat with the accessory *articles organiques*, the question of the admissibility of the constitutional clergy among the hierarchy of the restored establishment, and the temporal power of the Pope, were all matters pregnant with causes of disagreement, and danger to the continuance of harmony and confidence between the governments of France and Rome. The First Consul was just then in the midst of the negotiations of the Peace of Amiens, and was anxious that what he called the religious peace and the political peace should proceed simultaneously, and, for greater effect on the public mind, be published together. In the correspondence of Cardinal Caprara, who now took a prominent part in the relations of France with the Holy See, it is astonishing to observe the impetuosity, force of mind, intelligence, and knowledge which Napoleon brought to bear on this question, overwhelmed as he was with the labours which necessarily devolved upon him, when the whole internal and external political conditions had to be organised and settled on a firm basis.

During the stay of Cardinal Consalvi at Paris, the First Consul had requested the nomination of a Legate *à latere* for France, and desired especially the appointment of the Cardinal Caprara. Caprara, having consequently been appointed Cardinal Legate, was received everywhere on his passage through France, by civil and military authorities, with the most distinguished honours. In fortified towns a salute of cannon announced his arrival and departure, a troop of cavalry escorted his carriage, and the *préfets* of the departments attended his arrival at each town with a public address. At Fontainebleau the whole municipal council waited upon him; a double escort

of *gendarmes* and *chasseurs* escorted him to the gates of Paris: but there all honours ceased. Napoleon arranged his arrival so that it should take place at nightfall; he was apparently not yet sufficiently proof against the raillery of the Parisians to test them with such a spectacle. Having, like Consalvi, alighted at the house of Monsignore Spina, the Abbé Bernier waited upon him immediately, and invited him to occupy the magnificent Hôtel de Montmorency, which had been especially furnished and prepared for him and his legation. He had an audience of the First Consul on the morrow. Napoleon received the Cardinal in the most gracious manner, spoke in the most flattering and affectionate terms of the Pope, and then immediately began to enter on the question of the constitutional bishops.

The constitutional clergy, as they were termed, consisted of those members of the Church of France who had submitted themselves to the civil constitution of the clergy established by the Act of 1791. That Act had always been fiercely denounced by Rome as schismatical and heretical—a violation both of the laws and doctrines of the Church. Had it prevailed, it would, in fact, have placed the Gallican Church in a position extremely similar to that of the Anglican clergy under the statutes of Henry VIII. In the negotiation of the Concordat, one of the chief difficulties was to provide for those priests who had submitted themselves to the civil power. Bonaparte refused, very properly, to abandon them. The Pope refused to admit them, until they had recanted their errors, which at length they consented to do.

Napoleon naturally looked on this section of the priesthood as the most attached to the new order of things in France. Moreover, had the constitutional clergy been wholly left out in naming the new hierarchy, their rejection might have sown the seeds of no contemptible disaffection, since their claims were advocated by persons of great influence; and in so difficult a matter as an entirely new establishment of the Catholic Church as the national Church of France—a Church which was to be endowed by the State, in the face of the religious indifference and even opposition and contempt of a large portion of the community—it would have been utterly impolitic of Napoleon to submit to the dictation of the Papacy, and set them wholly aside in the choice of the new bishops.* Cardinal

* In the 'Correspondance' of Napoleon may be found a passage sufficiently indicative of the way of regarding the question, which is found in a letter addressed to his uncle Cardinal Fesch, the Bishop

Caprara had received instructions from Rome not to give the *institution canonique* to a single member of the constitutional clergy. The First Consul on his side was resolved that a certain number should be inducted, and after a preliminary consecration in Notre Dame (now restored to Christian worship), of Monseigneur Belloy as Archbishop of Paris, and Monseigneur Cambacérès as Archbishop of Rouen, and of the Abbés Bernier and De Pancemont as Bishops of Orleans and Vannes, the First Consul named twenty-two new bishops for consecration, of whom ten were *constitutionnels*. Caprara was in the greatest state of despair. Nevertheless, after repeated interviews of the stormiest character, in which he was assured that, if France were left in a state of schism, the whole responsibility would lie with himself; by dint of coaxing and cajolery, with an aged cardinal at his wits' ends to conciliate the dogmas of the Court of Rome and the will of the First Consul, and by dint of asseveration, as Caprara says, on the part of the new Bishops of Orleans and Vannes that the constitutionals had really made abjuration of their errors, the Legate consented to give them induction. The constitutional bishops subsequently denied that they had made any such abjuration at all. It is impossible now to decide how far Caprara was really deceived. M. d'Haussonville, however, points out that the Bishops of Orleans and Vannes about this time received respectively 50,000 and 30,000 francs for services in connexion with the Legate.

The First Consul had succeeded in his wishes. On Easter Sunday, the 18th of April, 1802, while the ratifications of the Treaty of Amiens were being exchanged at the Tuileries, the Concordat was proclaimed in the streets of Paris by the Prefect of Police; and at eleven o'clock the Cardinal Legate, in the scarlet robes of the Sacred College, followed by his Legation and the newly-appointed archbishop and bishops, proceeded in state to Notre Dame, which had been prepared and adorned for the occasion by the labour of two thousand workmen, to offer up a *Te Deum* for the establishment of civil and religious peace. The Legate *à latere*, according to immemorial custom, should, on solemn occasions, be preceded by a

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of Lyons: 'Vous devez agir avec dextérité, mais réellement placer 'le plus de constitutionnels possible et bien vous assurer ce parti. 'Vous ne devez point vous dissimuler que cette question de con- 'stitutionnels et de non-constitutionnels, qui est parmi le grand 'nombre des prêtres une question religieuse, n'est pour les chefs 'qu'une question politique. Enfin vous me déplairiez infiniment et 'feriez grand mal à l'État si vous choquez les constitutionnels.'

olden cross carried by a man in scarlet on horseback. The Cardinal had requested to know whether it would be advisable o retain this custom, and it was arranged that the golden cross hould be carried in a coach preceding that of the Legate. Public curiosity had been aroused to the highest pitch by the nnouncement of an ecclesiastical display to which Paris had een a stranger for so many years. On its success or failure the First Consul had staked a considerable portion of his prestige; nd it was a politic stroke to unite together in one ceremony he thanksgiving for the peace so ardently desired by the people, fter all the horrors of civil massacre and the suffering entailed y foreign warfare during the last twelve years, and the thanksiving for the restoration of the Church. And we may well magine with what impatience the First Consul must have upported the timid and dilatory proceedings of the Court of Rome and its Legate; for the matter of the reconciliation of he bishops, without whom the ceremony could not have been performed with a sufficiently imposing body of ecclesiastics, *was only settled on the very day preceding the Te Deum.* A large body of the generals still boasted that they would take no part in the ceremony at Notre Dame. Napoleon, however, had taken as much precaution for the success of this his first *Te Deum* in Paris, as he would have done to win a battle. The state coaches of the old royalty of France were brought out and regilt. All the great officers of State were personally invited by Napoleon to appear in the procession with unusual splendour. The Consuls themselves, it was made known, had ordered new dresses of sumptuous magnificence; and the ladies who frequented the *salon* of the wife of the First Consul, were invited to take part in the display, and to exhibit all the resources of a *grande toilette.* The most elegant among them were to form a body of ladies of honour to Madame Bonaparte. It was, indeed, with the First Consul a preliminary essay at a court, and on this occasion the Napoleonic livery of green and gold first made its appearance in public.

The Generals had been surprised into joining the *Te Deum* by a pleasant stratagem. They were all invited to a grand military breakfast by Berthier, the Minister of War. As soon as the breakfast was over, Berthier innocently proposed that they should accompany him to offer their congratulations at the Tuileries to the First Consul on the establishment of the peace. They followed the Minister without hesitation; but when they arrived at the Tuileries, they found Napoleon just about to start with his procession for Notre Dame. Napoleon

gave them the word of command to attend him, and not one ventured to refuse.

It cannot be supposed that a congregation thus got together would evince in its bearing a very devotional spirit; on the contrary, the members of the *Conseil d'État* looked cold and disdainful; the military inattentive and bored; Napoleon alone was equal to the occasion. 'Immobile,' says M. Thiers, 'le 'visage sévère, Napoléon restait calme, grave dans l'atti- 'tude d'un chef d'empire qui fait un grand acte de volonté 'et qui commande de son regard la soumission à tout le 'monde.'

This day may perhaps be called the finest and greatest in his eventful history; and if ever he felt the charm of peace and contentment in his stormy existence, he felt it then. He was never more amiable than at the great dinner which was given at the Tuileries on that evening; towards the Cardinal Legate his attention was singularly expressive and friendly:—

'"Eh bien!" he said to him; "voilà qu'à Rome on commence à pouvoir se tenir sur ses jambes. Une journée comme celle-ci ne peut pas manquer d'y aider. . . . Vous avez vu avec quelle solennité a été faite la publication du Concordat, soit à l'Église soit hors de l'Église: il aurait été impossible de faire davantage pour qualifier une religion de dominant, hormis de lui donner ce nom."'

However, the joy of the Legate at the success which had attended the ceremony of the publication of the Concordat was not of very long duration; in less than a month we find him complaining that since Easter Sunday 'The First Consul 'rarely spoke to him about anything,' and that he was tired of religious discussion, and meant to send an envoy to Rome to continue all further negotiation there.

In fact, the First Consul foresaw that the same difficulties which had attended the nomination and induction of the constitutional bishops would recur also on the question of the reconciliation of the inferior clergy with the Church of Rome. But his mind was made up on this matter also; and he was determined that the constitutional clergy should be readmitted in the Church on subscription to a formula of adherence to the principles of the Concordat, and of submission to the bishops in each diocese, without any formal recantation of error. The question was regarded at Rome as one of dogma, for it involved the whole spiritual supremacy of the Pope. The dispute upon this point was carried to such a pitch of acerbity, the First Consul showed such irritation at what he termed mere *sophistiquer* that he repeated again and again

threat, to which he had often recourse during his negotiations with the Papacy—that of establishing Protestantism as the national religion of France; and Caprara was at one time informed that he might demand his passports.

Nevertheless, the Legate, after being stormed at by the First Consul; after being implored, and censured, and threatened by negotiators, both lay and clerical; after having received a bland, solemn, and even pathetic visit of warning from M. de Talleyrand, which was reserved as one of the very last expedients to be brought to bear on the difficulty—Caprara did, what he had declared it was impossible to do—he made a compromise of the matter of dogma, and accepted the formula of reconciliation of the First Consul. It is true that his wounded conscience extorted from him bitter cries of self-reproach and lamentation, which he transmitted by letter to Rome. The Pope and his Secretary of State groaned likewise over so dreadful a violation of the prescriptions of canonical law; nevertheless, they consented to recognise the compromise of Caprara, who was rewarded at this time with the Archbishopric of Milan; in that capacity the Legate swore fidelity to the First Consul, and became thenceforward a more impassioned advocate of the policy of Napoleon than of the interests of the Pope.

The publication of the *articles organiques* in the same volume with the Concordat—articles which regulated the internal economy of Church worship in France, and which contained clauses maintaining the liberties of the Gallican Church in the sense of the four famous propositions of Bossuet—had also been a source of great discomfort to the Court of Rome, which was not even consulted on the subject. Nevertheless, this was the honeymoon of the relations of Napoleon and Pius VII., who corresponded with each other in person on affectionate terms. The First Consul had, moreover, testified by various spontaneous acts of kindness his desire to gratify the Pope. Thus, without solicitation he surrendered Pesaro and Ancona; obtained from the Neapolitan Court the restitution of the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo; and even made the Pope a present of two brigs of war for the protection of his coasts against Barbary corsairs. All these acts may, however, have been performed with a view to put the Pope in a favourable disposition for the acceptance of the invitation to Paris, which Napoleon now meditated, in order to obtain by the presence and ministration of Pius VII. at his coronation, the highest consecration in the power of any earthly authority to bestow on the contemplated conversion of his rule in France

into an Imperial dynasty. With this view he had replaced M. Cacault, his Minister at Rome, by his uncle the Cardinal Fesch; a measure in itself not agreeable to the Court of Rome, since the frank good humour and urbanity of M. Cacault had won for him the good-will and affection of Pius VII. and his secretary, and were in marked contrast with the pretentious airs and meddling humours of his successor.

Napoleon, says M. de Pradt, always considered his coronation by the Pope as forming one of his chief titles to respect in the eyes of the French nation; and of the value set upon it even by his adversaries, an idea may be formed by the tirade written from St. Petersburg against the Pope on this subject by that great apostle of Papal infallibility M. de Maistre:—

'The misdeeds of an Alexander Borgia are less revolting than this hideous apostasy of his weak successor. I lack words to give you an idea of the grief which this projected journey of the Pope occasions me. If he really intends accomplishing it, I simply wish him a speedy death. . . . I desire with all my heart that the wretched pontiff may go to Saint Domingo and consecrate Dessalines . . . All that one can now desire is that he may end by degrading himself to be a punchinello of no authority.' *

The main facts of the journey of the Pope to Paris are matters of ordinary history, and the negotiations which preceded his visit are not sufficiently important to require notice here. There never was any serious objection on the part of the Pope or the Sacred College to the journey; yet, as must inevitably be the case in all transactions with the Holy See, difficulties did not fail, on consideration, to present themselves to the Pope and his Council; so that, at last, Consalvi in a *mêmoire* set forth no less than *sixteen* almost irremediable obstacles of a dogmatic nature respecting the oath to be taken by the Emperor, and other matters attending the ceremony. These, however, were in time either avoided or overcome; and the Pope, to his honour, would make no bargain affecting his temporalities, but conferred a favour, almost unprecedented in the history of the Papacy, without any stipulations; he trusted that the generosity of Napoleon would yield to his own personal influence, and that both the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church would be benefited by his presence in Paris.

Napoleon never responded to the courtesy of the Pope, anxious as he had been to obtain his presence. To avoid the

* Correspondance de M. de Maistre, vol. i. p. 138.

formality of the first interview, the new Emperor affected to meet his venerable guest by accident at one of the *rendezvous de chasse* in the forest of Fontainebleau, surrounded by his *piqueurs* and a pack of hounds. A carriage was drawn up to convey them both to the Chateau, but Napoleon had not the grace to offer precedence to the Pope, and the two potentates took their places simultaneously at the opposite doors. These things are paltry and ridiculous; but they show how insincere was the affected deference of Napoleon for Pius VII.; and the whole residence of the Pontiff in Paris was marked by a series of petty tricks, which might have been regarded as insults and humiliations.

The return of the Pope to Rome, in May 1805, marks the conclusion of the negotiations of Napoleon with the Papacy in matters of a spiritual nature alone; henceforward temporal matters were destined to be the great subject of debate between them. And, indeed, it was impossible, in the midst of the merciless, all-absorbing conflict of European Powers for domination, and in presence of the colossal schemes of empire entertained by Napoleon, that the Papacy should not, as a temporal Power, become sooner or later involved in the general embroilment of Europe.

The Pope had returned to the capital of the Holy See a good deal disabused of the illusions with which he had set out on his journey. He had trusted much to the effect which such a manifest exhibition of good-will, and of a desire to conciliate the favour of the new Emperor, would exercise on the generosity he imagined to be inseparable from a great mind; and this the more since Napoleon seemed to have taken up the *rôle* of protector of the Church, and had thrown out hints to the Legate of intentions of future munificence. But Pius VII. in private conversations, of which no record remains, had been able to extract no definite assurance from the sovereign, to the foundation of whose dynasty he had given all the consecration which his sacred character enabled him to confer, either on the subject of the Legations or of the *articles organiques*, or any of the questions still remaining unsettled between the Courts of Paris and Rome. The only real religious satisfaction which resulted from his journey was the complete recantation of the constitutional bishops couched in terms of submissive veneration for himself and his authority.

Th ldressed to the Sacred College, on the
retur however, in spite of all secret disap-
poin ve and even affectionate character.

'At Fontainebleau,' said the Pope, 'we embraced with our 'arms this prince so powerful and so full of affection for our-'selves;' and he dwelt with satisfaction on the political and religious benefits he had drawn or anticipated from his visit. The intercourse between Napoleon and the Pope had been of a cordial and even affectionate character, and the correspondence which they subsequently maintained showed manifest tokens of the esteem and admiration engendered by personal acquaintance. Such sentiments had a beneficial influence on the arrangement of a second Concordat for the settlement of Church affairs in the Cisalpine kingdom. But unfortunately, immediately on the settlement of this difficulty, a question arose of quite a personal nature with Napoleon, and one which put to the test the conscientious scruples of the Pope to a very painful degree—the question of the validity of the marriage of Jerome, the younger brother of Napoleon, with Miss Patterson, at Baltimore. This was the first episode in the struggle between Napoleon and the Papacy, and its influence was felt throughout the whole of its duration. By the rules of French civil law the marriage was void, since it was contracted when Jerome was a minor, and without the consent of his mother. But the marriage had been duly solemnised, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, by the Bishop of Baltimore; and if the marriage was once valid, it could not, as is well known, be dissolved by divorce. The decision of the Pope was made known to Napoleon in a letter written with his own hand. 'It 'is beyond our power,' he says towards its conclusion, 'to 'pronounce a judgment of nullity. If we usurped an authority 'which we do not possess, we should render ourselves culpable 'of an abominable abuse before the tribunal of God; and 'your Majesty yourself, in his justice, would blame us for pro-'nouncing a sentence contrary to the dictates of our conscience 'and the invariable principles of the Church.' While the letter concludes with a touching assurance of affection, its whole tenor and length testify to the painful care and conscientiousness with which the Pope had examined every point in the case. But Napoleon was perhaps the last person in the world to believe in such conscientious scruples; and in this matter, which is a pure question of fact and canon law, he evinces his utter insensibility to scruples of conscience more perhaps than in any other part of his dealings with the Papacy. He affected to believe the Pope's unfavourable verdict was a mere trick to revenge himself for not having recovered the Legations. He spoke with the utmost indignation against the Pope; and as Miss Patterson was a Protestant, he de-

nounced with real or affected indignation the protection thus afforded by the Pope to the cause of Protestantism. Nevertheless, had Napoleon looked back into past history, he would have discovered that the maintenance of the inviolability of the marriage contract had always been treated by the Popes as one of their most sacred duties, and that in this cause they had defied the might of emperors and kings as terrible as his own. So when the violent words of the Emperor were reported to the Pope, he merely bowed his head, and said, 'his duty was 'clear, and that by the help of God he would not be found 'wanting.'

One of the least satisfactory chapters in M. d'Haussonville's volumes is that on the occupation of Ancona in 1805. He has not one word of excuse, not the slightest phrase of palliation, for this military measure of Napoleon; and yet, though it may not be justified, it may to some extent be explained. Ancona was one of those important strategic positions in Central Italy which had again and again been occupied by foreign Powers, with far less excuse than can be brought forward in favour of Napoleon. It had but very lately been in possession of the French, and was surrendered to the Pope by Napoleon himself without any conditions—a piece of generosity on his part which receives very small notice at the hands of M. d'Haussonville. But although he made no conditions, he urged the Court of Rome, both at the time of its surrender and afterwards, to put the place in a good state of military defence; and this he had a right to do, for if the Pope intended to remain neutral in the tremendous conflict which ensued in Europe on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon was not overstepping the bounds of international law in recommending the Pope to put himself in a position to make his neutrality respected. The neutrality of the Pope was an immense obstacle to Napoleon's strategical schemes in Italy. His army of observation under Gouvion Saint-Cyr in Southern Italy, and his army under Masséna in the North, were cut asunder by this block of the Pontifical States, which, from the very nature of the Pope's Government, formed a harbour of refuge for the emissaries of his enemies, where all the hostile courts were represented by ministers, who found no difficulty in supplying their Governments with information about every movement of French troops in the whole le[illegible]e Italian peninsula. That so scientific, imperious, an[illegible] a strategist as Napoleon should have chafed vehe[illegible]e existence of such an obstacle was inevitable; but yet prepared to suppress it.

[illegible] was at this time engaged in one of the most im

mense conflicts, not only of his own career, but of all history. The two years preceding and the three years subsequent to the Peace of Amiens formed together the most brilliant and the least reprehensible portion of his domination. It is impossible for his most systematic detractor to refuse admiration to the wonderful promptitude with which he abandoned his scheme for the invasion of England after the reverse of Trafalgar, conceived at once an immense scheme of European conquest, and carried it immediately into execution. M. d'Haussonville is evidently writing from personal sources of information when he speaks of the astonishment and admiration which M. Daru, the Emperor's secretary, always evinced when he called to mind the manner in which Napoleon received the fatal news of the destruction of his fleet at Trafalgar. Daru was called to his side immediately on the reception of the news of Nelson's last victory. The Emperor exhausted at first a whole vocabulary of furious invective and satire on the incompetency of the unfortunate Villeneuve; he then grew calm, ordered his secretary to be seated and to prepare to write. Napoleon, then dismissing Trafalgar, Villeneuve, and the camp of Boulogne from his thoughts, dictated at once and almost without a stop the plan of a new campaign. The army which had so long been seated in sight of the English coast was to be transported mysteriously and rapidly at once to the heart of Germany. The orders he gave for this purpose in detail provided for every necessity, foresaw every difficulty, and covered the whole line of march. The number of days of each corps on the road, its destination, and its very place on the field of battle on the other side of Europe, were all calculated and specified to the last degree of precision; and never was the genius of great military operations more strikingly active in the Emperor than on this occasion.

He left Paris for his army in September 1805. In a few weeks he had more than realised the appalling threats against Austria which he had addressed to his own Conseil d'État before his departure, by reducing Mack to capitulate at Ulm; the news of that event reached the Vatican on the 13th of November; on which very day the Pope thought fit to remonstrate, by a sealed letter addressed to the Emperor himself, against the occupation of Ancona. In spite of the opinion of M. d'Haussonville, both the date of the letter of the Pope, and the terms in which it was couched, seem to us to have been singularly ill-chosen. The campaign in Germany was not concluded by the capitulation of Ulm; and the attention of the Emperor be[illegible] wholly absorbed in the stupendous stra-

tegical movements which preceded the battle of Austerlitz—a querulous letter of the Pope about so comparatively small a matter as the occupation of Ancona at that time was not calculated to meet with a very favourable reception. M. d'Haussonville, with that fine turn of language of which he makes such elegant and telling use throughout these volumes, declares that in the Pope's letter 'on sentait le ton plaintif de 'la tendresse blessée plutôt que l'aigre accent d'une menaçante 'récrimination.' On this point the reader must judge for himself, by an extract. The Pope begins by avowing that the occupation has caused him both surprise and grief, and says subsequently:—

'We had especial motives for believing that the sentiments of friendship which your Majesty professed towards us would have preserved us from so cruel an affront. We perceive that we are mistaken. We then tell you frankly, that since our return from Paris we have experienced nothing but painful and unpleasant treatment (*amertumes et déplaisirs*); while, on the contrary, the personal acquaintance which we made with your Majesty, and our invariable bearing towards you, seemed to promise us a totally different line of conduct. In a word, we do not find in your Majesty that return of feeling which we believed we had a right to expect of your justice.'

The Pope then demands the evacuation of Ancona, and declares, not in precise words, but in unmistakable fashion, that, in case of refusal, Cardinal Fesch must be recalled.

We imagine a more impolitic letter was never penned by one head of a Government writing directly to another. For a Sovereign with his own hand to threaten to demand the recall of an ambassador, takes the proceeding altogether out of the province of diplomacy, and gives it the character of an act of personal defiance and resentment.

Unfortunately for the Pope, who had perhaps written this injudicious letter at the suggestion of the Powers hostile to France, the state of Europe had changed before it reached its destination, and Napoleon did not condescend to answer it until the 7th of January, 1806, after three months of such triumphant success as had made him the virtual master of Europe, and placed kings and emperors as suppliants at his feet. He had in fact fulfilled his threat of dismembering Austria; he had punished Prussia for a suspicious neutrality, by forcing her to invade Hanover and break with England; he conferred royal rank on the Elector of Bavaria; he had punished the perfidy of Queen Caroline of Naples, by declaring that the 'House of the Bourbons had ceased to reign at Naples;'

he had bestowed the Crown of Naples on his brother Joseph, the Crown of Holland on his brother Louis; he had married his adopted son, Eugène Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, to a Princess of Bavaria; and he was making alliances for other members of his own and Josephine's family with other royal houses of Europe. Such a rapid burst of victory and glory, unprecedented in the history of the world, exalted the whole French nation to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm and admiration. From the Senate and Corps Législatif, down to the humblest municipal council, every public body voted addresses, which filled the 'Moniteur' day after day with rhapsodical panegyrics of the author of this astounding fortune. The Church—Napoleon's own creation—swelled the diapason of this universal song of rapture: from the stately cathedrals of France, and the humblest village choirs, resounded hymns of adoration in honour of this new David, the Great Cyrus, the Pepin, and the Charlemagne of his time.

While this universal symphony of laudation saluted him on all sides, there was but one discordant note, and that came from the querulous reproaches of the Pontiff of Rome. Other events, too, had happened at Rome which gave him disagreeable reflections, and exasperated him amid all the pride and triumph of success; for Napoleon, like too many of the sons of genius, in the very plenitude of universal admiration, might be stung to fury by a dissentient voice however insignificant. At Rome, the miscellaneous society, composed for the most part of the emissaries of his enemies, had, at certain moments, doubted of his success; a flush of joy passed over many faces, and congratulations were exchanged at the prospect of a reverse of his glory. He knew all this, and no doubt his informants exaggerated all such manifestations in their reports; for Rome was full of Napoleon's spies and agents of police, kept there to give him secret intelligence of the conduct of all the sojourners in the Holy City. It is not to be wondered then that Napoleon wrote an angry reply to Pius VII.

'Very Holy Father,' he wrote on the 7th of January, 1806, 'I received a letter from your Holiness of the date of the 13th of November. I could not but be very strongly affected by the fact, that when all the Powers in the pay of England were engaged in a coalition to make unjust war against me, your Holiness has lent an ear to evil counsels, and has written me a letter in terms so little considered. Your Holiness is at liberty to keep my minister or to dismiss him. The occupation of Ancona is an immediate and necessary consequence of the bad organisation of the military force of the Holy See. Your Holiness had an interest to know that this

fortress was in my hands rather than in those of the English and the Turks.'

He then replies to the reproaches of the Pope about the 'painful and unpleasant treatment,' the *amertumes et déplaisirs*, to which he had been subject, and continues—

'I have considered myself as the protector of the Holy See, and in this title I have occupied Ancona. I have considered myself, like my predecessors of the second and the third race, as the eldest son of the Church. I will protect constantly the Holy See, in spite of the wrong measures, the ingratitude, and the evil dispositions of men who have unmasked themselves during the last three months. They believed me not. I repeat it, if your Holiness wishes to send away my minister, you are free to do so, as you are free to receive in preference the English and the *Chalif* of Constantinople. God is judge who of reigning princes has done most for religion.' *

At the same time he wrote a letter to Cardinal Fesch, which was to be shown to the Vatican, couched in terms of menace and even of insult; one of the phrases being, 'Puisque 'ces imbéciles ne trouvent pas d'inconvénient à ce qu'un pro-'testant puisse occuper le trône de France, je leur enverrai 'un ambassadeur protestant.'

To these menaces the Pope replied in a letter dated 29th of January, 1806, which evinces again a still greater ignorance of human nature, and especially of the nature of men in the possession and exercise of power, than on the former occasion. He commences it, it is true, in terms of explanation and expostulation of a soothing character; he endeavours in the gentlest fashion to show that the suspicions and reproaches of Napoleon are undeserved. Yet he does not confine himself to merely demanding the evacuation of Ancona, but proceeds, in all simplicity of heart, to ask for the restitution of the Legations.

The reply of Napoleon to this communication is one of the most important in the whole series of the correspondence between himself and the Pope. It is the last in which he addresses the Pope with any remains of the cordiality which formerly existed between them; and, moreover, it is the first in which he clearly indicates the sort of bargain he proposed to establish between the Head of the Church and himself, as the head of the new Carlovingian Empire which he meditated establishing in Europe. His plan, however, of an alliance with the Papacy had not yet reached that enormous height of arrogant ambition which was its final phase, and of which he has left an outline

* Correspondance de l'Empereur Napoléon I, vol. xi. p. 527.

for posterity in the astounding language dictated to Las Cases at St. Helena:—

'I share in all the pain of your Holiness, and conceive that you find yourself in difficulties. Your Holiness can avoid all by walking in a straight path, and avoiding the labyrinth of politics and deference for Powers which, considered religiously, are heretical and not of the Church, and considered politically, are at a distance from your States, incapable of affording protection, and only able to do you injury. All Italy shall be subjected to my law. I will not touch the independence of the Holy See. . . . But our conditions must be *that your Holiness shall have the same regard for me in temporal affairs as I have for you in spiritual*, and that you cease to confer useless acts of favour on the heretical enemies of the Church, and on persons who can do it no benefit. *Your Holiness is sovereign at Rome, but I am its emperor. All my enemies must be its enemies likewise.* It is not then proper that any agent of the King of Sardinia, any English, Russians, or Swedes, should reside at Rome or in your States, nor that any vessels belonging to these Powers enter your harbours. As chief of our religion I shall always have for your Holiness the filial deference which I have shown to you in all circumstances; but I am accountable to God, who has thought fit to make use of my arm to establish religion; and can I allow religion to be compromised by the dilatory proceedings of the Court of Rome?'

The Emperor then complains of delay in forwarding the necessary Bulls for the induction of the Italian bishops; and continues—

'I know your Holiness has good intentions, but you are surrounded by men who have none, and who, instead of labouring at these critical moments to remedy evils, only labour to increase them. . . .

'Those who speak any other language to your Holiness deceive you, and are your enemies.' *

The Emperor was more than ever resolved to retain the Legations, and replied to the Pope's demand for their restoration by himself making a fresh demand, which was a new aggression on the temporal power of the Pope. Cardinal Fesch was instructed to require expressly from the Papal Government—first, the expulsion of all English, Russians, and Sardinians from Rome and the Roman States; secondly, the interdiction of the Papal harbours to the ships of these Powers; and adds—

'Dites-lui que j'ai les yeux ouverts, que je ne suis trompé qu'autant que le veux bien, que je suis Charlemagne, l'épée de l'Église, leur

* Correspondance de l'Empereur Napoléon I, vol. xii. p. 38.

empereur, que je dois être traité de même, qu'ils ne doivent pas savoir s'il y a un empire de Russie. Je fais connaître au pape mes intentions en peu de mots. *S'il n'y adhère pas, je le réduirai à la même condition qu'il avait avant Charlemagne.*'

Cardinal Fesch was made personally responsible for the success of these new demands, which were accompanied, as we see, by a new theory, now put forward for the first time, that the Emperor, as the heir of Charlemagne and of his prerogatives as the supposed donor of the patrimony of Peter, claimed to reduce the Holy See to a state of vassalage under the Empire.

Unfortunately the Court of Rome itself, and the general tone of the clergy dependent on Napoleon, had placed these dangerous Carlovingian weapons in his hands. The title of Protector of the Catholic Religion had been applied to satiety to the chief author of the Concordat, and the memories of Pepin and Charlemagne had been evoked without limit to pay homage to him; though little, perhaps, did those who applied such language imagine at the time that their comparisons would ever bear more than a faint similitude to the reality. In time—according to the usual rate of progress of the political schemes of Napoleon—this one pretension, founded on Carlovingian traditions, absorbed all his other pretensions, and the expulsion of the English and Russians from the Roman States, and the closing of the Roman ports to their vessels, sank into secondary importance.

The letter of Napoleon to the Pope was dated the 22nd of February, 1806. Cardinal Fesch acted immediately upon his instructions, and presented his note to Consalvi on the 2nd of March. Consalvi advised the Pope not to reply to the letter of Napoleon without taking the advice of the Sacred College, which was convoked for the 6th of March, under a pledge of strict secrecy; the letter of the Emperor and all the papers relative to the negotiations were laid before it. No vote was taken at this congregation, but at a second, which was held forty-eight hours afterwards, during which time the ambassador of France had an ample opportunity of using his influence with the members of the Sacred College. At this second meeting the Cardinals assembled to the number of thirty. One vote alone was favourable to the demands of the Emperor, that of the French Cardinal de Bayanne; all the others declared that it was necessary to guarantee at any price the independence of the Holy See, because it was too intimately connected with the welfare of religion ('troppo strettamente commessa al 'bene della religione'), and advised that an answer 'should be

'returned without equivocation and with the greatest preci-
'sion.' The Pope gave his opinion the last, in the same sense; and the Secretary of State was by unanimous consent appointed to draw up the reply to Napoleon, which, however, evidently bears traces of the hand of Pius VII.

This reply was of great length,—a very able State paper, drawn up with moderation and reason, and with much dignity of tone. The Pope declared that the demands of Napoleon could not be acceded to by the Holy See without violating its obligations in its double capacity as a spiritual and temporal Power; that the expulsion from the States of the Church of the Russians, English, Swedes, and Sardinians, and the closing of all Roman ports to these nations, would necessarily place the Holy See in a state of hostility to these Powers; that the Vicar of the Gospel of Christ was, by the very character of his divine office, bound to remain at peace both with Catholics and heretics, except in case of hostile aggression and of the imminent peril of religion; that if any of his predecessors had, by human weakness, departed from such maxims, their conduct was no example for him. The Pope showed, moreover, that hostilities between the Holy See and the heretic Powers named by Napoleon involved necessarily a rupture of the communications incessantly carried on between the Head of the Church and the Catholics living under the protection of their respective Governments. 'Are we,' asked Pius VII., with anguish, 'to abandon the
'spiritual charge of so many of the Faith, when the Gospel
'has prescribed to us to use every diligence for the gain of a
'single soul? Millions of our Faith are spread through the
'Russian Empire; millions upon millions in the regions under
'the sway of England, who enjoy the free exercise of their
'religion and are protected under both Governments. What
'incalculable evils may not arise for religion and Catholicism if
'we place ourselves in open rupture with the Powers who pro-
'tect them, without a show of justice!—evils for which we must
'accuse ourselves, and render an account before the tribunal of
'God.' After next explaining to what causes must be attributed the delays of the settlement of ecclesiastic difficulties in Germany, the Pope proceeds, with dignity and firmness, to address Napoleon on the subject of his Carlovingian theory, and then sets forth the traditional doctrines of the Holy See with respect to the Imperial power. After recognising with fervour the benefits which religion had derived from the protection of the Emperor, after appealing earnestly to his wisdom and his prudence, after pathetically reminding the Emperor that, in

this hour of anguish for the Holy See, not a year has yet elapsed since the Pontifical visit to Paris, the Pope concludes by giving him his paternal benediction.

Napoleon received the Pope's letter with either real or feigned indignation, and declared, through M. de Talleyrand, that he would no longer correspond personally with the Holy Father. He laid all the blame of the resistance of the Pope to his demands upon Consalvi; and the manifestation of his ill-will and that of Cardinal Fesch towards that minister became now so flagrant that the Cardinal shortly afterwards resigned his office, though with little hope that this sacrifice would induce Napoleon to modify his aggressive policy or diminish the imperiousness of his demands.

The retirement of Cardinal Consalvi was preceded, however, by events which require a passing notice, in order to understand the increasing intensity of the discord between the Emperor and the Court of Rome. The Cardinal Secretary had made various efforts on his personal authority to conciliate the good-will of the Emperor without success. One of these was by procuring the departure of Mr. Jackson from Rome, who had been frequently signalised by the Emperor as one of a batch of hostile intriguers protected by the Holy See. Mr. Jackson was an English diplomatist of inoffensive character, formerly minister at the Court of Turin, who had followed the ex-King of Sardinia into exile at Rome; and on being informed by Consalvi, with every expression of respect, that his presence was a danger to the Roman Government, he proposed spontaneously to withdraw. But the irritation of the Emperor was now so intense that he never deigned to take notice of the departure of Mr. Jackson at all.* And, moreover, at this critical moment, the Court of Rome, with that incurable infatuation in temporal matters for which it has ever been distinguished, put forth another pretension which stung

* Napoleon, nevertheless, in 1810, in his *Exposé des motifs du sénatus-consulte sur la réunion des États romains à l'empire, 17 février* 1810, put forward the presence of Mr. Jackson at Rome among the first in his list of grievances against the Holy See.

'Soit aveuglement soit obstination . . . la cour de Rome alla plus loin encore. *Un ministre anglais, la honte de son pays, avait trouvé un asile à Rome.* Là il ourdissait des complots, salariait des brigands et payait des assassinats, et Rome protégeait le traître et ses agents, et Rome laissait empoisonner son cabinet de leur souffle corrupteur, et Rome trahissait en les altérant les secrets de la correspondance de son auguste allié, et Rome était devenue un théâtre de diffamation, un atelier de libelles, et un asile de brigandage.'

Napoleon afresh, by renewing its ever-contested claims to the suzerainty of Naples. Upon this the fury of Napoleon exploded at once. 'Que veut la secrétairerie d'État de 'Rome? quel esprit de vertige s'est donc emparé d'elle?' he exclaims in a note for the guidance of M. de Talleyrand. He ordered at once the occupation of Civita Vecchia, and seized the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, which he bestowed on M. de Talleyrand and Marshal Bernadotte.

Napoleon now, in order, as he said, to remove his uncle Cardinal Fesch from the reach of daily insult at Rome, replaced him by a M. Alquier, who had formerly been Minister at the Court of Naples. After the retreat of Consalvi, the Pope, as though to prove that his line of policy was not prompted by his ministers—that he was no mere *fantoccino*, to use his own expression—chose, as Secretary of State, one of the oldest and least prominent of the members of the Sacred College, the Cardinal Casoni. The replies of the Holy See to the Imperial demands continued still to be of the same tenor as during the secretaryship of Consalvi. But M. Alquier, who had succeeded Cardinal Fesch as French ambassador, discharged the difficult duties of his post in a manner more grateful to the Papal Court than his predecessor, in a manner which recalled the good offices of M. Cacault, and he endeavoured to remove the illusions of the Emperor that the Pope was himself incapable of firm and independent action.

'There is a strange mistake,' he wrote, 'about the character of the Sovereign Pontiff, if it is believed that his apparent flexibility yields to all the movements people wish to impose upon him.... The Pope is of a gentle character, but very irritable, and capable of exhibiting a firmness proof against everything. It is an undeniable fact that he would see without satisfaction his resistance produce political changes which he would call *persecution*. Like all the Ultramontanists, he thinks that the *woes of the Church*, to use their own expression, would bring about more prosperous times; and already they say openly, "If the Emperor overthrows us, his successor will re-establish us."' (Vol. ii. p. 304.)

But the counsels of M. Alquier were lost upon Napoleon. He was determined not to believe that the Pope would be less submissive to his dictation than he found nearly all the rest of the Sovereigns of Europe. This wedge of neutral territory in the heart of Italy interfered with his domination, and he was determined to be as completely master of the peninsula of Italy as of the peninsula of Spain. It is a singular coincidence that from these two countries—the weakest and the most retrograde among the nations of Europe—he encountered more

invincible opposition to his usurpations than in any other part of the Continent. Nevertheless, he was irritated to an extreme degree at the unexpected manifestation of the independent spirit of Pius VII. '*La cour de Rome est tout à fait devenue folle!*' he wrote on June 22, 1806; and on July 1, according to his usual custom of scolding ambassadors when angry with the Governments they represented, he assailed the Cardinal Legate at Saint Cloud, before his assembled ministers and foreign ambassadors, with a torrent of fierce invective which lasted an hour:—

'"Écrivez," he cried before the astonished assembly, "écrivez à Rome que je suis résolu à empêcher les Anglais de faire une diversion et de couper la communication entre mes troupes du royaume d'Italie et celles qui sont dans le royaume de Naples. Écrivez que je demande à Sa Sainteté une déclaration sans ambiguité et sans réserve, portant, que pendant la présente guerre et toute autre guerre à venir, tous les ports des États pontificaux seront fermés à tous bâtiments anglais, soit de guerre, soit de commerce. Écrivez cela au pape; écrivez tout de suite, parceque si dans le délai le plus court je ne reçois pas la déclaration conçue dans les termes que je demande, je ferai occuper tout le reste de l'État pontifical, je ferai apposer les aigles sur les portes de chacune de ses villes, de chacun de ses domaines, et je partagerai la totalité des provinces possédées par le pape—comme j'ai fait pour Bénévento et Ponte-Corvo en autant de duchés et de principautés, que je conférerai à qui me plaise. Si le pape persiste dans son refus, j'établirai un sénat à Rome, et quand une fois Rome et l'État pontifical seront dans mes mains, ils n'en sortiront jamais plus. Écrivez bien tout cela, ne cachez rien; je verrai bien par la réponse du pape si vous avez tout dit."'

The Cardinal Caprara, who was entirely, as we have said, won over to the Imperial policy, entreated the Pope to reflect seriously upon the nature of this threat, and M. Alquier at Rome was almost simultaneously instructed to deliver to Pius VII. himself a similar ultimatum; while secret commands were sent to the French military authorities at Ancona and Civita Vecchia to take possession of the Papal revenues, and to incorporate the Pontifical troops with the French army—commands which were carried out with the utmost rigour, and accompanied with the imprisonment of Monsignore Negretta, the Papal Governor of Civita Vecchia, for resistance to their execution. Napoleon well knew the extreme penury of the Papal treasury, brought about as well by the sequestration of the Legations, as by the large advances and requisitions imposed upon the Roman States for the entertainment of the French troops, either in passage or quartered in the territory,

and he trusted that financial distress would co-operate with his other measures in overcoming what he termed *l'obstination insensée du pape*, and the *misérable point d'honneur* which Pius VII. persisted in maintaining.

The reply of the Pope to this last arbitrary summons of Napoleon was a letter written by his own hand, addressed to the Cardinal Caprara, but evidently intended to be submitted to Napoleon himself. It was in the nature of an appeal and remonstrance, accompanied by a direct refusal; and concluded with the asseveration—

'Our part is irrevocably chosen: nothing can change it, neither menaces nor the execution of these menaces. . . .

'Such are our sentiments which you can regard as our testament; and we are willing, if necessary, to sign it with our blood, strengthening ourselves, in case of persecution, by these words of our Divine Master, "Happy are those who suffer persecution for the "sake of justice."'

Napoleon made no reply to this letter, and it seemed he had forgotten the affairs of Rome altogether. Caprara attempted to approach him on two occasions: on the first he turned his back upon him; on the second he turned away, saying, '*Mon Dieu, cardinal, que vous sentez les clubs de Rome!*'

This assumed indifference arose from the fact that he was meditating his great campaign against Prussia; which was to set the seal on his military reputation, even in the eyes of the hostile sceptics of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; who would not even admit his military genius until he had beaten the descendants of the victors of Rosbach, and the inheritors of the military prestige of the great Frederic. After this new and tremendous success, Napoleon, in the intoxication of triumph which was shared by all France, from the very cabinet and the palace of the fugitive Prussian King, formerly occupied by the great Frederic, bethought himself again of the affairs of Rome, and sent orders, on the 12th of November, 1806, for a certain Monsignore Arezzo, Bishop of Seleucia, the Papal Nuncio at Dresden, to take a journey to Berlin. The details of this interview, contained in a paper written by Monsignore Arezzo, entitled 'Relazione del mio abboc-'camento coll' Imperatore Napoleone, 12 Novembre, 1806,' and found among the papers of the Pope at the Quirinal, are extremely curious. Napoleon again brought up his Carlovingian pretensions in a more dogmatic form, and charged Monsignore Arezzo with an immediate mission to the Pope, demanding his instant accession to the Napoleonic Confederation. The mission of Monsignore Arezzo was, however, utterly in-

effective to shake the resolution of Pius VII. Meanwhile Eylau and Friedland had to be fought. But after the Peace of Tilsit, the Emperor again turned his attention to his con test with the Papacy; for every fresh victory of Napoleon was felt immediately at Rome, by a renewal of his exigencies with more tyrannical and obstinate acerbity.

A fresh point of disagreement, moreover, had arisen; inasmuch as the Pope, partly from objections to the manner of carrying out the Italian Concordat, and partly from resentment at the aggressive usurpations of the Emperor, refused to send the necessary Bulls for the induction of the Italian bishops named by the Viceroy Eugene. The Pope, however, either from the influence of the incessant admonitions and persuasions of Caprara, or from an increased sense of the omnipotence of Napoleon, evinced at this crisis of the negotiations a weakness and inclination to yield of which he had hitherto shown no sign, and consented to send a fresh negotiator to Paris to endeavour to arrange the matters in dispute; and as the Emperor would hear of no other negotiator than the Cardinal de Bayanne, a Frenchman devoted to the French interests, he submitted to this act of dictation, almost unparalleled in diplomacy, and named that individual. The Emperor now began to fear that the Pope would really come to terms, and so prevent him from having the slightest colourable pretext for seizing the Papal territories. He consequently increased his demands; while he substituted M. de Champagny for M. de Talleyrand in the direction of foreign affairs; a change which had a further prejudicial influence on the negotiations with Rome, since M. de Champagny was incapable of mitigating the overbearing language of Napoleon by the delicate turns of expression which flowed from the pen of M. de Talleyrand.*

The mission of the Cardinal de Bayanne was rendered as nugatory as all former negotiations; Napoleon was now determined not to come to any agreement. Nevertheless, the Pope, in April 1807, had made immense concessions. Advised by M. Alquier that he should attach no exaggerated importance to

* One example of the modifications made by M. de Talleyrand in the Emperor's language is sufficient to show the process Napoleon's diction went through at his hands. Napoleon had written, 'L'empereur n'a pu que reconnaître l'extrême impéritie et la 'mauvaise volonté de la cour de Rome.' M. de Talleyrand, without change of sense, turns the phrase thus:—'Sa Majesté avait lieu de 'croire les ministres de la cour de Rome assez éclairés et assez bien-'veillants.'

the words which the Emperor, in a moment of impatience, had addressed to the Legate in Paris, and that his official instructions went no farther than to demand the co-operation of his Holiness in a league against the 'heretics and the English,' and not against all the enemies of the Emperor, Pius VII. made up his mind to the utmost concessions which he thought it possible for the Holy See to grant.

This surrender was, undoubtedly, in direct contradiction to all the reasons which the Pope had opposed to the demands of Napoleon, and was a sign of weakness and a dereliction of duty in Pius VII., unless he had changed his opinion as to the possibility of making the temporal power obey the dictates of political expediency and necessity apart from spiritual considerations. When the stand of a Power like the Papacy is taken upon its spiritual obligations, no honourable compromise is possible; but throughout the whole course of these negotiations, the Church of Rome again and again took up a position on dogmatic grounds, from which they said it was impossible to recede a step, and almost in every case they were obliged to give way.

However, the Pope was spared the humiliation of entering into any such treaty. Napoleon instructed M. de Champagny to present to the Cardinal de Bayanne a project of alliance of a still more exacting character as an ultimatum. By the articles of this treaty the Pope was to engage himself to aid the Emperor in all his wars against the 'infidels and the 'English;' and other stipulations were added which would have made the Pope a virtual member of the Imperial Confederation. Moreover, as if the Emperor wished to avoid the possibility of such a treaty being accepted at Rome, he instructed M. de Champagny to inform the Cardinal de Bayanne that the right of adding fresh conditions was still to be considered as reserved, and one very curious stipulation about the fortification of Ancona was subsequently added. This draft treaty was, as Cardinal Pacca informs us, presented by the Pope to the Sacred College, who unanimously rejected it with horror and indignation. The Pope replied with his own hand in a dignified letter to the Cardinal de Bayanne, and requested him to ask for his passports if such demands were insisted on.

When the contents of the Pope's letter were made known to Napoleon, he resolved at once on the occupation of Rome. A show of negotiation between M. de Champagny and Cardinal Caprara was kept up, to divert the attention of the Roman Court from the measures in progress. General Miollis, a military officer of distinguished ability, and in repute for

his courtesy and moderation, was entrusted with this delicate operation, although, as usual, the Emperor himself arranged everything down to the minutest details. M. Alquier was informed of the object of the march of the troops, and that immediately on the occupation a decree would be issued to revoke the donation of Charlemagne ('qui cassera la donation de 'Charlemagne'), and unite the States of the Church to the Kingdom of Italy.

On the 2nd of February, 1808, at eight o'clock in the morning, the French troops entered Rome by the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, disarmed the pontifical guard of the gates of the town, and took possession of the Castle of Saint Angelo. A body of cavalry and infantry surrounded the Palace of the Quirinal, in which the Pope was then resident, and a battery of ten pieces of artillery was drawn up and pointed at the windows of his apartments. The Pope at that very hour was officiating at the Mass of the Purification of the Virgin, in the chapel of the Quirinal, assisted by all the members of the Sacred College. The service was performed to the end with the usual tranquillity; and the French officers observed at its conclusion with curiosity that the Cardinals got into their carriages, and drove off as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

These two volumes of M. d'Haussonville carry us no farther than the occupation of Rome; two other volumes will conclude the story of the contest of Napoleon with Pius VII.; for from this time it may be said that the Court of Rome was represented entirely by the person of the Pontiff.

Our limits have prevented us from noticing, in the course of this review, some chapters in these volumes on the relations of Napoleon with his own clergy, which exhibit the meddling despotism of the Emperor, and his cynical contempt for the liberty of conscience and of speech, in a more odious light than even his relations with Rome. A coarse speech has been attributed to him, 'Il n'y a rien que je ne puisse faire avec mes gendarmes 'et avec mes prêtres.' It is doubtful whether he ever spoke the words, but they, nevertheless, resume the whole policy of his administration with the most incontestable truth. The Church was established by Napoleon, as he himself has not shrunk from confessing to posterity, as a political institution for the subjugation of public opinion, and his bishops and priests were expected to be the complaisant allies of his *préfets* and his police. He himself related that one of the great political advantages which he acquired by the Concordat was the resignation, at the solicitation of the Pope, of all the surviving bishops

of the old *régime*, '*which broke the last thread which attached* '*the country to the House of Bourbon.*' Having thus got the clergy as completely in his power as his army and his police, he exacted from them all the same unhesitating submission and obedience. For the most part he found little opposition; and one of the most fruitful subjects for meditation offered by these volumes is the unresisting servility of the mass of the clergy to the purposes and requisitions of the Government. Indeed, every precaution was taken, and every measure of severity adopted, to prevent the slightest freedom of expression in the pulpit, in episcopal charges, in pastoral letters, and in clerical journals. The documents emanating from the episcopal chair in every department were subject to the censure of the *préfet*; and to make doubly sure that no episcopal writing could escape the attention of the local authorities, not a line could be printed by a bishop except at the *préfecture*. To preserve the monopoly of speech throughout the empire, and in order that discussion in religious matters should be as impossible as in political, all the religious journals in the country were suppressed by the order of the Minister of Police, with the exception of the 'Journal des Curés,' whose writers were to be appointed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Reports on the conduct of the bishops and curates, and on the character of their sermons, were regularly transmitted by the chiefs of the *gendarmerie* to Paris; and no punishment, from simple reprimand down to degradation, exile, and imprisonment, was spared to such as offended against the orders of the Government. Napoleon carried even down to the sermons of the most obscure curés that ubiquity of attention which he managed to give to everything. 'Faites connaître mon mécontentement à M. Robert, 'prêtre de Bourges,' he wrote to M. Portalis; 'il a fait un 'très-mauvais sermon au quinze août.' Poor vicars were imprisoned by dozens at a time on the simple denunciations of police agents. The prisons of France and Italy were crowded with obscure priests for acts displeasing to the government. But the government did not restrict itself to mere *surveillance*. It ordinarily prescribed, on political occasions, the subjects of the discourses of bishop and priest. The first care of Napoleon after every victory was to write to his bishops and archbishops, and enjoin the celebration of the *Te Deum* in their respective cathedrals, with the accompaniment of a befitting sermon. Was he in war against the Russians—the clergy were to dilate on the glory of a victory over a schismatic people. At certain crises of hostilities with England, the heresy of the British nation was to

be signalised; and the priests of La Vendée were regularly enjoined to enlighten their congregations on *the wrongs of the Church in Ireland.* Other matters of public policy, such as the conscription, were suggested from time to time as subjects of edification. In the lack of any special topic, the praises of the Emperor were to be a standing argument for improving the religious sentiments of the faithful; and these were expected to be poured forth in no moderate measure. 'Il faut louer davantage l'empereur dans vos mandements,' said M. Réal, the préfet of police, to M. l'Abbé de Broglie, bishop of Acqui, and afterwards of Ghent. 'Donnez-moi 'donc la mesure,' replied the prelate. 'Je ne la sais pas.' . . . 'Allons, monsieur, donnez-moi exactement, je vous prie, la 'dose de la louange, afin que je puisse toujours l'atteindre sans 'jamais la dépasser.' The invention of a 'Saint Napoléon' and the Imperial Catechism further exemplify the care with which it was endeavoured to train the religious sentiment of France in a proper direction. This catechism was based on that of Bossuet, which, remodelled by M. Portalis, and finally revised by the Emperor, received a startling development in its fourth commandment, on the duties of Christians to their princes. Two questions and answers will illustrate sufficiently this extraordinary document:—

'*Q.* Are there no particular motives which ought to attach us especially to Napoleon I. our Emperor?

'*A.* Yes; for it is he whom God has raised up in times of difficulty for the re-establishing of public worship and the Holy Religion of our fathers, and to be its protector. He has restored and preserved public order with his profound and active wisdom; he defends the State with his mighty arm; he is become the anointed of the Lord, by the consecration which he has received from the Sovereign Pontiff, head of the Universal Church.

'*Q.* What ought we to think of those who fail in their duty towards our Emperor?

'*A.* According to the Apostle St. Paul, they resist the order established by God himself, and render themselves worthy of eternal damnation.'

The difficulties as to the acceptance of the Imperial Catechism by the Episcopacy of France were great on various points. One of these difficulties related to the words '*hors de l'Église* '*point de salut,*' which Napoleon wished to omit; however, he consented to insert these words, which are found also in the Catechism of Bossuet; and in return the Church allowed herself to be seduced into declaring that all who opposed the government of Napoleon were worthy of eternal damnation.

The nature of this compromise was precisely that on which

the Concordat, obtained in such violent fashion from the Papacy, itself is based. It cannot be pretended that the spiritual authority can submit to such compromises, and make such concessions to a temporal power, without degradation, and never, we imagine, was any national body of clergy reduced to such a condition of unresisting uniform servility as that of the First Empire; for although the Court of Rome chose to shut its eyes to the fact, the Pope by the Concordat placed virtually at the head of the French Church a sovereign who, whatever sentimental preference he might have for Catholicism as a State religion, was notoriously a Deist; while the Bishops of France submitted to his dictation even in matters of dogma. Napoleon was content that the Church should exercise to the fullest extent her sovereign sway over the minds of men, provided she recognised her own superior in himself.

'I was about to raise the Pope up beyond measure, to surround him with pomp and homage. . . . I would have brought him to regret no more his temporal power, *I would have made him an idol.* He should have remained by my side in Paris, which would have become the capital of the Christian world, and *I would have directed the world-Christian as well as the world-political.* I would have had my religious sessions as well as my legislative sessions. My councils would have been the representative bodies of Christendom; the Pope would but have been its president. I would have opened and closed these assemblies, approved and published their decisions, in the same way as Constantine and Charlemagne had done before me.'

The language in which he thus declares the nature of his project for subjugating the Papacy entirely to the service of his own domination in Europe, when his ambition had expanded to its colossal Carlovingian pretensions, is haughtier than ever issued from the lips of any conqueror; and if he had succeeded in his aim, never before would Europe have been enslaved by so hopeless and terrible a form of spiritual and material despotism. To the honour of the Church his project was defeated. The meek resistance of Pius VII. to the overwhelming force which had crushed every independent Power on the continent of Europe, was therefore a protest worthy of the sacred character of the Head of the Latin Church in favour of the dignity and liberty of man; and, by the justice of Heaven, the victim survived the conqueror, the feeble endured, the mighty one perished.

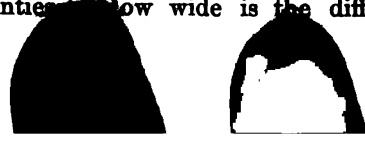
ART. VII.—1. *The Economic Position of the British Labourer.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.P., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. 1865.

2. *The Agricultural Labourer.* By J. BAILEY DENTON, Esq. 1868.

GREAT, indeed, is the variety of conditions, and wide the diversity of circumstances, character, and habits comprehended in that broad term 'British Labourer' which Mr. Fawcett has prefixed to his little volume. A great gulf separates at the present day the agricultural labourer of the southern counties of England from the operative of the northern hives of manufacturing industry, or the skilled mechanic of the metropolis and the great towns. Our public reports and population statistics divide broadly the entire community of manual labourers into two great classes—the Agricultural and the Manufacturing. The latter of course comprises many subdivisions and gradations, including occupations as various as those of the dexterous artisan and the rude miner, the intelligent factory hand and the casual dock-labourer. But the twofold division above specified is for certain purposes sufficient, and on this occasion we shall not take exception to it. As each decennial census comes round, it is observable that the tables which describe the occupations of the people indicate a constantly decreasing percentage of the rural, and an increasing proportion of the manufacturing industry of the country. Since the commencement of the present century this tendency has been peculiarly marked, and many indications show that it is still in progress. By the natural development of a progressive community, in which the discoveries of science and improvements in mechanism are perpetually striking out new processes of industry, an increased demand for hands is constantly arising in the great centres of manufacturing employment, which allures, by the temptation of higher wages, the younger and more aspiring members of the agricultural class. The increased facilities of locomotion and of intercourse between man and man which the present times afford, greatly facilitate such a transfer. In many districts of the country the consequences of this movement are strikingly apparent; but the numerical disproportion between the tillers of the soil and those who manipulate its various productions, native or imported, is even a less marked feature than the moral and social contrast between the two classes. The skilled

mechanic of the present day is a personage of whom it behoves us to speak with the consideration due to his not inconsiderable social position, as well as to his newly-acquired political importance. At the present moment he might not unjustly be described as the 'spoiled child' of the political family. The substantial comforts of life, the consciousness of power and influence in the State, the means of cultivating his intellect, an open path to advancement through the agency of his intelligence and skill—all these are accessible to his ambition. If competency consists in having enough for all the reasonable requirements of a man's condition, we doubt if any class is so comfortably off as the well-paid artisans who earn their 2*l.* or 3*l.* a week. They are exempt from some of the heaviest charges which press on the classes next above them, imposed by the artificial exigencies of society. How many a hard-pressed 'gentleman' or struggling professional man, upon whose scanty income the world in which he lives makes large exactions, might be glad to exchange lots with the prosperous mechanic, whose income fully suffices for the actual necessaries of life and health. Next to wealth the thing most coveted in this country is power, and with this attribute the warmest friend of the 'working man' will not venture to deny that he has now been liberally endowed. The apprehension most generally felt is lest he should abuse his newly-acquired strength, and wrest it to his own injury or that of his fellow-subjects. The lawless tyranny of the trades' unions, and the suicidal policy of their 'protective' regulations, have given some countenance to this alarm. If the working man is to be 'king,' at least we are entitled to demand that he should exercise his power, like a constitutional monarch, within the limits of the law. Unfortunately, like other sovereigns, he has his flatterers and sycophants. Ambitious politicians pay homage to the rising sun. Even leading statesmen speak sometimes with preposterous deference of 'our new masters.' Epithets of honour or respect are coupled with their name. The adjective 'intelligent' seems to have permanently linked itself, in conventional phrase, with the term 'artisan.' Industry and skill, independence and self-respect, are predicated as his essential characteristics—the badge of all his tribe.

With these favoured children of the commonwealth, whose star now culminates in the horizon, let us place side by side a very different sample of the community—the agricultural peasantry of England, and especially that section of them who are to be found in the more exclusively rural districts, the southern and western counties. How wide is the difference in the



characteristic features of the two populations—two nations they might almost be called—of Yorkshire and Lancashire on the one hand, and of Wilts or Dorset on the other! The inhabitants of the purely rural and secluded villages of the latter shires are a race who less than any other have received as yet the impress of the stirring and eventful times in which they live. The irresistible effects of change penetrate indeed in a measure even to them, but only by a slow and gradual process. They preserve in their main features of character the stereotyped lineaments of the generations which preceded them. They are the last surviving representatives of 'Old' England. The virtues as well as the defects of an unchanged and stationary form of life are theirs. They—at least the better portion of them—are a simple and patient race, loyal to their superiors, tenacious of ancient usages and traditions, unaspiring, and submissive to the lot which Providence has assigned to them. Their mental cultivation and their knowledge of anything beyond the scope of their narrow daily life are extremely small; for, independently of the defective means of education, 'chill 'penury' now, as in the days when the poet described them, freezes the genial current of the soul, and a life of incessant routine labour precludes alike the opportunity and the appetite for knowledge. The art of rearing their families on an income of 10*s.* or 12*s.* a week forms the main absorbing study of their lives. The isolation of rural occupations has prevented that collision of mind with mind, and that interchange of ideas, which tend so much to quicken the faculties of men whose lives are spent in populous towns, and who are in constant intercourse with masses of their fellow workmen. It will be said, and with truth, on the other hand, that the advantages of life are not all on the side of the town-bred artisan. To work in the pure air of heaven, to be conversant with the operations of nature, to breathe an atmosphere of peace and stillness, removed from the tumult, the squalor, and the corruption of a crowded city life, appears to many an enviable lot, and the condition of the peasant has been invested to the imagination with a peculiar charm by the influences of sentiment and poetry. We are all sensible of the attractions of those delicious pictures of Arcadian felicity, and of that golden period described by poets of the Goldsmith school, but to which, alas! no chronologer has ever been able to assign a date—'ere Eng-'land's griefs began'—the era of rural innocence, felicity, and peace. A poet* of sterner mould has rebuked the flattering illusion:—

* Cowper.

'Those days were never—airy dreams
Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.'

If we review the history of the agricultural labourer of England, from the earliest period at which he emerged from the state of villenage to the present time, we shall be somewhat perplexed to fix the era at which the condition of the tillers of the soil most nearly approximated to the beautiful ideal. Some writers have indeed made attempts to identify the golden age. Mr. Froude, in the earlier volumes of his interesting history, in which he strives with singular ingenuity to rehabilitate the character and embellish the age of Henry VIII., describes that reign as a period in which the mass of the people enjoyed great plenty and prosperity under a well-organised system of discipline and industry, and in which there were to be found generally throughout 'merrie England' a more frank, hearty, and cheerful existence, a larger capacity, and more frequent opportunities of enjoyment, than can be attributed to the modern race of peasants and artisans. Professor Rogers, in his more recent 'History of Agriculture and Prices in England 'between the Middle of the Thirteenth and End of the Four-'teenth Centuries'*—a work which not long since we brought under the notice of our readers, though not in reference to its bearing on the present question—is inclined to consider the middle of the thirteenth century—about the date of the insurrection of Wat Tyler—to have been a time of 'unexampled 'prosperity,' of 'singular plenty,' in which 'the general commu-'nity fully shared in the abundance which prevailed' (vol. i. p. 80). Mr. Hallam, whose historical judgments are marked by an almost judicial calmness and moderation, observes, that though he 'should feel much satisfaction in being convinced that 'no deterioration in the state of the labouring classes had really 'taken place,' yet that, 'after every allowance,' he 'should find 'it difficult to resist the conclusion, that however the labourer 'has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured com-'modities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is 'much inferior in ability to support a family to his ancestor 'three or four centuries ago.'†

To compare with satisfactory precision the modes of life of generations of men living at distant periods, and in a form of society and state of civilisation widely different from each

* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxxvi. p. 43.
† History of [illegible] Ages, vol. iii. p. 455.

other, is a task of no small difficulty. In the first place, we find a great conflict of authorities as to *facts*. It is like the old story of the gold and silver shield: everything depends upon the point of view, and whether the object or spirit of the writer to whom we refer, was to exalt or disparage the past in comparison with the present. The enthusiasm of the *laudator temporis acti* may be consistent with perfect honesty of purpose, yet it may no less fatally mislead his readers than intentional misrepresentation. On the other hand, the ardent admirer of the nineteenth century, with its vast discoveries and unresting activity, may be easily tempted to undervalue the rude enjoyments and simple housewifery of our ancestors, unconscious of the countless wants that modern science has supplied. Mr. Froude, indeed, has appealed to the language of the Statute Book as an unbiassed authority upon the facts and usages of the times; but evidence of this kind ought certainly to be received with considerable caution, since it clearly appears that the recitals of many Acts of Parliament under the Tudor sovereigns were simply the declarations of the power which ruled the course of legislation, and in many cases were actually the effusions of the ministerial or royal pen. But there are still greater difficulties inherent in the task of comparing the conditions of men in widely different eras of civilisation. It is equally true with regard to nations as to individuals, that a system of compensation pervades the arrangements of Providence, which reduces to something like an average level the inequalities of human conditions. Every stage of society, from the rudest to the most refined, has its special evils, and its countervailing advantages. Even slavery has its gleams of light-hearted mirth and thoughtless security of the future. The blessings of the highest civilisation are by no means unalloyed. Much as society may gain, on the whole, by what is called the 'march 'of improvement,' by the advancement of arts, wealth and knowledge, the revolution thus effected never fails to bring in its train some changes which furnish to the admirer of the past just occasion for regret. Rich, powerful, enlightened, populous a nation may become, yet not without some compromise of individual happiness, some sacrifice of class to class, perhaps some defacing of valuable features in the national character. The unparalleled development of our manufactures and commerce within the last thirty years, is triumphantly referred to by political reasoners as an irrefragable proof of the enormous increase of national opulence; but though the mouths of struggling recipients of limited incomes may be stopped by such an argument, their personal experience rebels against it. The

swollen columns of the Board of Trade Returns of Imports and Exports carry no comfort to the heart of the hard-pressed commercial clerk, or the half-fed farm labourer. Professor Fawcett has some just remarks upon the deceptive symptoms of a *statistical* prosperity:—

'Our leading statesmen have been too prone to measure the weal of the country by a fallacious statistical standard. Around us, on every side, there are striking evidences of wealth being accumulated with unexampled rapidity. Our exports and imports have in a few years been trebled. The soil is better cultivated, all the material resources of the country are developed with the greatest skill and enterprise, and there are all the outward tokens of vast wealth. When we observe these things we are inclined to say, mark what proofs of national prosperity! But let it be remembered, that the labourers may observe the same facts; and then let me ask, if some very different thoughts will not be suggested to their minds?' (P. 308.)

In instituting such a comparison as we have now in view, a great deal depends on the nature of the tests applied. If we compare the dwelling of the English farm labourer of the present day—his furniture and implements for household use, the clothes that he wears, the variety of products, foreign and colonial, of which his diet, scanty though it be, is composed—with the conditions of life of his predecessors of the same class under the early Edwards or Henrys, we shall no doubt be struck with the amazing superiority in regard to the comforts and refinements of life which the subjects of Queen Victoria enjoy. Adam Smith enumerates, in a characteristic passage of his great work, the variety of ingredients, the great diversity of arts and inventions, employed in producing the accommodations, few and simple as they appear in our eyes, of the modern labourer—his leather shoes, his linen shirt, the bed he lies on, with all the different parts that compose it, his glass windows, his knives and forks, his vessels of pewter or earthenware, his kitchen grate, and sea-borne coal fuel, his clock on the wall, his two or three books on the shelf, and the other items of his modest interior; and he concludes with the striking but not extravagant assertion, that 'the accommodation of an European 'prince does not so much exceed that of an industrious and 'frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds 'that of many an African king, the absolute master of the 'lives and liberties of 10,000 naked savages.'*

Professor Rogers, no unfavourable witness to the times of

* Wealth of Nations, book i. chap. i.

which he writes, thus describes the dwellings and mode of life of the peasantry of the fourteenth century :—

'The peasant's home was, we may believe, built of the coarsest material, most frequently of wattles daubed with mud or clay. Bricks never appear to be used.* The manor house was generally built of stone, but the tenements by which it was surrounded were of the meanest description. We, whom the progress of mechanical skill and agricultural science have made acquainted with a number of conveniences, now regularly distributed, but utterly unknown to our forefathers, cannot realise the privations of a mediæval winter, the joy of a mediæval spring, and the glad thankfulness of an abundant harvest. Familiar with cheap artificial light, we cannot easily comprehend a state of things in which the purchase of a pound of candles would have almost absorbed a workman's daily wages. The offering of a candle at the shrine of a saint was a natural tribute, because it was a choice personal enjoyment. Few persons could have afforded to break the curfew. The lights of a mediæval church, the warmth, and the incense must have formed a peculiarly acceptable contrast to those who lived in chilly dark huts, where glass was unknown, fuel comparatively dear, and cleanliness all but impossible. Scurvy in its most virulent forms, and leprosy, modified perhaps by the climate, were common disorders, for, as has been often said, the people lived on salt meat half the year; and not only were they without potatoes, but they do not appear to have had other roots which are now in common use, as carrots and parsneps. Onions and cabbage appear to have been the only esculent vegetables. It will be found that nettles (if we can identify these with *urticæ*) were sold from the garden. Spices, the cheapest of which was pepper, were quite out of their reach. Sugar was a very costly luxury; and our forefathers do not appear, judging from the rarity of the notices, to have been skilful in the management of bees.

'Clothing, again, was dear. It has been observed before that the cloth was coarse, if we may judge from the lining of Wykeham's mitre case, but its price was high. So with linen, which appears to have been costly. Shirts were, in fact, such valuable articles, that they are often the subjects of charitable or ostentatious doles, and we find them not unfrequently at this time, as well as for centuries afterwards, devised by will.' *

The comforts and accommodations of life, which even the poorest families now enjoy, are the fruit of modern discoveries, and of improvements in the processes of manufacture, brought home, by the increasing competition of trade, to every man's door. But though the use of these things contributes much to the ease and enjoyment of those who are fairly provided with the means of subsistence, it must always be borne in mind

* History of Prices, &c., vol. i. p. 65.

that the necessaries of life are to the poor man, as the very term implies, a prior consideration to its comforts or refinements. The linen shirt and glass windows of the modern labourer are no substitute for the bread which is needed to fill his children's mouths; and it would be better for himself to work with wooden shoes on his feet than with an empty stomach. If we test the question before us by the relative quantity and quality of the food accessible to the peasant of the fourteenth century and his modern successor, it may be doubted—and, indeed, it is more than doubtful—whether the ploughman or swineherd of Edward III. or Richard II.'s time could not command a larger share, and even a better quality of diet, in exchange for his labour, than the recipients of 10*s.* or 11*s.* a week in one of our southern counties at the present day. Mr. Hallam, as above stated, declares himself an adherent, though a reluctant one, to this conclusion. Calculating the rate of a common labourer's hire in the fourteenth century, and comparing it with the current prices of wheat and of animal food, and making the same comparison between the modern values of each, he estimates that the present labourer, as compared with his predecessor, could purchase but half the quantity of wheat, assuming its then price at 80*s.* a quarter, and half the quantity of meat, which at the time he wrote was 7*d.* per lb. Subsequent changes have somewhat modified the prices assumed, but do not substantially affect the conclusion. Mr. Hallam quotes also the remark of Sir John Fortescue, that the English lived far more upon animal diet than their rivals the French; a circumstance to which he ascribes their superior strength and courage. Various incidental notices confirm this conclusion. The preamble of the Act 24 Hen. 8, cap. 3, recites that, 'Whereas before this time 'all manner of victual hath been sold at prices convenient, so 'that all your subjects, and especially poor persons, might 'with their craft or bodily labour buy sufficient for the neces-'sity and sustentation of themselves, their wives and children; 'but now all victual, especially *beef, mutton, pork, and veal,* '*which is the common feeding of the mean and poor persons,* are 'sold at so excessive a price,' &c. At a later date the Spanish envoys of Philip II. commented on the abundance of food which our forefathers enjoyed, and the dirty habits of their daily life. 'These peasants,' they said, 'live like hogs, but they 'fare as well as the King.'*

If, therefore, we confine our view to the few essential

* History of Prices, vol. i. p. 296.

articles of diet, the sustentation of life and of muscular strength being merely regarded, it may be fair to conclude that in those days of few wants and limited ideas, the labourer for hire was able to afford himself a fuller and heartier subsistence than the cottager of our own time, to whom the extravagant price of meat makes it almost a prohibited article, whose richest luxury is cheese or bacon, and who, in default of beer, ekes out his scanty meal with a mildly comforting dilution of tea.

There is, however, another consideration very important to be taken into account in contrasting the past and present conditions of the agricultural class. The quality of his subsistence, so long as it suffices to support nature, is not of so much consequence to the poor man, whose only property is his labour, as the *certainty* of employment. In the case of the mediæval peasant, the precariousness of his livelihood was a terrible incident of his condition. The operations of husbandry, under the rude system of cultivation which then prevailed, were so limited as to render employment very inconstant and doubtful, except at the two busy seasons of seed-time and harvest. During the winter months the work of the farm was almost wholly suspended, a large portion of the live stock being killed off, and salted for provisions during that season. Of all the benefits which an improved system of tillage and an increased capital applied to farming confer upon the labourer, the most valuable beyond question is the security thus afforded for constant work and regular earnings. But besides this circumstance, there is another, deeply affecting the welfare of the lower ranks of the community, in which a prodigious change for the better has been effected. No part of the economy of modern communities is so important as that by which the cereal produce of the soil is stored and husbanded, and its consumption so regulated as to ensure a nearly equable supply between harvest and harvest. Modern populations are thus guarded against those terrible alternations of abundance and famine to which half-civilised communities are exposed. For this great advantage we are indebted, not merely to the granaries and store-houses, which, except to a very limited extent, our ancestors did not possess, but also to the operations of a class of persons whom, as soon as ever they began to raise their heads, the Legislature, in its ignorance of economical laws, marked down as public enemies, and strove by the heaviest penalties to crush—the dealers in corn. In the absence of this useful class, through whose agency price becomes the infallible self-acting regulator of consumption—

for want of that due adjustment of the consumption of the country to its produce, which the spontaneous mechanism of trade would have ensured—the nation, like an improvident spendthrift, was living too fast at one season, and found itself reduced to destitution before the next year's allowance became due. The farmers without capital disposed of their crops at moderate prices soon after the harvest; purchasers, who only looked to their immediate wants, finding corn cheap, were naturally improvident in their use of it; the price, therefore, almost invariably rose as the year advanced, and was frequently at an enormous height just before harvest. Stow informs us that in 1317 the harvest was all got in before September 1, and that wheat, which had been before at 4*l.* the quarter, fell to 6*s.* 8*d.* 'A detail of the prices of grain,' says Sir Frederick Eden, in his valuable 'History of the Poor,' 'would furnish 'us with abundant proof, if proof were wanting, of the ex- 'treme misery of those times, in which the only buyers of corn 'were the consumers.' It has been well observed, that much of the rejoicing and merriment which traditionally belongs to the rustic festival of harvest home, may probably be attributed to the state of things now described—the insecurity of subsistence and the frequent exhaustion of the last year's supplies before the new crop had been got in. The author just quoted compares the feeling with which the return of harvest was hailed in those days to the emotion with which the Egyptian cultivator watches the overflowing of the Nile. To the peasant of six centuries ago, the question of a full or scanty—nay, even of a late or early—harvest was of vital importance. To them scarcity was starvation, even delay was fatal. A bad crop, or a late season, obliged the wretched cultivator to make use of food of which we can form no notion, except perhaps from the recent incidents of Irish famine. Hence the enthusiastic feelings with which the great event of the year's storage was hailed: 'They joy before Thee as in the joy of harvest, 'and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.' Nations which thus depend on the exclusive produce of their own soils, and which live from hand to mouth upon the crops raised within the year, exist at the mercy of periodical famines, and stake their lives on the vicissitudes of the seasons and the inconstancy of the elements.

But, over and above all the contingencies of nature, the droughts and scarcities which from time to time thinned the numbers and devastated the homes of the 'common folk' in the middle ages; in addition, too, to the raids and forays, the ravages of war, [illegible]ppressions of feudal superiors to which

they were liable, was the persecution which the labouring class underwent at the hands of the Legislature, acting not so much with intentional tyranny, as in blind and blundering ignorance of the social interests which it undertook to regulate. The famous Statute of Labourers, again and again re-enacted and amended as often as its provisions were proved futile, originated in the Great Plague in the reign of Edward III., which caused a sudden and enormous void in the labour market, carrying off, according to a moderate estimate, from one third to one half of the whole population of the country. The necessary effect of this visitation was a great scarcity of labour, followed, in the natural course of things, by an increase in the rate of wages. This inevitable operation of the law of demand and supply, the Legislature, in its unwisdom, set itself to counteract, by a forcible interference between the employer and the workman; and the statute* was passed which is remarkable as being the first in which any notice occurs of the free labourer for hire. The preamble thus states the case *ex parte* the employers and the Legislature:—

'Because a great part of the people, and especially of workmen and servants late died of the plague, many, seeing the necessity of masters and great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they may receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness, than by labour to get their living; we, considering the grievous incommodities which, of the lack especially of ploughmen and of such labourers, may hereafter come, have ordained,' &c.

It then enacts that every able-bodied man and woman, not being a merchant or exercising any craft, or having estate or land, should be bounden to serve, whenever required so to do, at the wages accustomed to be given in the twentieth year of the King, and in five or six average years next before; and that if any man or woman, whether free or bond, should be required to serve at such customary wages, and would not, he or she should be committed to the next gaol. It was further ordained that labourers departing from their service should be imprisoned, and that any master who should consent to give higher wages than the Act authorised, should be liable to forfeit double the amount paid or promised. The statute proceeds to apply the same regulations to a variety of artificers, smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. It further enjoins

* The Statute of Labourers was in its original form not a statute but an ordinance. In that shape it was originally promulgated by the authority of the Crown. The next year it was enacted as a Parliamentary statute.

that no person shall presume, under pain of imprisonment, to give any alms under colour of pity or charity to any beggar who, being able-bodied, should refuse to work. To make some compensation for these severe restrictions, a clause is inserted, 'as wise and just,' as Mr. Hallam ironically observes, 'and as practicable as the rest, for the sale of provisions 'at reasonable prices.' This clause was indeed a necessary corollary to the statute. It was impossible for the lawgivers, who fixed the low rate of wages, to resist the logical appeal of the labourer; that if the wages by which he earned his maintenance were to be limited, the prices of that maintenance ought to be limited also.

By these arbitrary enactments the Parliament of that day, bent on the policy of subduing what we find described, in the legislative language of the time, as 'the refractory spirit of the 'villeins,' endeavoured to drive the labourer into a corner, and cut off every mode of escape from the meshes of the law. Foreseeing the difficulty of enforcing a rule which the employer himself might find it his interest to break through, they made the employer as well as the workman liable to a penalty for exceeding the rate; and, in case the latter should refuse to work at all rather than to sell his labour below its value, they made almsgiving an offence punishable with imprisonment, thus leaving no alternative but starvation or the statute. The provisions of this ordinance being, in the nature of things, incapable of execution, and leading, as a matter of course, to every sort of evasion and collusion, it became a constantly recurring complaint of the Commons, during a long period, that 'the Statute of Labourers was not kept.' The Legislature in truth might as well have attempted to make water run up hill. The very next year after the Ordinance was put in force, a statute was passed reciting its inefficacy, owing to the 'singular covetise' of the servants, and re-enacting its provisions with some additional stringent clauses to prevent evasion. The sanctions of religion were superadded to the terrors of corporal punishment and the gaol, and labourers were to be sworn twice a year to observe the statute. Another device was adopted to preclude the underpaid farm labourer from seeking to find more profitable employment in the towns. He was forbidden to leave his own village, and imprisonment was denounced against those who should fly from one part of the country to another. Several other attempts were made, during the remainder of Edward III.'s long reign, to give vitality to the unworkable enactments of which each successive Act recited and deplored the inefficacy; but the

pressure of this coercive legislation served only, like a potent medicine ill applied, to generate new disorders in the body politic. In the last year of that reign we find the Commons making complaint that 'masters were obliged to give 'their servants and labourers great wages,' in spite of all the penalties of the law, to prevent their running away, and that the encouragement which they received in these evil practices often induced them, upon the slightest cause of disgust, to quit their masters; that they wandered thus from county to county, and that many of the runaways turned beggars, and led idle lives in cities and boroughs, although they had sufficient bodily strength to gain a livelihood if they pleased to work. Many became 'staf-strikers,' and wandered, in parties of two, three, or four, from village to village; but the greater number turned out sturdy rogues, and infested the kingdom with frequent robberies. Here we meet with an early legislative recognition of that terrible scourge of vagrancy which became in after times a source of incessant danger and anxiety to the Commonwealth; and we trace the origin of the nuisance, by the admission of the law-makers themselves, to that false policy which, depriving the labourer of his just right to dispose as he best might of his own industry, goaded him into rebellion against the Government, and converted those who might have been industrious subjects into desperate evil-doers.

Throughout the reign of Richard II. the same policy was pursued, and still with the same results. New penalties were met by new evasions; as fast as one chink was stopped, another flaw broke out. Experience of the failure of the fixed rate of wages now suggested a fresh experiment—a sliding scale, under which wages were to vary with the prices of provisions. The justices of the peace in every county were directed to make proclamation, 'according to the dearth of 'victuals,' how much every workman was to receive. This statute, it is needless to say, proved as futile as those which had preceded it. No other evidence of the failure is needed beyond the explicit admissions of the statute-makers themselves. Each Act in turn records the inutility of those which had gone before, yet the radical error in the principle of them all never seems to have suggested itself. Throughout the succeeding reigns, down to the sixth year of Henry VIII., statutes for regulating the rate of wages continued to be passed, and further provisions were superadded by which the precise hours for work, for meals, and for sleep, and many other details of the labourer's existence, were prescribed by law.

Meantime the irrepressible disease of vagrancy was becoming worse and worse; and the Statute Book teems with enactments designed to check the spread of that malady, which was, however, rather aggravated than lessened by the ill-directed remedies applied to it. When the evil reached an intolerable height, the Government strove to cope with it by laws of extravagant severity. The Acts of Henry VIII. against vagrants were written in blood. The punishment of an able-bodied man found begging was, for the first offence, 'whipping at the cart's tail till his body were bloody by reason of such whipping;' for the second, whipping again, and 'to have the upper part of the gristle of the right ear cut off;' for the third offence, *death*. Nor were these terrific penalties mere idle menace. It is stated by Hume and other writers, on the authority of Harrison, that in the reign of Henry VIII. alone there were executed 72,000* great and petty thieves (this was out of a population not exceeding from four to five millions); and that the 'rapines committed by the infinite 'number of wicked, wandering, idle people were intolerable to 'the poor countrymen, and obliged them to a perpetual watch 'of their sheepfolds, pastures, woods, and cornfields.'

With the reign of Elizabeth commenced a new era of legislation respecting labour and pauperism. A statute of the fifth year of that reign repealed all preceding enactments affecting labourers, and established a new code. The preamble of this Act is worth quoting for the acknowledgment which it contains respecting the hardships of the preceding laws, and the touch of compassion and sympathy with which it refers to the oppressed class. 'Although,' it begins, 'there remain and 'stand in force presently a great number of Acts and Statutes concerning the retaining, departing, wages, and orders 'of apprentices, servants, and labourers, as well in husbandry 'as in divers other arts, mysteries, and occupations; yet partly 'from the imperfection and contrariety which is found and doth 'appear in sundry of the said laws, and chiefly from that the 'wages and allowances limited in many of the said statutes are 'in divers places too small, and not answerable to this time, respecting the advancement of prices of all things belonging to the 'said servants and labourers, *the said laws cannot conveniently*,

* We are aware that the accuracy of these figures has been questioned by later writers, and the number stated may possibly be inexact; but the fact of a prodigious amount of capital punishment during this reign is confirmed by many notices and records of the [illegible].

'*without the great grief and burthen of the poor labourer and* '*hired man, be put in good and due execution,*' &c. The statute then, averring that 'there is a good hope that if a new law be 'passed concerning wages, it will banish idleness, advance 'husbandry, and yield unto the hired man a convenient pro-'portion of wages,' proceeds to prescribe a great number of precise and arbitrary regulations for the hiring and payment of labourers. There is little novelty indeed in these enactments. It is the old story over again. The light of political economy had not yet dawned, and the true law of wages—nature's own righteous law—was reserved for the discoveries of the future. To fix the rate of the labourer's earnings recourse was again had to the tribunal of the petty sessions. Justices of the peace, themselves interested parties and employers, were to adjust the scale of payment. No labourer was to leave the place where he had last served without a licence; the usual penalties were imposed for giving or taking too much wages, or for departing into any other county. A subsequent Act of the 39th Elizabeth recites the failure of the Act just referred to with respect to the fixing of the rate of wages, though it is alleged to have proved beneficial in other respects. Two further statutes, passed in the reign of James I. on the same subject, complete the catalogue of futile, yet not less mischievous, enactments, by which for more than two centuries and a half the Legislature strove to accomplish its impracticable purpose of regulating the price of labour by law. During all this time the poor labourer was the subject of a series of empirical experiments, which produced no other effect than to irritate and degrade him, while they developed in rank luxuriance that portentous growth of pauperism, vagrancy, and crime which became the plague and terror of the Legislature. As the laws for suppressing vagrants, against whom, says Dr. Burn, 'almost all severities were practised except scalping,' became more rigorous, the villages were thinned of labourers, the number of vagabonds and marauders increased, the land swarmed with 'sturdy rogues' and 'valient beggars;' while the impotent and helpless poor, deprived of their natural means of protection and support, were reduced to a pitiable state of destitution. It would perhaps be too much to say that the wide-spread disease of modern pauperism is to be distinctly traced to the legislation which we have now described; but there can be no rational doubt that a large part of our social disorders is a legacy from bygone times, and is the legitimate fruit of that false policy of interference by which the free development of labour and capital was for a long time

restricted or suppressed. Distress and suffering indeed are incident to all conditions of society: 'the poor shall never cease 'out of the land,' and the lot of the working-class can never be a very light one. But the worst calamity to which they are subject—the lack of employment for their labour—is, we firmly believe, an artificial evil; and pauperism, as distinguished from poverty, is the creature of vicious laws and erroneous theories of social economy.

Before the close of Elizabeth's reign, the Legislature, wearied with its own impotent attempts to staunch the ever-running sore of vagrancy and destitution, had been driven to resort to a new principle, which was embodied in an Act than which few have ever been pregnant with more important consequences to the social condition of a nation. This Act was the 43rd Elizabeth, the origin and nucleus of that vast framework of Poor Law legislation which in after times was raised upon it, and the principle which it affirmed was, that property should be chargeable for the relief of indigence. The rule thus adopted, if not in perfect accordance with strict economic theory, which would require, under a perfectly organised industrial system, that labour fully employed and adequately rewarded should support its own burdens, was yet, under the then existing conditions of society and the labour-market, probably the most just and expedient remedy for pressing evils that could have been devised. The best vindication of the principle is perhaps the fact that it has endured for nearly three hundred years, and is still the corner stone of our modern Poor Law. And yet, if the statesmen who drew up this famous statute could have foreseen all the noxious fruits it was destined to bear, and the abuses and perversions which were to be engrafted upon its stock by succeeding generations, they might well have recoiled from their own work, for rarely has a sound and simple principle been wrested to more mischievous and demoralising consequences. We are not writing a history of the English Poor Laws, and have no space now for tracing out the gradual distortion and depravation of their original theory; it is enough here to say that, ere the abuses which outgrew from them reached their climax, they had fearfully demoralised that class who were the recipients of relief, and were eating like a canker into the property on which the charge was levied. But there was one baneful graft upon the stem of the Elizabethan Poor Law which, more perhaps than any other, vitiated its growth, and which, in surveying the past history of our agricultural population, it would be improper to omit from consideration. This was the Law of Parochial

Settlement, which originated in an Act of the fourteenth year of Charles II., and was extended and worked out into a highly artificial and complicated code by a series of subsequent provisions. It would be difficult, in our opinion, to specify any set of enactments which has produced a larger crop of moral and social evils than this Law of Settlement. It is opposed to the fundamental principles of political economy, which demand, alike in the interest of the individual and of the community, that every man should be allowed to carry his strength and skill to the best market, and that the capitalist should have free access to any quarter from which labour can be obtained. But under the restriction thus imposed the circulation of labour was dammed up and forcibly confined within a number of small local channels. The peasant or artisan, unable to find employment or adequate wages in the parish of his birth, was prohibited from seeking to transfer his labour to another place where wages might be good and workmen in demand. On entering another parish he was liable to be laid hold of by the parochial authorities, and sent back on the ground that he was likely to become chargeable. The effect was practically to restrict the poor man to his place of birth, destroying every incentive to independent exertion, and perpetuating ignorance, poverty, and a low state of civilisation. The peasant became, and regarded himself as being, '*adstrictus glebæ*,' a mere serf of the soil on which he was born; his spirit sank, and he fell into a helpless and hopeless state of dependence on his parish, upon whose funds the law which chained him to its precincts appeared to give him something like an equitable claim. And while the law thus lowered the labourer in his own eyes, it no less cheapened and degraded him in the eyes of others. The artificial congestion of labour within narrow local limits brought about a state of things in which that commodity, which ought to be the most valued of all things since it is the foundation of all value, came to be regarded as a superfluity and a drug. Instead of being prized for his strength and skill, the point of view in which the working man was regarded was that of a possible burden on the rates. In the eyes of parish officers he was a nuisance; to the mind of the landowner, a bugbear and an expense. To get rid of him, and to saddle another parish with the liability of his maintenance, became a study which all the resources of legal subtlety and chicanery were strained to assist. The frauds and stratagems devised by astute lawyers for the purpose of supporting or resisting orders of removal, the costly litigation to which these contests led, and the reckless inhumanity with which the unfortunate

objects of them were bandied about from parish to parish, with less consideration of their dignity as human beings than if they had been part of the animal stock of a farm—these are among the saddest and most scandalous records of pauperism with which the odious law of parochial settlement is justly chargeable. Denounced by all the highest economical authorities, from Adam Smith downwards, condemned by many practical statesmen, among whom Mr. Pitt* was conspicuous, this vicious system was sustained for two centuries, not so much by the force of argument or conviction as by the difficulty of escaping from the trammels which its operation had created, and the resistance of those who feared to suffer by the process of getting back to a sound and natural state of things. It is only within the last two years that this noxious branch of our Poor Law legislation received the blow which precedes its total downfall by the Union Chargeability Act—a measure which, although proceeding from the Liberal side of the House, received, we rejoice to say, the efficient support of the most enlightened members of the Conservative party—a measure which makes it no longer the sordid interest of every parish to treat the labourer within its borders as a contingent burden on the rate-book, and which removes from the landowner the besetting temptation to refuse his poor neighbour a dwelling upon the estate on which he works, to pull down existing cottages, or to prevent the erection of new ones when demanded by the wants of an increasing population.

Despite all the impediments interposed by improvident laws and perverted institutions, the tide of national prosperity continued to advance, and the country increased in wealth, in population, and in military renown, whatever abuses might be found lurking in the lower strata of society, and whatever sufferings, unnoticed by historians, might be endured by a class too feeble to make its complaints audible. That the difficulty of keeping in check the evils of vagrancy and the miseries of destitution continued to be felt is evident from the records of Parliament, which was continually called upon to apply fresh remedies to the new disorders and grievances which broke out, and especially to patch and reconstruct that law of settlement which was continually engendering the abuses incident to its existence. On more than one occasion we find William III., in addressing his Parliaments, adverting to the

* See his admirable speech delivered in February 1796, reported in Hansard and cited by Sir G. Nicholls, 'History of English Poor 'Law,' vol. ii. p. 127.

increase of the poor and the heavy burden occasioned by their maintenance. In a Report made in 1696 by the newly-created Board of Trade, and which was drawn up by the famous John Locke, one of the first members of that Board, it is stated that 'the multiplying of the poor and the increase of the tax for 'their maintenance has been a growing burden upon the 'kingdom these many years, and the two last reigns felt the 'increase of it as well as the present.' He also records his opinion 'that above one half of those receiving parish relief 'are able to earn their own livelihood'—a statement which shows to how great an extent even at that early date the original design of the Poor Law had been perverted. Nevertheless, the period which intervened from the accession of the Stuarts till the latter part of the eighteenth century was one in which the English labourer's condition might, on the whole, be advantageously compared with that of preceding generations, or of the peasantry of other countries. Professor Rogers has specified the early part of the last century as an age of exceptional prosperity to that part of the community. The population of the country was not great, the prices of corn and of the main necessaries of life were moderate, and the pressure of the poor rates, though the amount was continually increasing and much complained of, had not yet become excessive. At the end of Anne's reign, in 1714, the total amount raised is supposed to have been rather under one million. But as we advance towards the close of the century, we observe the parochial taxation becoming more and more a subject of complaint, and brought again and again under the notice of the Legislature. At the close of the American war, in 1784, the total raised exceeded two millions. It was perceived that the sums yearly expended on the relief of the poor were always advancing, never decreasing; and it was apprehended with justice that, unless this fatal tendency were arrested, the burthen would in time become intolerable. The fulfilment of these anticipations was much accelerated by the unfavourable seasons and deficient harvests which marked the closing years of the century. In 1796, wheat rose to upwards of 100*s.* the quarter; in June 1800 it reached 134*s.*; and in the spring of 1801 it was at the famine price of 154*s.* The average price between 1794 and 1801 was 87*s.*, or very nearly double that of the ten years preceding the former date. Yet no proportionate advance took place in the wages of labour. In the agricultural districts they were not, at the utmost, above 8*s.* per week. How, under these circumstances, was the labourer

lands, and other causes, have gradually produced an absorption of the surplus, and rectified the balance of numbers and employment. Nay, in many districts it is now more than rectified, and the panic of over-population has given place to a panic of scarcity of labour. In various parts of England, but especially in the north, we now hear of the increasing difficulty of getting a sufficient supply of hands, and this inconvenience has become a leading topic at agricultural meetings and farmers' club dinners. The substitution of machinery for hand labour in some of the most important processes of husbandry is recognised as an urgent necessity, and is extending itself more and more. County members and farmers' friends are suggesting to the employers of labour the means by which they may be enabled to retain the men in their own villages, and counteract the temptations offered to them to go elsewhere; for the premium of higher wages has already begun to operate upon the imaginations of this class, though naturally passive and slow to move, with few opportunities of communicating together or procuring information of what is taking place beyond their own narrow sphere. Still, wherever circumstances favour the migration to a better labour-market—wherever the vicinity of large towns, or of mines, or any other better paid industry, brings directly under the peasant's eyes the certainty of a more lucrative field of labour, the younger and more energetic members of that class are no longer slow to avail themselves of the opening to advance their interests. And this tendency is one which, as locomotion is made easier, and information more rapidly diffused, must be expected to increase more and more, unless counteracted by some new inducements to remain and till their fields at home.

And this brings us to a consideration of the actual position of the agricultural labourer—the state of the case as regards his privileges and his grievances at the present time. First, as to the amount of remuneration which he obtains for his labour. The rate of wages in husbandry differs very widely in the manufacturing and in the agricultural counties; but it is with the latter that we are now chiefly concerned. In the southern and western districts the regular weekly wages for a day-labourer range from the *minimum* of 8*s.* to 12*s.*, or at the utmost 13*s.* a week. Mr. Bailey Denton, whose estimate is certainly not a low one, states the *average* in the mid-southern and south-western districts at 10*s.* 6*d.* This is exclusive of extra payments at hay-time and harvest, as well of money gained by occasional piece-work where that practice exists. It is notorious, however, that great differences exist even between

parishes in which the money-rate of wages is the same, in regard to the privileges which the labourer enjoys over and above his fixed money income. The benefits of a cottage rented below its value, of a good piece of garden attached to it, and other boons which a liberal-minded employer may throw in his way, make a considerable addition in money's worth to the labourer's means. The great difficulty in making any general statement as to the condition of the class arises from the wide diversities between one parish and another, by reason of which every one is led to form a judgment upon the whole case according to his individual experience. Thus any general description is apt to incur the imputation on the one hand of over-stating, and on the other of under-stating, the facts. Our present concern, however, is not with 'model parishes,' or with the favoured residences of wealthy and benevolent proprietors who employ their ample means in diffusing comfort around them, but with the average class of *unprivileged* parishes, where tenant-farmers and labourers form the whole community, where the extras and perquisites, besides harvest-money, are none, where cottages are rented at their full value or above it, and where no aids for obtaining fuel, provisions, or clothing below the cost price, form a substantial addition to the wage-fund. In such parishes, if we set off the harvest-money against the house-rent, there will remain to the labourer the above-stated average of 10*s.* 6*d.* per week to provide for the maintenance, clothing, and other requirements of himself and his family. It is obvious that a married man, with even three or four children, unless there are boys old enough to add to the earnings of the family, can do little more than keep body and soul together upon the dietary which this income will afford. Fresh meat at the present prices is of course a forbidden luxury; beer must be a rare indulgence; bread must be the staple of the family sustenance. Some bacon or cheese, and tea of the cheapest and least stimulating quality, with a small allowance of tobacco, form the only luxuries the labourer, if he is to make both ends meet, can indulge in. If a plot of garden be annexed—as is by no means universally the case—to the cottage, a small stock of potatoes and other common vegetables is added to his stores. With the help of the produce of his garden he may make shift to keep a pig; but unless the progress of enclosure should have spared him some right of common, it is out of his power to support a cow, and there are difficulties which practically debar him from rearing poultry or other live stock. Some persons who are far above the sphere of such experience themselves, are fond of descanting on the

injudicious management and thriftlessness of the poor; but we doubt if the most skilful of these housekeeping censors would find it easy to scrape a surplus out of such an income as we have stated, after providing for the food, the clothing, the washing, and other household necessities, to say nothing of the occasional exigencies of sickness, and various casual demands of a family. If the labourer's earnings suffice for the present immediate wants of existence, it is the utmost that can be said. It is more than doubtful whether the scanty sustenance to which he is limited suffices to maintain his health and muscular power at that point which, apart from all consideration of personal enjoyment, is required for the efficiency, and therefore the true economy, of labour. As for the means of saving something against sickness or as a provision for old age, it would be romantic to cherish such a notion. There is one Superannuation Fund, and one only, for the aged or disabled day-labourer, and that is the Poor Rate!

In comparing the condition of the cultivator of the soil with that of the mechanic or artisan, there is one peculiar feature of disadvantage in the lot of the former—the absence of the hope of advancement. 'That constant and uniform desire of every 'man to better his condition, which comes with him from the 'womb and never leaves him till he goes to the grave,' which one of the most sagacious of philosophers* has described as the mainspring of human industry, has, in the case of a large portion at least of our rural classes, no goal to aim at, no aliment to feed upon. Professor Rogers observes with truth, 'an artisan may rise to be a master, a mechanic to be an 'engineer, a factory operative to be a capitalist; but no En-'glish agricultural labourer, in his most sanguine dreams, has 'the vision of occupying, still less of possessing, land' (vol. i. p. 693). Debarred from the hope of advancement, life to the great majority of men becomes a dreary blank, labour a cheerless servitude. From the highest service to the lowest, the possibility of advancement is the sovereign incentive which keeps the faculties alert, and brings out whatever of energy or vigour the man has within him. Without this stimulus, the mind sinks into a state of listless apathy, in which routine duties are gone through with mechanical formality. What prospect does the career of the common day-labourer in those districts where agriculture is the single employment, afford to quicken his thoughts or animate his movements? Assume that employment never fails, and that health and character are

* Adam Smith.

maintained, what is the history of his life? From the period of early manhood when he comes into full pay as a labourer, he may go on in the same unvaried round from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, without having made one step in advance, gained one inch of ground above the level that he started from, until the time when, his strength becoming exhausted by toil, and his earnings having yielded no provision for old age, he retires from the field upon a weekly pittance from the Union, the last stage between his life of labour and his rest in the churchyard. This may be thought a sombre picture of the lot of the English farm-labourer; but, making allowance for fortunate exceptions, it is not an overcharged one. Nor is it too much to say that there must be something unsound in that social economy which, in a nation so wealthy as our own, holds out to the honest and industrious peasant no better prospect than a life of unintermitted toil, shut out from the hope of advancement, and terminating at last in the dreary haven of pauperism. Until our industrial system shall be adjusted upon such a footing that a life of honest labour shall lead to some better result than this, the congratulations which we hear from many quarters upon our unparalleled national prosperity must appear to savour rather of irony than of truth. Mr. Fawcett comments in strong terms upon the depressed and stationary position of the agricultural peasant of the present time; and his brother professor, building his conclusions upon statistical evidence, is of opinion that the existing labourer is worse off than his predecessor at the time when Arthur Young described his circumstances about a hundred years since, but that 'when his condition is contrasted 'with that of his ancestor 500 years ago, the deterioration is 'still more striking.' Of the difficulties of instituting exact comparisons of this nature we have already spoken; but there is one conclusion at least which we do not fear to advance, and which few, we think, will venture to charge with exaggeration. It is this, that the agricultural labourer has not yet reaped his fair share of that great increase of national wealth which within the last thirty years has flowed in upon the kingdom; that he has not partaken as he ought in that general advance in the standard of comfort and well-being which other classes have experienced; that while they have moved forward he has stood still, an exception and contrast to the opulence, the luxury, and profusion of the period in which he lives. Other classes may look back upon the habits and mode of living of their ancestors with distaste or scorn; he perhaps might be tempted to think, did he know in what manner his forefathers lived and

fared, that peradventure the olden times were better than his own.

But whether better or worse, one thing is clear, that it is impossible to restore them. To reproduce the habits and institutions of a bygone age is a dream of enthusiasts. Mr. Fawcett, though not one of the latter class, dwells with fond regret on the extinction of the small proprietors, and denounces primogeniture and family settlements as the source of that monopoly of the land of England in a comparatively few hands, which debars the labourer from ever emerging from the condition of hireling in which he was born, and shuts out the light of hope from his career. Mr. Rogers in like manner dwells upon the great danger to this country, which 'lies in the present alienation of its people from the soil, and the future *exodus* of a disinherited peasantry.' The question of primogeniture is a large and far-reaching one, which touches the foundations not only of our proprietary, but also of our political and social system. It should always be borne in mind, however, that primogeniture in fact operates at present much more as a freely-adopted custom than as a legal rule, since it acts by force of *law* only in that small proportion of cases in which the proprietor forbears to exercise his own volition over the transmission of his estate. It is only in the rare absence of will, settlement, or other disposition that the law pronounces in favour of the eldest son. In order, therefore, to get rid of primogeniture, we should have not only to repeal a law, but to alter that long-established current of habit, sentiment, and tradition of which the law itself has been the exponent. The result which, in Mr. Fawcett's opinion, would flow from, and would justify such a measure, would be the conversion of the present race of hired farm-labourers into an independent class of small proprietors. Yet how such a change could be wrought by any process short of an agrarian revolution, we are unable to comprehend. Land being assimilated by law to personal property, it is supposed that the large estates would become subdivided, and that portions of them, released from legal trammels, would come freely into the market. But before any portion of the soil could thus become the property of the labourer, two obstacles would have to be overcome. In the first place, he must have acquired the capital required for the purchase, and how he is to obtain this remains to be shown; secondly, even if the capital were forthcoming, the land must be purchaseable on such terms as would make it a remunerative investment to the cultivator. The present distribution of land-owning and cultivating classes into the three orders

of landlord, farmer, and labourer, which we are sometimes told is peculiar, or almost peculiar, to England, has arisen from no forcible interference or compulsion of law, but by the operation of natural causes, and has grown out of the peculiar circumstances of the country. A limited area of soil, great wealth, and abundant population, engendered by commerce and manufacturers, together with a social and political system, under which rank, influence, and consideration attach in an eminent degree to the ownership of the soil—these causes have conferred an artificial value upon land, which has concentrated it more and more in the hands of those who seek the social advantages which it confers, rather than the profit which it may be made to yield. As wealth increases so does the competition for this coveted investment increase, among those whose ambition prompts them to enrol their names in the honoured list of landed proprietors. The consequences which naturally follow are the accumulation of large tracts in the hands of individuals, the consolidation of farms, and the absorption of the once numerous class of petty freeholders and yeomen. The existence of an intermediate order of tenant farmers results from the simple economical fact, that when the market value of land has attained a certain height, a better return for capital is to be got by renting the land of another, than by owning and cultivating one's own. What is true of the cultivator with a small capital is true *à fortiori* of the cultivator without one. Were the institution of primogeniture to be abolished to-morrow, the labourer would find that the small but costly plot of ground, even if he could find the means of acquiring it, would prove nothing else but a *damnosa hæreditas* to the purchaser.

The gradual and inevitable revolution which has thus been brought about in regard to the tenure of land in England may be a subject of regret, but it has been occasioned by the progress of society, and to reverse it is impossible. We must find some other mode of indemnifying the peasantry more practicable than that of restoring *la petite culture* and the extinct race of cottage landowners. As for the farmers, they may be considered to have gained no unfair equivalent for the loss they have sustained in ceasing to be proprietors. The improvements of agriculture and the general progress of society have elevated their condition; and we doubt if the English farm-tenant of the present day would be willing to exchange his lot for that of his brother cultivator across the Channel, who, although enjoying the nominal dignity of a proprietor, has to struggle with the difficulties of small capital and scanty

appliances, and barely holds his ground under the conditions of extreme thrift, hard fare, and unremitting personal toil. But for the labourer who has derived no proportionate compensation from the changes which have enriched the landowner, and raised the condition of his tenants, we should rejoice to see some sign of a brighter dawn looming in the future, some recognition of his patient merit, some amelioration of his too often cheerless lot. Nor ought we to disguise from ourselves the fact, that to adopt any improvements that would tend to reconcile this humble class to their condition, and make them content to abide in it, would be a measure not more of justice to the labourer than of policy and interest to his employer. The scarcity of hands, already much complained of in certain of our rural districts, will ere long be much more severely felt, unless means be taken to counterbalance the attractions held out by emigration abroad, or by more hopeful and better paid employments at home. We must do all that we reasonably can to improve the condition and increase the comforts of our rural population, unless we are prepared for a migration of which the effects would be apparent in half-tilled fields and depopulated villages.

We may be challenged to show in what direction, and by what means these improvements can be effected, and we readily point out one instance in which the need for reform is very urgent, and the claim of the labourer, as it appears to us, incontrovertibly just. We refer to the great deficiency which exists of decent and wholesome habitations—in some cases the inadequate supply, in others the miserable condition, of the rural cottages. This is a great and crying evil, and what is worse, it is an increasing one. The fact is but too well established by official inquiries, that while the demand for house-room in the agricultural counties has increased, the number of habitable tenements has undergone a considerable diminution. It has been shown that the demolition of cottages, notwithstanding the increased demand for them, has during the last ten years been in progress in 821 separate parishes or townships of England; so that these parishes were receiving, at the date of the census of 1861, as compared with 1851, a population of 5½ per cent. greater into house-room 4½ per cent. less. And in addition to these cases in which the dwellings have been purposely destroyed, there is a very large number of parishes in which the same result is taking place from their being allowed to fall into ruin. The scarcity of houses thus produced leads naturally to two consequences. First, high rents; and in many parishes the cottager does pay

an excessive sum even for the poor abode he is able to obtain. But he has no alternative; there is no free trade, no open market for him; the competitors are many, the supply is short; he must take what he can get, and upon the landlord's terms; and to *his* demand there is often no limit save that of conscience. The second consequence follows naturally from the first; the higher the rent the larger the number who must combine to pay it, or the poorer the tenement which the labourer can afford to take. On the manifold evils resulting from this huddling together of the inmates it is needless to dwell. Health, comfort, decency, self-respect, the domestic affections, the laws of nature herself, are outraged or undermined by this contaminating intermixture, without regard to the proprieties due to age or sex, of human beings. Judges from the Bench, clergymen from the pulpit, philanthropists in their writings, legislators in their speeches, have branded this as the source of a large proportion of the immorality which in a latent state exists, and sometimes breaks out in a startling shape under the apparently quiet surface of our rural districts. But the plague spot is there still, and when we come to inquire into details, we find that not even in the repulsive alleys of the metropolis, or of our great cities, is the grievance of overcrowded dwellings more sorely felt than in some of the towns and villages of our agricultural counties.

We have neither the space nor the wish to enter now into the sickening particulars of the cases brought to light by Dr. Hunter in his official Report made in 1864, on the dwellings of the agricultural population of England; it is enough to say that it contains facts which well warrant the conclusion of the medical officer of the Privy Council, Mr. Simon, that the state of the homes of the peasantry in several of our rural counties is 'a disgrace to the civilisation of England.' Thus, we find instances in which individuals of both sexes, children and adults to the number of ten or more, are huddled together within the precincts of one small room; we find families consisting of four adults and five children shut up in an apartment 11 ft. by 9 by 6 ft. 5 in. at the highest point; the whole family having a less allowance of cubic space than is allotted to a single convict. We find fathers and mothers, young women with their bastard children, and young men, packed together within four narrow walls; while it is almost needless to add that the means of water-supply, of ventilation, and of drainage are to be found at the lowest point of deficiency in these miserable one-roomed hovels. We are sure that no candid person who reads the evidence appended to Dr. Hunter's

Report will hesitate to affirm with us, that the house-room at present provided for our rural class is in a great number of parishes very defective in amount, sometimes scandalous in quality, and not seldom exorbitant in price.

A large part of the blame arising from this state of things is doubtless due to the vicious policy of that Law of Settlement, which has been already denounced as the source of the worst grievances of the poor. Landowners as a class are not more selfish than their neighbours, but they have in too many instances been unable to resist the temptation which the law has offered to them to thrust off upon others the burdens which its operation imposed. Prior to the modern changes in our Poor Law system, every settled inhabitant of a parish naturally came to be regarded as a possible burden upon the rates. To check the population and keep down the rates by limiting the habitations of a parish became thence the interest and too often the settled policy of those proprietors who looked no higher or farther than the diminution of the parish burdens. Under the influence of such motives, cottages were pulled down or suffered to fall into decay. Adjacent parishes which the circumstance of their ownership placed in the category of 'open' received the overplus of their 'close' neighbours, and became liable to their burdens. In consequence cheaply-built and comfortless tenements were run up by speculative builders, in which the ejected labourer was driven to find a home, but often at such a distance from his work that no small part of his time and strength was spent in walking to and fro: while his employer, bent only on saving his rates, was mulcted of a large part of the service which he paid for. A miserable system, fraught with loss and dissatisfaction to the employer, with cruel hardship and demoralisation to the labourer!

The legislation out of which these wide-spread abuses grew has received a heavy blow, and will ere long probably be wholly swept away. Thenceforward it will no longer be the pecuniary interest of parishes to reduce to a minimum the number of their resident labourers. The cruel policy of depopulation, the selfish utopias of the 'close' parishes, will be given up; the labourer will be allowed to dwell on the land he cultivates, when the risk of his becoming a tax upon it has passed away. But we would fain hope that higher agencies than the Statute Law, and more generous views than those which are centred in the Rate-book, may plead with the owners of the soil on behalf of their hard-faring and ill-housed dependants. The diet of the English peasant is poor and scanty, his power to educate his children is much limited by his need

for their small earnings, his enjoyments and recreations are few enough. These, however, resolve themselves into the question of wages, and the rate of wages depends not on voluntary benevolence, but on fixed economical laws. But the claim of the labourer to the comfort of a decent and habitable home on the soil that he cultivates—and may we not add, to a little strip of garden ground attached to it, an inestimable boon to the poor cottager?—stands on a different footing. A home of some kind he must have, and he is willing to pay the necessary price for it. How much of the moralities of humble life depend upon the nature of that home in which his family is brought up, it is not easy to estimate. There are happily not a few men in England of high rank and large possessions who have found in promoting the domestic comfort of their humble neighbours a rich field for the exercise of a genuine philanthropy, and, we may add also, an enlightened self-interest. It is a short-sighted view which leads a proprietor to regard the building of cottages for his labourers simply in the light of an ill-paying investment. No doubt cottages regarded *per se* are not usually a remunerative property; but if they are looked at, like the other buildings and premises on an estate, as part of the fixed capital employed in rendering it productive, and not as a source of independent profit, it will be found that justice and even liberality to the tenant are really attended with no injury to the landlord. As it is the best labourers, morally and physically considered, who yield the largest return for their wages, so it will be found that attention to their moral and physical well-being, and above all to the order and comfort of their homes, redounds even in a financial point of view to the advantage of their employers.

It is satisfactory to observe that the condition of the class now under review has on several recent occasions formed the subject of public deliberation. It was cursorily touched upon in the discussions which took place in both Houses of Parliament in the Session of 1867, during the passing of the Act for restraining the frightful abuses brought to light in the mode of conducting 'Agricultural Gangs' in some of the Eastern counties;—a practice fraught, as was proved by too convincing evidence, with the most shocking effects both physical and moral. No other blot so foul as this revolting species of agricultural slave-driving, disfigures, we would fain hope, the fabric of our industrial system; but the fact of such abuses existing for a considerable time unexposed and unsuspected, notwithstanding all our boasts of social advancement and of the

omnipresent force of public opinion, is enough to show that unremitting vigilance is still needed in certain dark corners of society, to restrain oppression and protect the weaker members of the community.

On the 21st of March last, a conference of noblemen and gentlemen for the purpose of considering the present condition of the agricultural labourers of England and Wales, was held at Willis's Rooms. It consisted of men of various political opinions, amongst whom were Lord Lichfield, Lord Northbrook, Mr. Read, M.P., the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Lloyd Jones, and Canon Girdlestone. The following was the first resolution adopted, as it appears without dissent, by the meeting:—

'That it is the opinion of this Meeting that in many parts 'of the country the condition of the agricultural labourer, as 'regards wages, treatment, house-room, and opportunities for 'acquiring information and manual skill, is such as demands 'serious and immediate attention.'

Other resolutions followed, which provided for the formation of Agricultural Labourers' District Protection Societies, and for the appointment of a committee for the organisation of these societies, and 'to promote in all possible ways both the 'physical and moral improvement of the agricultural labourer.'

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Norwich, a paper was read by Canon Girdlestone upon 'the condition of 'the agricultural labourer, especially in the west of England,' the contents of which appear to have provoked a more lively commotion and excitement of feeling than is often witnessed in that conclave of philosophers. The Canon is well known for his benevolent efforts to improve the condition of the labourers in his own district in Devonshire; and the method which he is understood principally to adopt is that of assisting the migration of the surplus population to places where the demand for hands is such as to produce a higher rate of wages. So far his efforts are deserving of all commendation. It must, however, be admitted that some of the language used in this paper, however creditable to the courage of the author as an assertion of the rights of labour and the duties of property, was somewhat too grating for the audience and the occasion, and we are bound to add that certain of the remedies propounded by the Canon were not such as to recommend themselves either to practical men or to believers in political economy. 'In the 'first place,' he is reported to have said, '*good wages* are 'required in proportion to quality and quantity of work, but 'always in the case of an able-bodied and industrious man

'enough to keep him and his family, with a margin for in-'surance against old age and sickness.' It is easy indeed to lay down the law in this fashion, but surely it would be more to the purpose to define the means by which this much to be desired rate of wages is to be provided and maintained. For the solution of this problem, recourse must be had to a monitor without whose counsel uninstructed benevolence is very prone to defeat its own ends. Political economy, we know, is in bad repute with philanthropists of the impulsive school; she is regarded by many well-meaning persons as a hard step-mother of the poor, and a wet blanket to the benevolent affections. Yet in truth it would be scarcely more presumptuous to attempt the steering of a ship in utter ignorance of the rules of navigation, than to undertake to dictate upon the relations of Labour and Capital without regard to the science which is concerned with that subject-matter. The economist takes his stand on the acknowledged principles which in this world of ours govern human conduct. He knows that, although individual men occasionally act from purely generous impulses, the bulk of mankind in their dealings with one another are permanently governed by the dictates of interest. The benevolent affections have indeed their own proper sphere of action; the vicissitudes and casualties of life cannot fail to afford ample exercise for the operation of that class of motives. But, happily for society, the normal conditions under which industry is promoted and the children of the poor are fed, depend not upon precarious human impulses, but upon fixed providential laws. Labour is a commodity the value of which is ruled by supply and demand. In the familiar language of Adam Smith, 'it is a 'good time for labour when two masters are running after one 'workman; it is the reverse, when two workmen are competing 'for one master.' There are but two methods by which the rate of wages can be made to rise—the increase of work or the diminution of hands to do it. To expect that any employer who is *compos mentis* will offer higher wages than the labourer is willing to take, either out of spontaneous benevolence or upon a speculative hypothesis that higher pay will produce better work, is mere delusion. The farmer will no more pay his labourer more money than he asks than he will over-pay his grocer or his baker. In each case the law of the market-price defines the value. Every instance then that we meet with of wages below the average rate which prevails elsewhere, or below the requirements of health and the decencies of life, indicates a plethora of labour at that point, and suggests at the same time the means of relieving it. If the Devonshire peasant

can get, as Canon Girdlestone says, no more than 8*s.* or 9*s.* a week, while in some northern counties the rate is 16*s.* or even 18*s.*, it is evident that a migration of labour from the overstocked to the dearer market is the proper mode of rectifying the balance.

Such being the case, let the transmission of population from those backward districts where husbandry is the only field for labour, and that field is overcrowded, to those parts of the country where great towns, mines, and factories leave scarcely hands enough for the tillage of the soil, be promoted and encouraged by all prudent means. Much indeed has to be done to induce the unenterprising denizen of the soil, long tied to the narrow limits of his parish, ignorant of the world beyond, and weighted with the traditionary *vis inertiæ* of his class, to uproot himself from his birthplace and set forth in quest of 'fresh fields and pastures new,' upon the uncertain hope of 'bettering himself' by the change. Still much may be effected—and here the efforts of a judicious benevolence will be admirably in place—to stimulate, to instruct, and point the way by which the depressed and spiritless labourer may find a better field for his industry. By the efforts of individuals and of associations, information may be diffused, agencies set on foot, and the means of transport and transplantation facilitated. The locomotive resources and active tendencies of the present time are favourable to such a movement. It will benefit alike the districts, now crying out for more labour, to which the transfer is made, while it will raise the wages and elevate the condition of those who are left behind.

There is another tendency actively at work at the present time, to which we may point in conclusion, as likely to improve in no inconsiderable degree the position of the class under review. In manufacturing industry the truth is now placed beyond controversy that machinery has proved the best friend of the workman. It has immensely increased both the number of the employed and the rate of their remuneration. Why should we hesitate to believe that the substitution of mechanical for muscular power, which is one of the most striking features in the present aspect of British agriculture, should be followed by the like result? The natural effect of this substitution will be to make husbandry a more scientific, a less precarious, and a more lucrative pursuit. It will tend to transfer human labour from the ruder and harder processes which mechanical agency will achieve better and at less cost, to the more refined operations which demand the intelligence of human brains and the dexterity of human fingers. The steam-plough, the reaping-

machine, and other implements, which science is already placing at the service of husbandry, will demand for their ministration a better-instructed, a more quick-minded, and, need we add, a much better-paid class than that which now breaks the clods in a Devonshire valley, or hoes turnips on the clays of Sussex. As in manufactures, the introduction of machinery will not supersede, but only transfer, the operations of human industry—will enlarge its field and increase its reward. The progress of knowledge is the emancipation of labour. And though the last to feel the influence of the advancing tide, we cannot doubt that the rising wave of social improvement will overtake ere long even that most depressed and stationary portion of the industrial community, the agricultural labourers of the southern and western counties.

ART. VIII.—*The Spanish Gypsy.* A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT. London: 1868.

WHEN a writer of recognised worth and distinction produces a work of a different character from those with which his name has been hitherto associated, he finds himself in serious competition, not only with a fresh class of authors, but with the very elements of his own fame. The unwillingness with which men acknowledge that a man of active life can be a philosopher, or a statesman a man of letters, or an artist a critic, or a beauty a wit, easily renders them averse to the versatility of genius and the manifold capacities of superior minds. It seems almost assumed that there is a limited appropriation of intellect and merit to the whole human race, and that those who, having already more than others, are not contented with their share, but show a greed for additional possessions, must be prepared to have their rights severely contested and their claims grudgingly admitted. And indeed when we reflect how much has been done in the world by modest and monotonous labour, and how much lost by desultory and discontented endeavour, it is not easy to balance our judgment between the justified prejudice and the unjust assumption. Assuredly it is best, for an artist, in any capacity, who has tried and proved his power within the bounds of a certain form and style, that he should perfect himself therein, and not follow the temptation of new experiment and fanciful aspiration. The multiform is destined to the highest and the highest alone: in its most extended sense perhaps as yet to three only of mortal men—to Shakspeare, to Voltaire, to Göthe; with whom Art

assumed the infinite diversity of Nature, till, like Nature, they became the standard and model of the future world. These rare and secular streams by their very overflow fertilise, and even create, the nations of the earth; but, for all this, the ordinary flood is not less a danger to the neighbouring fields, nor is it less well that the noblest rivers should flow within their appointed channels and perform each its own service of refreshment and comfort to mankind.

Therefore when we are asked whether so great a novelist as George Eliot has done well to try his fortune as a poet, we are glad to avoid any peremptory decision, and rather desire, by such an analysis of his work as our space allows, and by such comments as a careful appreciation of its merits suggests, to leave that question to the judgment of our and his readers.

The form of the poem is peculiar and, as far as we know, not shaped on any recognised model. The dramatic scenes are interspersed with narrative and descriptive verse, carrying on the action and illustrating the localities. It was, doubtless, one of the functions of the Greek Chorus to present to the imagination of the audience certain circumstances and relations which the drama did not itself supply; but then the Chorus was itself a sentient person and imbued with all the feelings and interests of the situation. Again, in the modern Mysteries, recourse was frequently had to a narrator who prepared the spectators for the coming scenes, and who generally assumed an allegorical character. But the combination here is not of any especial fitness or necessity, and almost leaves the impression of some arbitrary method arising from some accident or convenience in the author's plan. It might be that the piece was at first intended to be purely dramatic, but that, as the work went on, it appeared to the writer that something else was required to present a full and clear impression of its meaning. It might also be that the narrative form was the one originally adopted, but that the poet found it easier to make his characters, in their more passionate and critical positions, speak for themselves rather than through his epic medium. There is therefore in this treatment some injury to that sense of artistic completeness which suspends the critical judgment of the cultivated reader and compels an immediate satisfaction in the sentiment or expression set before him; and some doubt is suggested whether the incidents of the drama are not rather broken up than connected by the relation, and would not have come out just as clearly and impressively in the mere succession of the scenes as with the assistance of the additional framework. Whether, on the other hand, the narrative form

would not itself have been more effective and appropriate to the subject, is a question which involves the whole consideration of the success with which the writer has invoked his dramatic faculty, and which therefore had better be deduced from our criticism than allowed to precede it.

Though the literary canon which Mr. Swinburne has tersely expressed, 'that nothing has any business in verse 'that can be expressed equally well in prose,' may be too strict and peremptory for universal application, yet we know no better test by which to try the soundness of poetic worth. There are, indeed, melodists of so entrancing a faculty that we hardly care for the commonplaceness or even stupidity of the thing said for the very charm of the tones in which it is communicated: but here there is no such exceptional charm of verbal music, and the matter of the piece must form a considerable part of the consideration of its deserts. The story might, undoubtedly, have been told as well in prose and, in fact, it reads like an old romantic novelette; but if George Eliot had ever conceived such a design, he must soon have seen that it was not worthy his telling. For it is one of the perils of dramatic and even of narrative poetry that the writer often contents himself with a plot or tale, the poverty and defects of which would be at once apparent in prose, but which he imagines he can so enrich and improve by his diction and metre that it will come out in verse with an entirely different effect and novel interest. The reader, unfortunately, does not take the same view, and a false, dull, or exaggerated subject-matter augments tenfold the difficulties of dramatic or poetic success. An interesting and natural story is an advantage which, if attainable, no discreet writer of verse will ever throw away. Few dramas have been submitted to so severe a trial of this kind as Shakspeare in 'Lamb's Tales,' or have come out of it so satisfactorily, although in that case we have always felt that something was due to the operation of a cognate genius; and the change, which Shakspeare's stories underwent in his own wonderful manipulation, has not been wholly lost by their retranslation into prose.

The tale before us is one of extreme romance, even in the most romantic period of modern history. It is of the time of which the Cid is the ideal hero, and of the tempers of which Cervantes is the immortal caricaturist; but these familiar characters form only the background of the picture, while the chief personages and incidents refer to the presence in Spain of a race neither Christian nor Moor—the strange and still mysterious wanderers from Northern Asia. A girl is stolen not by, but from, a troop of Gypsies, and brought up in a noble Christian

household. The son of that house, who has risen to posts of the highest distinction, becomes her lover, and lets it be known that he intends to marry her. The agents of the Inquisition, suspecting her blood and race, oppose the alliance, and threaten him with disgrace and her with the terrors of the Holy Office. Just at this time some acrobats and dancers happen to practise their skill in the market-place of the fortress-town of Bedmár. Fedalma, the Gypsy Girl, is so stirred with sympathetic art and sensuous delight that she mixes with them and dances openly before the people. The Duke, her affianced lover, is shocked at the exhibition, but not diverted by it from his purpose. While she is thus exhibiting, a band of Gypsies, taken prisoners in some foray, pass across the public place; the Chief recognises his daughter in Fedalma by a curious necklace which she wears; he penetrates into her private chamber and induces her to abandon her betrothed husband and her adopted country, and fly with him to Africa, where, with the assistance of the Moors, he hopes to found a Gypsy state and build up a Zincala people, which he and she shall prosperously govern and educate to a high civilisation. The Duke returning and finding her flown consults a Jew astrologer, and with him leaves the city in search of her. They discover her just at the time when her father has made a pact with the Moors to assist them in taking the city, and the Duke having failed in every other attempt to retain her, consents to abandon his post and, unaware of the conspiracy, allows the town to be captured, while he remains with the Gypsies, becomes one of themselves, and places himself under the absolute authority of the chief. His dearest friends are massacred, and his old foe the Inquisitor brought out for execution. Don Silva pleads for the priest's life, and when it is refused to him, he resumes his natural feelings and stabs the Gypsy chief, who dies pardoning his murderer and declaring Fedalma his successor. She, however, after some short parley with her lover, passes over to Africa with her father's body, leaving him in desolation and despair.

Such is the outline which George Eliot has undertaken to fill up with the forms of art and animate with the spirit of poetic power. No easy task. The circumstances are so strange and the situations so violent that they suggest rather melodramatic or mimetic than tragic action. There is in them no space for the growth of pathos or the development of character. There is no time for the great conflict between the inward man and the outward fate, which dignifies sorrow and mitigates crime. [illegible]nages start up before us as representative passions:

as fierce Desire quieting conscience and obliterating honour; as wild Patriotism treading down womanly tenderness and grateful affection; as blind Zeal masking the appetite for cruelty under devotion to truth; while, as accessories and links of the action, we have Art delighting in its irresponsible gaiety, and Science exhibiting its common-sense.

The Hero is avowedly presented as the slave of events; a man so mixed,

> 'that each to-day
> May seem a maniac to its morrow'—

so wayward that the stars themselves cannot trace his course, and divine the end—'certain uncertainty'—a man with whom Resolve is 'a fire-breathing steed,' eager, no doubt, to bear him onward.

> 'But it sees visions and may feel the air,
> Impassable with thoughts that come too late,
> Rising from out the grave of murdered honour.'

Now, no doubt the most solemn and enduring character whom the Tragic Muse ever placed before the imagination of mankind was a man of ever-changing humours, but he had before him one abiding purpose which he accomplished, and, agony as it was to him to have to set the world right, he did his best to do it, even to the death. But the irresolution of George Eliot's hero ends in his being swept away from all moorings of truth and honesty by his reckless passion; and when he is left stranded and alone, when

> 'he saw
> The waters widen slowly, till at last
> Straining he gazed and knew not if he gazed
> On aught but blackness overhung by stars,'

we leave him without reverence or even pity.

It is otherwise with the Heroine. Whether or no it is a secret object of the poem to depress the manly and elevate the feminine character we know not, but, assuredly, Fedalma absorbs all the dramatic interest within herself, and exhibits not only the conventional struggle between love and duty, but the victory of the latter in a form that is usually and historically attributed to men alone. She is a hero, not a heroine; the concrete humanity with her is more than any individual man, and in her self-sacrifice she implicates his ruin. The advocates of the 'two sexes of man' will naturally approve of this illustration of their theory; but art follows, or is founded on, that condition of sentiment which is either instinctive in mankind, or from the long sequence of habit is assumed to be so. A paradox, whether painted in words or colours, jars on

the æsthetic sense, whatever latent or possible truth it may contain. The common ideal gladly recognises Jeanne d'Arc in her soldierly manhood, and even Jael in her murderous inhospitality; but it would not add to the dignity or beauty of the historic figure if the Maid of Orleans had cut down her lover, or if Sisera had been the betrothed of the Hebrew patriot. In the discussion respecting the equality, or rather the moral identity, of the sexes, it must never be forgotten, that whatever be the natural or social gains, the abolition of a great diversity in Nature or in Art is in itself a mighty loss, and, at least as the human mind is now constituted, brings with it a confusion of thought and feeling, resulting in monstrous and distorted combinations rather than in any increased completeness and more perfect whole.

Thus in the main originality of this poem we have a sense of extravagance that mars the pleasure of the scenes in which this sacrifice is repeated and completed, but which, in themselves, are full of elegant subtlety of feeling and much majesty of thought. In the first of these Fedalma is made to abandon the affection that should be her very life, not from filial loyalty, not from conscious incongruity of feeling, but from a narrow Hebraistic sense of patriotism to the nomad people from whom she has been severed by education and every habit of existence. She only thinks that

> 'She is a born Zincala, of a race
> More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew.
> . . . A people with no home even in memory;
> No dimmest lore of giant ancestors
> To make a common hearth for piety.
> . . . A race that lives on prey as foxes do,
> With stealthy petty rapine.'

At first she promises that the moment after her marriage, when the Duke presents her to the world, she will declare

> 'I am His daughter—his—the gypsy's.'

This her father rejects as

> 'A woman's dream—who thinks by smiling well
> To ripen figs in frost.'

Then she offers to reveal the truth to the Duke at once; but he replies

> 'Too late, too poor a service that, my child!
> Not so the woman who would save her tribe
> Must help its heroes.'

He insists that she must fly with him and them. She will not—she cannot abandon her betrothed.

'All sorrows else are but imagined flames,
Making me shudder at an unfelt smart;
But his imagined sorrow is a fire
That scorches me.'

This Zarca designates:—

'The first young passionate wail of spirits called
To some great destiny. In vain, my daughter!
Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
And make it spread its wings and poise itself
For the eagle's flight.'

He forces on her the conviction that her union with the Spaniard will be base and unnatural; that in time *he* too will find and feel it so.

'Your worshipped sun, your smiling face of day,
Will turn to cloudiness, and you will shiver
In your thin finery of vain desire.
Men call his passion madness; and he, too,
May learn to think it madness.'

She repels this thought, but her resolution weakens. She had thought she was young:

'But now I know I am an aged sorrow—
My people's sorrow. Father, since I am yours—
Since I must walk an unslain sacrifice,
Carrying the knife within me, quivering—
Put cords upon me, drag me to the doom
My birth has laid upon me. See, I kneel:
I cannot will to go.'

He strikes again, tells her of the nation's seed he is about to plant in Africa—calls her to aid—to succeed him, and not bring a curse upon her race. Then she submits.

'I will go!
Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom.'

She takes off her jewels of her betrothal, and in her agony yet asks,

'O father, will the women of our tribe
Suffer as I do, in the years to come

When you have made them great in Africa?
Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
Were it not better when we reach that shore
To raise a funeral-pile and perish all?
So closing up a myriad avenues
To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
Will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?

ZARCA.

'Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirits in Zincalo breasts.

FEDALMA.

'Yes, I will say that we shall fail! I will not count
On aught but being faithful.'

We will now follow Fedalma to the scene of her second conflict, and where the victory seems comparatively easy. She has successfully accepted her fate, almost hopelessly:—

'Hopes have precarious life,
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
But faithfulness can feed on suffering
And knows no disappointment.'

When Don Silva suddenly appears; he tells her he has fled and left all for her; she abandons herself to the old feelings, when Zarca with a drawn sword interrupts their embrace; in answer to the Spaniard's demand for her he cries:—

'I tell you, were you King of Aragon,
And won my daughter's hand, your higher rank
Would blacken her dishonour. 'Twere excuse
If you were beggared, homeless, spit upon,
And so made even with her people's lot;
For then she would be lured by want, not wealth,
To be a wife amongst an alien race
To whom her tribe owes curses.

. . . . . .

—'if she still calls it good to take a lot
That measures joy for her as she forgets
Her kindred and her kindred's misery,

Nor feels the softness of her downy couch
Marred by remembrance that she once forsook
The place that she was born to—let her go!'

Her choice is made.

'My lord, farewell!
'Twas well we met once more; now we must part.
I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.'

But with him it is otherwise, he declares that he will

'. . . abide with her, adopt her lot,
Claiming alone fulfilment of her vows
As my betrothed wife.

FEDALMA.

'Nay, Silva, nay!
You could not live so—spring from your high place . . .

DON SILVA.

'Yes, I have said it. And you, chief, are bound
By her strict vows, no stronger fealty
Being left to cancel them.'

He accepts every condition of subjection to the new life and the new home, and when warned what he is undertaking and surrendering, replies,

'I shall be no more missed
Than waves are missed that leaping on the rock
Find there a bed and rest. Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
And I have said it: she shall be my people,
And where she gives her life I will give mine.'

She accepts the sacrifice with no good hope or heart, feeling his degradation as in somewise her own.

'What the Zincala may not quit for you,
I cannot joy that you should quit for her.'

While he is detained by Zarca's orders in a castle, the Gypsies aid the Moors to capture the city entrusted to his care and honour, slay the heir and guardian of his house and his dearest friend besides; and, when in his agony of remorse, Don Silva accuses Zarca of treachery in not forewarning him of this, he says:—

'I warned you of your oath.
You shrank not, were resolved, were sure your place
Would never miss you, and you had your will.

I am no priest, and keep no consciences:
I keep my own place and my own command.'

The Inquisitor, who is brought out to die, curses him as the cause of the whole calamity, and Zarca falling by Don Silva's hand and, with his dying breath, proclaiming Fedalma the Gypsy Queen, practically closes the drama.

Now whether or not our readers look on the scenes which we have outlined as dramatically successful, yet, apart from the question of the choice of plot or development of character, indications enough will have been given of the power of poetical diction and rhetorical expression to assure them that they will be fully repaid in their perusal of this book, even if it did not present itself under a standard literary name. Other scenes, indeed, which in no way subserve the progress of the drama are perhaps in themselves, more interesting than those we have analysed, and have a separate purpose more attractive than the plot of the whole. We will point out two: the one, the discussion between the Duke and the Inquisitor, with the latter's subsequent soliloquy; the other, the interview of the Duke with his old preceptor the astrologer. The first of these is a stern exposition of the monastic character and the higher sacerdotal idealism; the Prior looks on Fedalma as no better than an infidel.

'She bears the marks
Of races unbaptised, that never bowed
Before the holy signs, were never moved
By stirrings of the sacramental gifts.

DON SILVA (*scornfully*).

'Holy accusers practise palmistry,
And, other witness lacking, read the skin.

PRIOR.

'I read a record deeper than the skin.
What! Shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
Descend through generations, and the soul
That moves within our frame like God in worlds—
Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—
Imprint no record, leave no documents,
Of her great history? Shall men bequeath
The fancies of their palate to their sons,
And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
Faith's prayerful labour, and the food divine
Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away
Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly?

Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain
And god-enshrining symbols leave no trace
Of tremors reverent?—That maiden's blood
Is as unchristian as the leopard's.

DON SILVA.

'Say,
Unchristian as the Blessed Virgin's blood
Before the angel spoke the word, "All hail!"'

Somewhat later the Prior in a solemn soliloquy vindicates the principle of religious persecution, answering those that appeal to mercy, which with him is twice-'cursed' not 'blessed':—

'O mercy worthy of the licking hound
That knows no future but its feeding time!
Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees
From heights divine of the eternal purpose
Far-scattered consequence in its vast sum;
Chooses to save, but with illumined vision
Sees that to save is greatly to destroy.
'Tis so the Holy Inquisition sees: its wrath
Is fed from the strong heart of wisest love.
For love must needs make hatred. He who loves
God and his law must hate the foes of God.
And I have sinned in being merciful:
Being slack in hate, I have been slack in love.
(*He takes the crucifix and holds it up before him.*)
Thou shuddering, bleeding, thirsting, dying God,
Thou Man of Sorrows, scourged and bruised and torn,
Suffering to save—wilt thou not judge the world?
This arm which held the children, this pale hand
That gently touched the eyelids of the blind,
And opened passive to the cruel nail,
Shall one day stretch to leftward of thy throne,
Charged with the power that makes the lightning strong,
And hurl thy foes to everlasting hell.'

In studied contrast to the Christian fanatic is drawn the quiet Jew astrologer, whose heart is in nature and science, and who finds more to love and care for in the brute creation itself than can the monk in the finest forms of man. A monkey leaps upon his knee.

'See, he declares we are at amity!

DON SILVA.

'No brother sage had read your nature faster.

SEPHARDO.

'Why, so he *is* a brother sage. Man thinks
Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:

Can we divine their world?—the hidden life
That mirrors us as hideous shapeless power,
Cruel supremacy of sharp-edged death,
Or fate that leaves a bleeding mother robbed?
Oh, they have long tradition and swift speech,
Can tell with touches and sharp darting cries
Whole histories of timid races taught
To breathe in terror by red-handed man.

DON SILVA.

'Ah, you denounce my sport with hawk and hound.
I would not have the angel Gabriel
As hard as you in noting down my sins.

SEPHARDO.

'Nay, they are virtues for you warriors—
Hawking and hunting! You are merciful
When you leave killing men to kill the brutes.
But, for the point of wisdom, I would choose
To know the mind that stirs between the wings
Of bees and building wasps, or fills the woods
With myriad murmurs of responsive sense
And true-aimed impulse, rather than to know
The thoughts of warriors.'

And when his pupil replies that death and cruelty are the ordained masters of mankind, and instances that

'The last grand masque for his diversion is
The Holy Inquisition;'

he appeals to the living contradiction in himself:—

'Your small physician, weighing ninety pounds,
A petty morsel for a healthy shark,
Will worship mercy throned within his soul
Though all the luminous angels of the stars
Burst into cruel chorus on his ear,
Singing, "We know no mercy." He would cry
"I know it" still, and soothe the frightened bird
And feed the child a-hungered, walk abreast
Of persecuted men, and keep most hate
For rational torturers. There I stand firm.'

The whole of this scene is to us the most agreeable in the book: it is clearly the transcript of the author's own mind; the bright words are the natural colouring of his thoughts; and whatever be the destiny of the poem in the fluctuations of time and taste, it may well stand by itself as a noble declamation apart from any dramatic accessories. One more extract from it:—

'For Truth, to us, is like a living child
Born of two parents: if the parents part
And will divide the child, how shall it live?
Or, I will rather say: Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory
And some, Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.'

We have not spoken of the narrative portion of the poem, to which, indeed, our attention might naturally have been first directed, both from the fine opening in the first ten pages and from our general impression of its greater suitableness to the character of the story. Indeed, it would surprise all who are familiar with the vivid style of George Eliot's prose, if the substitution of blank verse should have neutralised the imaginative faculty or the power of expression. There is much, as we have already intimated, which we should have liked just as well without the metre; but there are narrative and descriptive passages which, if given as detached pieces, would be willingly read and not easily forgotten. We wish we had space for the whole of the 'Plaça Santiago' and its surroundings, as it

'widens in the passive air—
The Plaça Santiago, where the church,
A mosque converted, shows an eyeless face
Red-checkered, faded, doing penance still—
Bearing with Moorish arch the imaged saint,
Apostle, baron, Spanish warrior,
Whose charger's hoofs trample the turbaned dead,
Whose banner with the Cross, the bloody sword,
Flashes athwart the Moslem's glazing eye,
And mocks his trust in Allah who forsakes.
Up to the church the Plaça gently slopes,
In shape most like the pious palmer's shell,
Girdled with low white houses; high above
Tower the strong fortress and sharp-angled wall
And well-flanked castle gate. From o'er the roofs,
And from the shadowed pátios cool, there spreads
The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite—

A baseless hope, a glad presentiment,
That curves the lip more softly, fills the eye
With more indulgent beam.'

Strange and forced as seems to us the incident of Fedalma's public dance, yet we rejoice in its description.

'—she, sole swayed by impulse passionate,
Feeling all life was music and all eyes
The warming quickening light that music makes,
Moved as, in dance religious, Miriam,
When on the Red Sea shore she raised her voice
And led the chorus of her people's joy;
Or as the Trojan maids that reverent sang
Watching the sorrow-crownèd Hecuba:
Moved in slow curves voluminous, gradual,
Feeling and action flowing into one,
In Eden's natural taintless marriage-bond;
Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment—soilless, beautiful.
The spirit in her gravely glowing face
With sweet community informs her limbs,
Filling their fine gradation with the breath
Of virgin majesty; as full-vowelled words
Are new impregnate with the master's thought.
Even the chance-strayed delicate tendrils black,
That backward 'scape from out her wreathing hair—
Even the pliant folds that cling transverse
When with obliquely soaring bend altern
She seems a goddess quitting earth again—
Gather expression—a soft undertone
And resonance exquisite from the grand chord
Of her harmoniously bodied soul.'

The many travellers who have witnessed the Gypsy revels in the south of Spain will feel all the force of this portraiture: the singular and somewhat strained expression, 'obliquely 'soaring bend altern,' is a true word-picture for that strophic movement, which has rather the charm of a novel nature than of a special art, and thus loses none of its effect by repetition and monotony.

Again, when Fedalma had fled.

'Silva walked
Through the long corridor where dimness yet
Cherished a lingering, flickering, dying hope:
Fedalma still was there—he could not see
The vacant place that once her presence filled.
Can we believe that the dear dead are gone?

Love in sad weeds forgets the funeral day,
Opens the chamber door and almost smiles—
'Then sees the sunbeams pierce athwart the bed
Where the pale face is not.'

And so on till

—'in the rooms inexorable light
Streamed through the open window where she fled,
Streamed on the belt and coronet thrown down—
Mute witnesses—sought out the ring
That sparkled on the crimson, solitary,
Wounding him, like a word.'

The Gypsy encampment is a fair specimen of our author's pure description; and that we may expect to be as bright and strong as words can make it:—

'See from the steep
The scattered olives hurry in grey throngs
Down towards the valley, where the little stream
Parts a green hollow 'twixt the gentler slopes;
And in that hollow, dwellings: not white homes
Of building Moors, but little swarthy tents
Such as of old perhaps on Asian plains,
Or wending westward past the Caucasus,
Our fathers raised to rest in. Close they swarm
About two taller tents, and viewed afar
Might seem a dark-robed crowd in penitence
That silent kneel; but come now in their midst
And watch a busy, bright-eyed, sportive life!
Tall maidens bend to feed the tethered goat,
The ragged kirtle fringing at the knee
Above the linging curves, the shoulder's smoothness
Parting the torrent strong of ebon hair.
Women with babes, the wild and neutral glance
Swayed now to sweet desire of mothers' eyes,
Rock their strong cradling arms and chant low strains
Taught by monotonous and soothing winds
That fall at night-time on the dozing ear.
The crones plait reeds, or shred the vivid herbs
Into the caldron: tiny urchins crawl
Or sit and gurgle forth their infant joy.
Lads lying sphynx-like with uplifted breast
Propped on their elbows, their black manes tossed back,
Fling up the coin and watch its fatal fall,
Dispute and scramble, run and wrestle fierce,
Then fall to play and fellowship again;
Or in a thieving swarm they run to plague
The grandsires, who return with rabbits slung,
And with the mules fruit-laden from the fields.
Some striplings choose the smooth stones from the brook

To serve the slingers, cut the twigs for snares,
Or trim the hazel-wands, or at the bark
Of some exploring dog they dart away
With swift precision towards a moving speck.
These are the brood of Zarca's Gypsy tribe;
Most like an earth-born race bred by the Sun
On some rich tropic soil, the father's light
Flashing in coal-black eyes, the mother's blood
With bounteous elements feeding their young limbs.
The stalwart men and youths are at the wars
Following their chief, all save a trusty band
Who keep strict watch along the northern heights.'

It may be easily inferred from the tone of our observations, that if in the future contributions of George Eliot to our literature there is to be a choice between the poet and the novelist, we earnestly plead for the latter. The very abundance and depth of his reflective faculties are against his poetical success. The bark of song is easily over-freighted with thought; and just as there is a wondrous power in harmony to carry nonsense itself contentedly down the stream of time, so there is a burden of sense which nothing but the rarest balance of expression on the part of the writer and the most willing imagination of the reader can prevent from sinking into prose. In as far as George Eliot can be a poet 'Romola' is, undoubtedly, a finer poem than the 'Spanish Gypsy;' and in the productions of a mind where that delightful combination of poetical feeling and thought with the power of the best expression in prose does exist, we decline the medium of verse that adds nothing to the general effect, and only suggests a sense of deficiency, where otherwise there would be nothing to desire.

ART. IX.—*Address of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury, to the Electors of the County of Buckingham.* October 3rd, 1868.

THE Parliament of 1865, one which will remain very memorable in the history of this country, is now virtually at an end, and only awaits the Royal Mandate which will extinguish it. Elected under the Premiership of Lord Palmerston, and dissolved under that of Mr. Disraeli, the three years of its life were *anni mirabiles* in many ways. We have gone through a revolution in the course of it, peaceful, but powerful, both for good and for evil. We propose in a few pages to reckon up the gain and to count the cost.

Assembled under the rule of the Liberal party, the Parliament is dissolved under a Tory Government. With a nominal majority of seventy in the Liberal ranks, it has placed and maintained for two years a Conservative Administration in office. It has exchanged Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone for Lord Derby, and latterly for Mr. Disraeli, and has enabled the latter to set at defiance the voice of adverse majorities and the traditions of Constitutional Government. It has seen, not unmoved perhaps, but without resentment, the rulers of this country fling to the winds their avowed political faith, and has aided a Tory Minister in passing a measure of Parliamentary Reform more democratic in its character than any of those which it was the creed of the Tory party to denounce, and containing within it every element of fancied danger which has warmed their rhetoric and inspired their political action for the last thirty years.

Removed from the immediate din and dust of the conflict, it is impossible for us not to feel that these events, thus shortly summarised, are full of political significance, apart altogether from the immediate measure which has been so singularly passed. Their moral elements will have far more effect on the future of this country than any alteration in our electoral system. The true dimensions of the question of the franchise we endeavoured more than two years ago to estimate, and the incidents of 1867 and 1868 have gone far to corroborate and justify the views we then expressed. Since 1832 the question of the franchise never really involved any great organic change. It never was, as we heard so vehemently reiterated, a question of the transfer of political power from one class to another. It was a question of readjustment merely, which altered circum-

stances, increased population, and more widely diffused intelligence rendered not only wise but inevitable. It never had, in our mind, much party importance; and if its tendency in one sense was democratic, it was so much more in the philosophic than in the familiar and practical import of that term. True as we thought these views were of the successive propositions of the various Liberal Administrations, they are, even as we write, standing the test of the far more violent strain applied by the last Parliament. A borough franchise enjoyed by every householder, multiplying by three the constituencies of most of our electoral towns, and descending to the very lowest of what may be called the respectable classes, bids fair to send representatives certainly not inferior in position, and very often identical in person, with those selected under the settlement of 1832. In the counties, our feudal chiefs again unfurl the old banners, and shout the old war-cries; and Cavendishes and Stanleys, Lowthers and Howards, again muster their followers, and renew the ancient struggles. Those phantoms of vertical Reform, of the degradation of the franchise, of the preponderance of numbers, which were to transform the British Parliament into an American Caucus, have vanished. It is now certain that the mere enlargement of our electoral qualification, under circumstances not the most favourable, will simply reproduce, with little apparent change in the material, the results of 1832. The reason is, that place the franchise where we choose, as long as public opinion can be brought to bear on the electors, the other elements which truly determine our political action, and regulate constitutional development, will operate without alteration.

So one chapter of fears and follies is closed. It is not gratifying to our national vanity to contemplate the sudden and instantaneous collapse of forebodings so vehemently upheld as political wisdom, and of party watchwords by which so many plighted vows were sworn. They have perished under an experiment which, had they been more than empty sound, might have inspired them with some vitality. The 7*l.* franchise of Mr. Gladstone's measure would have been a gentle transition. Household suffrage, flung down on the table of the House of Commons in a fit of reckless despair, might have tried somewhat violently the moorings of our Constitution. The paramount but paltry necessity of outbidding their opponents, and furnishing a cloak, thin and unsubstantial as it was, to their political inconsistency, drove the Tory party to a proposal which went beyond the exigencies of the times, and which might, had their fears possessed any solid ground,

have done something to justify them. But, as far as we can judge, sudden and rash as the experiment was on the part of those who made it, it has more than vindicated our faith in the popular principle. There has been no reeling and staggering, no rant or fustian—not even an excess of popular excitement in the demeanour of the newly enfranchised masses. They have gone about the selection of their candidates with earnestness and gravity which contrast vividly and advantageously with the old election orgies, the glory of our institutions, and the themes for our satirists. The Conservatives have been taught at last that from the people the people have nothing to fear.

Safely settled, there can be no question that this matter of the franchise has been well settled. The main reason which compelled the consideration of it was the growing intelligence and independence of the working and industrial population. There was indeed a large class of men, holding Liberal opinions, who were well satisfied with the result of the measure of 1832, and thought that it might fairly have remained longer undisturbed. They saw that the House of Commons was reasonably in accord with the public opinion of the country; and thought that this, the main object of Parliamentary representation, having been attained, it was undesirable to agitate for fresh organic changes. They saw, on the other hand, many important social questions waiting, and indeed calling for solution, to which it was hopeless to invite the attention of the public while the agitation for Reform prevailed. There was some reason on their side, and it must be conceded that the demand for the extension of the suffrage was more loudly proclaimed within the walls of Parliament than echoed out of doors. In Lord Palmerston's cool and cautious hands it is quite possible that these views might have prevailed considerably longer than they have done, without exciting much either of party difficulty or of public clamour.

But it is far better as it is. The growing power of the excluded class could not be restrained or diminished. It must either have remained an influence increasing day by day outside the Constitution, or be embraced within it. With its growth it was rapidly acquiring knowledge of its power, and of the means of using it with effect; and, moreover, it comprehended an immense majority of those for whom Governments and Parliaments exist. This was a social state precisely of that kind out of which social convulsions are wont to spring; and which continues fair and tranquil externally, until the casual spark explodes the mine. If amid this large mass of

stances, increased population, and more widely diffused intelligence rendered not only wise but inevitable. It never had, in our mind, much party importance; and if its tendency in one sense was democratic, it was so much more in the philosophic than in the familiar and practical import of that term. True as we thought these views were of the successive propositions of the various Liberal Administrations, they are, even as we write, standing the test of the far more violent strain applied by the last Parliament. A borough franchise enjoyed by every householder, multiplying by three the constituencies of most of our electoral towns, and descending to the very lowest of what may be called the respectable classes, bids fair to send representatives certainly not inferior in position, and very often identical in person, with those selected under the settlement of 1832. In the counties, our feudal chiefs again unfurl the old banners, and shout the old war-cries; and Cavendishes and Stanleys, Lowthers and Howards, again muster their followers, and renew the ancient struggles. Those phantoms of vertical Reform, of the degradation of the franchise, of the preponderance of numbers, which were to transform the British Parliament into an American Caucus, have vanished. It is now certain that the mere enlargement of our electoral qualification, under circumstances not the most favourable, will simply reproduce, with little apparent change in the material, the results of 1832. The reason is, that place the franchise where we choose, as long as public opinion can be brought to bear on the electors, the other elements which truly determine our political action, and regulate constitutional development, will operate without alteration.

So one chapter of fears and follies is closed. It is not gratifying to our national vanity to contemplate the sudden and instantaneous collapse of forebodings so vehemently upheld as political wisdom, and of party watchwords by which so many plighted vows were sworn. They have perished under an experiment which, had they been more than empty sound, might have inspired them with some vitality. The 7*l.* franchise of Mr. Gladstone's measure would have been a gentle transition. Household suffrage, flung down on the table of the House of Commons in a fit of reckless despair, might have tried somewhat violently the moorings of our Constitution. The paramount but paltry necessity of outbidding their opponents, and furnishing a cloak, thin and unsubstantial as it was, to their political inconsistency, drove the Tory party to a proposal which went beyond the exigencies of the times, and which might, had their fears possessed any solid ground,

have done something to justify them. But, as far as we can judge, sudden and rash as the experiment was on the part of those who made it, it has more than vindicated our faith in the popular principle. There has been no reeling and staggering, no rant or fustian—not even an excess of popular excitement in the demeanour of the newly enfranchised masses. They have gone about the selection of their candidates with earnestness and gravity which contrast vividly and advantageously with the old election orgies, the glory of our institutions, and the themes for our satirists. The Conservatives have been taught at last that from the people the people have nothing to fear.

Safely settled, there can be no question that this matter of the franchise has been well settled. The main reason which compelled the consideration of it was the growing intelligence and independence of the working and industrial population. There was indeed a large class of men, holding Liberal opinions, who were well satisfied with the result of the measure of 1832, and thought that it might fairly have remained longer undisturbed. They saw that the House of Commons was reasonably in accord with the public opinion of the country; and thought that this, the main object of Parliamentary representation, having been attained, it was undesirable to agitate for fresh organic changes. They saw, on the other hand, many important social questions waiting, and indeed calling for solution, to which it was hopeless to invite the attention of the public while the agitation for Reform prevailed. There was some reason on their side, and it must be conceded that the demand for the extension of the suffrage was more loudly proclaimed within the walls of Parliament than echoed out of doors. In Lord Palmerston's cool and cautious hands it is quite possible that these views might have prevailed considerably longer than they have done, without exciting much either of party difficulty or of public clamour.

But it is far better as it is. The growing power of the excluded class could not be restrained or diminished. It must either have remained an influence increasing day by day outside the Constitution, or be embraced within it. With its growth it was rapidly acquiring knowledge of its power, and of the means of using it with effect; and, moreover, it comprehended an immense majority of those for whom Governments and Parliaments exist. This was a social state precisely of that kind out of which social convulsions are wont to spring; and which continues fair and tranquil externally, until the casual spark explodes the mine. If amid this large mass of

our fellow-countrymen there were elements of danger, they were dangerous only while outside the Constitution, but are entirely innocuous within it.

It was well to deal with this problem before its solution became the result, not of reason, but of menace. In fact, in the almost humorous transformations of the late Parliament, and the startling suddenness of this unexpected boon, there has been a certain amount of practical advantage. The working-man found himself enfranchised when he least expected it. He not only had not extorted it, he had hardly asked for it; for Mr. Beales and his mobs were very local and unimportant movements. It came on him before he had well prepared his mind to receive it; and what between the extent of the measure itself, and the marvellous quarter from which it came, all feelings of triumph have been merged in a placid and gratified surprise.

But, after all, the main ground on which this measure is welcome is the new blood—the fresh infusion—which it has brought to our electoral ranks. It has extended, and while it has extended has confirmed and established, the foundations of our constitutional liberty, and given a fresh impulse to the popular principle. Doubtless, in many isolated instances it will operate unsatisfactorily. In some—but this will be rare—men of violent opinions, and slender culture may find entrance to the House. In others, and as we anticipate much more frequently, the lower class of voters will bring strength to the Tories and weakness to the Liberals. It may also be feared that undue influence and corruption, as well as the expense of elections, will in some quarters be increased.

But these are the attendant and characteristic evils of constitutional government. We must look to the healthful operation of the popular principle, the enlarged and truer sense of public duty, and the wider influence of an extended public opinion to correct and neutralise them. That wealth, property, ancient lineage, and social position, will have their due influence under the extended franchise we never doubted. They are elements inherent in our social fabric which it is the object of government to maintain, administer, and improve; and under no possible management of the electoral franchise, in this country, could their operation be materially diminished.

The real fruits, however, of the new franchise will not be found in any change in the character of the representatives sent to Parliament. The [illegible]lation of the franchise, as the Tory watchword ran t[illegible]go, [illegible]a thing accomplished by themselves; [illegible] [illegible]hat the Legis-

lature will gain, and not lose, in dignity, weight, and even ability by the change. If, as is not improbable, one or two working-men should find their way there, if they are able and honest, they will do no discredit to an assembly which is essentially a House of Commons. Mere demagogues will find their level now, as they have always done hitherto; and although we do not anticipate that many members of this class will be returned, a certain admixture of it will only add to the catholicity of the representation.

Still, we should be wrong if we did not recognise the fact that we have passed rapidly through a very remarkable and important transition. The Reform Act is in some respects a revolution; and its main and most enduring result will be a change in the habits of thought, the prevailing incentives, and the principles of action, which will now be brought to bear on political questions. The Conservative party, bent on out-flanking their antagonists, probably did not stop to consider how many cherished interests they put in jeopardy, or what a flood of light they were about to introduce into many a dark recess. Old questions will revive in novel shapes. Questions little stirred hitherto will be canvassed under a more rigid and exacting scrutiny. Platitudes and commonplaces will lose much of their magic and power; and men will insist on bringing public institutions and public administration to the test, not of prescription, but of reason.

Here, if anywhere, is the danger, but here also eminently will be the benefit, of the change. We may expect to have many of our accustomed prejudices rudely handled—to have crude and even violent suggestions applied to many of our familiar usages. Antiquity will, no doubt, meet with less reverence for its own sake, and mere novelty will often be worshipped under the guise of improvement. The members of the House of Commons acting under a more direct responsibility, may not be able to play the luxurious game of party warfare as freely as they were wont; and this may have some tendency to convert the representative into a delegate.

But here also lies the great harvest which we expect to reap. The English mind is slow to change. The interests of England are not concentrated in one or two capital cities, but its wide-spread prosperity extends throughout all its provinces. One result of this is to increase enormously the difficulty of social reform. Each little centre of prosperity is also a centre of obstruction. The little magnate fosters as tenderly his influence over his village as the great one does his over his territory; and every effort to touch the things that

are stirs into immediate rebellion all the jealous bristles of the local potentates. Do we lay our finger on Education? Establishment and Dissent are instantly in arms. Do we try to enact a rational code of Bankruptcy? The village attorney, with a host of underlings at his back, sounds an immediate note of alarm. These stolid panics of course find their representatives within the walls of the House of Commons; and the instinct of obstruction spreads until it is triumphant. So has Parliament loitered and dallied year after year with questions in themselves so plain and simple that in the hands of an arbitrary Government they would not have remained unsolved for a single year.

This is the price—and a very heavy price it has been—that we have hitherto paid for Constitutional Government. Social Reform stands still, and stops the way. Administrative abuses so flagrant that no European Government would endure them, flaunt themselves with impunity, strong in the power of obstruction; and the only real field for the statesmen of our day has been hitherto all but closed, for want of some impelling power strong enough to dislodge the inert but resisting mass.

The new franchise will give us great help in this respect. It will furnish an amount of impulse or momentum before which we expect many of these bulwarks of conceit, prejudice, and provincialism to disappear. Some indication of this truth is even now beginning to dawn on the English mind; and the more acute, although not the most far-seeing, are beginning to sound the note of preparation. Thus some of the more weighty of the clergy feeling, and feeling rightly, that Church as well as State must submit to more impartial scrutiny at the hands of the new Parliament, start to the opposite extreme—foresee the downfall, instant and imminent, of the Church of England as she stands, and warn all to provide a shelter against the day of coming destruction.

But these, and similar utterances from other quarters, are in themselves extravagant and unstatesmanlike. The Church of England, no doubt, will be compelled to conform more than she has hitherto done to the opinions of the people. She will be obliged to found her stability as a state institution on the sympathy of tone and sentiment with those among whom she labours and for whom she exists. But all this will only increase her influence, and add solid power to her clergy. The alarm which is spreading among her ranks is only the first bright streak, heralding the coming day, and showing that the reign of narrow interests, and local prejudice, for which we

exchanged that of political oligarchy in 1832, is about to be dissipated. We shall have now to look fairly in the face the footing on which our institutions and our legislation rest, and to inquire with more earnestness, and indeed with more truthfulness, and more desire to see the truth, how far they have not hitherto been devised for the well-being of a few, rather than a single regard to the interests of all.

But what, it may be asked, are the coming questions? It is not altogether easy to give a definite answer. We may foresee that the Irish Church will be fiercely fought; we may prophesy that Education will be more earnestly advocated, but probably attended with as much unreasoning dogmatism, and settled for the time by clumsy compromises, as it has hitherto been. The truth is, the real questions which are to play conspicuous parts in the next quarter of a century are, so to speak, not yet born. As the enormous masses in whose hard hands resides the mighty industrial power of this country come to apply their newly-stirred intelligence to their own wants, and interests, and disadvantages, many topics of the deepest significance, which now remain unnoticed, will be evolved. The middle and upper ranks, taught by the voice of a new and fresher political philosophy, will address themselves with a deeper and more discriminating insight to the whole circle of social improvement. Just as the educated eye discovers beauties or blemishes in a work of art which are hidden to the unpractised spectator, things which were tolerated as harmless, or assumed as meritorious, will be tested by a finer sense, and passed through the crucible of a more fastidious and more educated age.

Meanwhile it must be owned that, apart from the two important topics to which we have referred, the programme is scanty enough. The second-rate performers occupy the stage until the real stars arrive. Primogeniture, and Game, and Vote by Ballot, and the Permissive Bill, are the sort of grievances which this general election has called forth. Happy is the nation which has none more serious. We doubt if any of them will survive the grave and earnest times which are at hand.

As to Primogeniture, and what is called the Land Question, we doubt if any evil which there is to redress, strikes at all deep into the community. Entails are mainly to be deprecated because they impoverish the proprietor, and often ruin the land. But as long as the power of settlement is left, the abolition of the Law of Primogeniture is the narrowest of narrow questions. If the right to settle on the eldest son

remain, it matters little to the community what becomes of the Law of Primogeniture.

There are indeed those who would like to see the land much more subdivided than it is, and are prepared by legislation to compel this result. For our own part, we have no such desire. It may be difficult perhaps to justify the law of the descent of real property on any philosophical principle; but there can be little doubt that its effect on the upper and middle classes in this country has been beneficial. It has stimulated the love of enterprise, and educed the energies of younger sons in every department of intelligent exertion. We do not wish to exchange this manly type for a multitude of small but impoverished holders, devoured from year to year by petty solicitudes, without capital to make the most of their land, and bringing up their families in constant struggles to make both ends meet. But our wishes on this head are of little moment, for in this country the proposal is impracticable. To exchange great entails, for a cluster of petty entails, and prevent the land-owner from selling his land, in this age of free trade, is too absurd a suggestion to be worthy of attention. Let the traffic in land be free—and let the transfer of it be cheap. Give easy and available security of title, and then let the ordinary principles of supply and demand regulate its possession. If land give a remunerative return to the small capitalist, as compared with other investments, the small capitalist will invest in it. If it do not, on ordinary commercial principles it will belong to those who are rich enough to afford to receive only 2 or 2½ per cent. for their money. No legislation to the contrary can do anything but harm.

The Game Laws are the second grievance upon our list; but the same observation seems to apply to them that is true of the question we have just considered. The great body of the people have but little interest in a controversy which has much more of sentiment than of substance in it. The question of the Game Laws presents itself in two aspects, which are too often confounded. The old doctrine that *feræ naturæ* belong to the person who is skilful or fortunate enough to capture them, has been clung to by the population with wonderful tenacity, and is the foundation of the jealousy of those laws so far as the general community are concerned. The other view, that the Game Laws preserve what may be considered as vermin, to the destruction of the crops and the annoyance of the farmer, is a class question entirely; one deserving no doubt of consideration, and perhaps calling for legislative adjustment in which the great body of the

people have comparatively little interest. Now, as regards the first view on which the Game Laws are condemned, it is frequently left out of view what the Game Laws truly are, and what the effect which they produce. They consist, first, of a legislative enactment of a close time during which no one is entitled to kill the game; secondly, of a fiscal provision imposing a certain duty on those who take game; and thirdly, certain stringent laws in regard to illegal trespass, where that takes place in pursuit of game. It may be quite true that the social results of these laws are in many instances unfortunate, but as regards the laws themselves it is difficult to see that their existence injures, or that their abolition would in any solid respect benefit, the people.

In regard to the first, namely the enactment of a close time, as this is directed against the community, there can be nothing unfair or partial in its operation. If it were desirable to extinguish the wild animals which inhabit this island, no doubt it would be desirable to abolish a law which tends to their preservation; but if their existence be not an injury, then the laws that tend to their preservation are necessarily free from objection.

In regard to the second, viz. the fiscal duty imposed upon those that kill game, if it were open to anyone who thought fit to kill game irrespectively of this law, its operation would unquestionably be to make the enjoyment of the right the perquisite of the rich only. But as no one can take game without being upon the land on which the game is, and as no one is entitled by law to be upon the land of another without his consent, either for that purpose or for any other, it necessarily follows that the fiscal regulation by which a license duty is imposed on the privilege, is one which benefits the community by the amount which it brings into the Exchequer, and truly cannot be said to injure anyone.

In regard to the third, viz. the criminal character, and the stringent statutory punishment attached to trespass in pursuit of game, it is frequently forgotten that this penalty attaches to an act which, though not criminal, is in itself and in its nature illegal. The trespass itself is contrary to law and to the right of the proprietor whose land is invaded, and it is no just ground of complaint in the mouth of the man who thus violates the law, that a specific penalty is attributed to its violation, when a particular object is in view. We are far from saying that the stringency of these laws might not be reconsidered with advantage; but it is sufficiently plain that if abolition of the Game Laws were to be accompanied, as

is frequently proposed, by a stringent law of trespass, the result would not be in favour of, but would be very greatly against, the enjoyments of the people. If, instead of prohibiting by strict penalties trespass in pursuit of game, the law were to give to proprietors a stronger right to exclude the public from their enclosures, or a more ready remedy or more severe penalty in the event of intrusion, such a law would strike quite as stringently against the poacher as the present, and would further have the effect of shutting out the public from many a pleasant stroll among fields or woods, or along the river's bank, and would induce the owners of the soil to exercise a far more selfish and exclusive spirit than that by which many, indeed most of them, are actuated.

The real objection to the Game Laws, considered in this view, is their association in the minds of the community with old forest laws and feudal habits, as though they were a badge of dominion on the part of the landlord over the people. This feeling, unfounded as in reality it is, is kept alive and fostered by the absurd jealousy exhibited by country gentlemen on this subject. It would be very well if the owners of the large preserves in England would only show a more liberal spirit to their neighbours, and to those below them, and would recollect that poaching, after all, is nothing but trespass—that the game is not their property, and that to treat a poacher as a thief is very often to make him one. But much of the evil is in reality to be found in the spirit with which these laws have been administered, and the preposterous extent to which game preservation has been carried. It cannot surprise anyone that the love of sport, which is naturally inherent in every Englishman, combined with the excessive temptations held out by the accumulation of game preserves, should create a real social evil out of what in itself is of a much more venial character; but we certainly do not think that if the Game Laws were abolished to-morrow, as long as the ordinary rights of property are maintained, the public or the community would be any the better, or the game to any extent less strictly preserved.

The second view which may be taken of the Game Laws is one altogether apart from the general interests of the community, and relates exclusively to the law of landlord and tenant. We certainly do think it a very great and unreasonable hardship that the landlord should protect game to the extent of injuring his tenant's crops, nor should we think it in the least unreasonable if the tenant were permitted, at his own hand, to rid himself of the nuisance. Here, again, it is over-preservation, and nothing else, which has led to the great out-

cry on this subject. We believe that the real feeling in the mind of the tenantry of this country is one which would rather lead them to preserve than to exterminate the game; and as far as pheasants and partridges are concerned, to say nothing of grouse and black-cock in the northern part of the island, it is doubtful if any serious injury is inflicted by their preservation on the interests of the farmer. As regards hares and rabbits, we should not be disposed to have much mercy upon them, or upon those who accumulate them in such numbers as to destroy the cereal crops, and we should be inclined to remove protection alike from the animal and the squire. It is said, no doubt—and that is true mainly of those parts of the island where leases are customary—that the landlord and tenant should be left to make their own bargain on this subject, and that, if the tenant chooses to stipulate that he shall have no claim to compensation for damage done by game, no law should interfere to prevent such a contract being made. We entirely differ from this view. We think the law should prevent such a contract being made, to the extent which is necessary for the reasonable protection of the tenant. In most cases the landlord and tenant can hardly be said to stipulate on equal terms. It may be of the last importance to the tenant to obtain his farm. It may be his only chance of being able to provide for his wife and family, or for his own subsistence; and it is not only not inconsistent with the principles of sound legislation, but it is a principle which underlies all sound legislation, that, if the two parties to a contract do not meet on equal terms, the law may step in to prevent the party which has the superiority from abusing his power. A little less tenacity on the part of the landlords, and the means of rapidly and cheaply adjusting claims by the tenant for damage actually done to his crops, would really reduce this question of the Game Laws to a very moderate and reasonable compass.

Of Vote by Ballot we shall say nothing here. Perhaps the aspect of the question has been somewhat modified by the recent extension of the suffrage, and the experience of this impending election may suggest some grounds for the adoption of such a remedy which did not exist before. But at all events the question is not new, nor can we at all reckon it as belonging to any great political category.

The Permissive Bill, as it is called, and the questions in regard to Trades' Unions, have, no doubt, a larger aspect, and belong more to those social questions which we have thought likely to be disclosed in the action of the Reformed Parliament. But we do not expect that either of them will ever

come to be the subject of weighty legislation. The intemperance of the lower orders will not, we apprehend, be prevented by sumptuary laws, nor will legislation in this country ever take the form of a kind of prohibition which may be applied to any article of merchandise, according to the prejudices of the Legislature for the time. The drinking usages of this country can only be effectually repressed by education, by the spread of intelligence, and by the example of the upper classes. We have no faith in anything of this kind being done effectually by Act of Parliament. Minor remedies, no doubt, may be found, and have been applied, on this matter; and as far as the province of legislation may legitimately go, there is no more important field upon which Parliament can exercise its authority. But the proposition to enable a majority of the ratepayers of a particular district to judge for their neighbours what their neighbours shall drink involves a principle which it is very difficult to defend, and which would certainly be liable to the grossest abuse.

Serious questions have arisen in regard to Trades' Unions, and the relations of master and workman. There are very important principles embraced in these subjects; and probably the result of impending legislation will be, as we think it should be, to release the relations of master and workman from all statutory or legislative fetters, and to leave them on the ordinary principles of mercantile contract. As to Trades' Unions, it appears to us that legislation is not called for, because there is no reason for treating an association of workmen for a particular object on a footing different from any other association, provided the object be a lawful one in itself. In all such cases it has been found infinitely better to trust to the ordinary operation of the law to repress any attempt to invade or injure the rights of others, than to special disabilities or special penalties. The recognised principles of commerce must regulate the rights and interests of employers and the employed. But we feel pretty well convinced that the result of the deliberations of Parliament will be, that the subject is one which had better be let alone. The criminal law is quite strong enough to prevent intimidation or undue interference with the rights and liberties of others; and we neither wish to see privileges bestowed, nor disabilities imposed, on associations which in their very nature ought to be left to the operation of the ordinary principles of jurisprudence.

We have alluded to these questions, not for the purpose of discussing them, but merely to illustrate the observation which we have already made—that the more salient and popular

topics in the various contests that are at present in progress in this country are of a very limited and superficial kind. It was very fortunate indeed, although an accident for which the Tory Government have no credit, that, thanks to the operation of the Reform Bill of 1832, and the commercial legislation of past Liberal Governments, the country has been left with no more exciting topics of agitation at the time when this great popular infusion was poured into our electoral system. On the whole, therefore, we think that the measure has been and will be in itself productive of great benefit; and we see no reason for apprehensions of any sort as to its probable effect.

Having thus traced somewhat cursorily the probable operation of the measure which the late Parliament so unexpectedly passed, we must turn to a subject of contemplation neither so pleasant in itself, nor so much associated with prospective benefit to the country. We have shown what the Parliament has done, but we must go on shortly to point out the manner in which it did it; and, reviewing the whole course which that legislative Assembly has run from its election until now, we cannot disguise from ourselves that we have purchased Reform of the representation at the risk, if not the cost, of the principles of Constitutional Government and the standard of political morality.

It is mainly of the Parliament that we speak, although nominally the Administration ought to be held responsible. But of late we have had no Government. To an extent not previously witnessed in our time, the conduct of affairs has been systematically abdicated by the advisers of the Crown, and the course of policy has been dictated by the representatives of the people. If the conduct of the Ministry afford fair ground for censure, that censure must be borne also in great measure by the Parliament. It had the power to control and to punish; it was left not only to deliberate but to initiate; and will be rightly held responsible for the results of its proceedings on this country.

When Lord Palmerston died in September 1865, and Lord Russell was appointed to succeed him, it became certain that the question of Parliamentary Reform would necessarily start into importance. Lord Russell had long been committed to it, and Mr. Gladstone had recently before made a strong and earnest speech on the subject. It was undoubtedly a question with many friends of the newly constituted Government, whether it would be at all wise to introduce that subject in the first Session of the new Parliament. There were, no doubt, reasons on both sides, but it would probably have been more

prudent in a merely party point of view if Lord Russell's administration had allowed the first Session of the new Parliament to pass over before introducing their measure. One obvious reason in favour of this course was, that to pass a measure of Parliamentary Reform implied an immediate dissolution; and it was more than could have been reasonably expected that the members of the House of Commons—hardly firm in their seats, with their Parliamentary expenses not yet defrayed—should willingly or cheerfully have brought their Parliamentary existence to so speedy an end. It may be thought that this is but a humble view to take of the motives by which the legislators of this country are actuated, and indeed, as the result showed, a very large majority of them were quite prepared to sacrifice themselves to the principles which they professed. But still, the element to which we refer unquestionably had a very prevalent effect, and some, we fear, who could not refuse to follow the Minister in his proposition, were far from ill-pleased with the difficulties with which he had to contend. The Cabinet, however, thought otherwise, and the Reform Bill with a 7*l.* rental borough franchise was introduced by the Government with an avowed determination to carry it into law.

Writing, as we now do, in the light of 1868, and with the recent utterances of our present rulers in our ears, it is difficult to think, without a sharp pang of shame, of the Session of 1866. Who does not remember the shouts, the ringing cheers, the vociferous applause which greeted Mr. Lowe, during his remarkable speeches—spoken from one side of the House, but praised, cherished, and flattered by the other? And who will ever forget the humiliation of the fact that the same man, in the same place, saying with the same eloquence the same things, scarcely obtained even a contemptuous audience, one short year afterwards, from his former enthusiastic admirers? Events have followed each other so rapidly since, that the scenes of 1866 are passing out of mind; nor is it wonderful that in some quarters there is no desire to recall them. But Mr. Lowe's speeches, and the Opposition cheers which greeted them, have graven the real opinions of the Conservatives in characters more durable than brass, and throw a light now, too clear to deceive, on the true character of their subsequent course. The dread of democracy, the fear of the working-classes, the downward tendency of a reduction of the franchise, the half-inspired prophetic vision of the seer, descrying in the wake of Parliamentary Reform the beginning of a republic and the end of the monarchy—these were the themes which in-

spired the orator, and which woke in the minds of the Conservative Opposition a rapture of sympathy far too noisy and indiscriminate to be feigned. What has changed them? The orator is still there—his opinions are still the same. The party were borne into office on the breezes of his eloquence. Is it possible that eight short months worked such a revolution in their thoughts?

The retrospect is in every respect painful. The Session of 1866 was one of organised obstruction within the House, and of organised intrigue out of it. That section of the Liberal party who have ever since been denominated by Mr. Bright's sobriquet of the Cave—a name now as historical as the Cabal—contained some of the ablest men in the House of Commons. The more eminent of them represented a class of feeling in the minds of some members of the old Whig party which, erroneous and unphilosophical as we think it was, had some foundation in policy, if not in principle. They thought that organic change was proceeding too rapidly. They saw, what was true enough, that the settlement of 1832 had worked successfully, and were alarmed, unreasonably as we think, at the influence of democratic opinions and counsels at headquarters. But there was truth as well as humour in Mr. Bright's simile. A Reform Bill in the first Session of a new Parliament was an apparition of alarming portent. A redistribution of seats in prospect of course fluttered unpleasantly all the representatives of scanty constituencies; and doubtful Liberals who had been elected as adherents of Lord Palmerston, found the air of the Cave more congenial than the fresh and free atmosphere of the Ministerial ranks. The materials which the crisis afforded for the revolt were obvious enough. As most of the denizens of that temporary abode have since returned, and have been rightly and frankly welcomed, to their former home, it would be ungenerous to analyse the phalanx too curiously; but we are quite certain that there is hardly one of them who would ever have left the Liberal ranks, could he have foreseen the course of action to which their schism was destined to contribute.

The Government Bill, as originally introduced, related to the franchise only; a wise step, in our opinion, in itself, and one which all subsequent events have tended to justify. This was the signal for the first strategic movement in the Parliamentary campaign. No sooner was the Government proposal of a 7*l.* rental franchise for the boroughs laid on the table of Parliament, than the game of obstruction and delay began. The first topic of debate was one so narrow, so

frivolous and trivial, that one can hardly believe, in looking back on it, that it engaged for nights the serious attention of Parliament. The question was that raised by Lord Grosvenor's motion, whether it was possible to determine the extent to which the franchise ought to be lowered, until the Government had stated, and the House had decided, on their plan for the re-distribution of seats? It was quite evident from the first that these things had no connexion with one another; and in 1867 and 1868 the House of Commons proceeded to settle the franchise, in complete ignorance of what the distribution of seats might ultimately turn out. But it served for the time to embarrass the Government. It afforded also a pretext for those who did not wish for Reform to delay the progress of the measure. Futile as the obstruction was, it was honoured with a grave and earnest debate, as if it really contained some germ of principle or sense. Lord Stanley made it the subject of an elaborate oration, which was called unanswerable at the time, but to which he has applied a very practical answer since, and which, contrasted with the subsequent history, bears the aspect of a grim and solemn jest.

That blow, however, failed, although defeated by a majority so slender as to foreshadow the inevitable result which was impending. In the debates which followed, the Conservative leaders vied with each other in the invective used to denounce the democratic character of a 7*l.* franchise in boroughs. It would transfer political power from one class to another. It was based on the principle of government by numbers. The working-man, it was said, was sufficiently represented as it was, and elaborate statistics were compiled to prove the statement. It would give the preponderance of power to a class, to the injury of all the others, and that class the least enlightened and the most dangerous. In short, as the present Prime Minister took occasion to demonstrate, it was not the extension but the degradation of the franchise which would be the result of the proposed measure.

In the unhappy straits to which subsequent events have reduced them, some of these denouncers of democracy have been trying to believe, and to persuade others, that their main objection to Mr. Gladstone's Bill was that it would not be permanent, while household suffrage would settle the question. It is quite true that they did argue that the 7*l.* franchise would lead to household suffrage, but only in the way of intimidation or warning. They did not mean, and no one supposed that they meant, that household suffrage was good,

while a 7*l.* rental franchise was bad. They assumed household suffrage to be an abominable thing, savouring of revolution and Bright, and denounced the 7*l.* franchise because it would inevitably lead to it. Once or twice was household suffrage mentioned in the debates—once notably by Sir Roundell Palmer—and the reception it met with was in accordance with the violent and discourteous demeanour which was one characteristic of the Session.

We do not, of course, stop to prove these things by quotation. They are too notorious and certain to admit of dispute. Thwarted at every stage, betrayed by supposed friends, and undermined by a process of sapping, on which we do not care to dwell, the Government of Lord John Russell was left in a minority on the question whether rental or rating should be assumed as the basis of the borough franchise. The question was one which had no principle in it. It was one of amount merely; although a principle was afterwards discovered in it, unthought of at the time, which had effects we shall immediately consider. The Government resigned. The mere importance of the vote might not have required, perhaps would not have justified, this step. But it had become quite plain that without some resolute action it would be impossible for the Government to retain the respect of the country, and to bring to any satisfactory solution the question they were pledged to settle. The device of abandoning their principles instead of their office, and assuming the opinions instead of the seats of the Opposition, had not then become fashionable. In July 1866, accordingly, Lord Russell's Administration resigned, and left the reins of government to antagonists who had effectually opposed their propositions on clear and definite grounds; who had denounced them as democratic, a degradation of the franchise, embodying the principles of preponderance of a class, and government by numbers.

Lord Derby succeeded to power, and it might have been reasonably expected that he should endeavour as Minister to carry out the policy which he had recommended in opposition. The Session being exhausted, Parliament was prorogued, and the Minister was left till the succeeding February to mature his measures.

When the Parliament met in the spring of 1867, it commenced that downward career which has culminated in a fate such as never before overtook a political party in this country. It is true, and not a creditable truth, that for some years the Conservative or Tory party had from time to time been snatching

a doubtful joy in the temporary occupation of office, simply by the artifice of abandoning their own principles and adopting those of their antagonists—a practice deserving of censure even in the former examples of it. For there is no part more unworthy which a great political party can play, than to oppose in Opposition what they are prepared to propose in Government. This is not a matter to be decided by ingenious variations in speech, or dexterous verbal distinctions. No honest political party will maintain in substance in Opposition that which they are not prepared in substance to carry out if in power. No honest political party will oppose when on the Opposition benches that which they are prepared to concede when in power.

The distinction between a legitimate change of opinion under altered circumstances and the practice which we thus severely but justly characterise is as great as between a broken promise and an altered intention. It was not a salutary example to the politicians of this country when the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel retained their seats and carried the Catholic Emancipation Act. It was severely and bitterly criticised, but it took place at a great crisis, which required immediate action, and probably these great men judged rightly for the time, however pernicious was the example which they set. It was not a salutary example for public men that Sir Robert Peel, having turned out Lord Russell's Government upon the 8*s.* duty on corn, should himself have proposed the total abolition of the Corn Laws; but then Sir Robert Peel, before he took that crowning step, feeling that he was not the man to make the proposal, and that he could not do so consistently with his own honour from the Treasury bench, resigned his place in 1845, and left it open to the Liberal party to take the helm of affairs once more; nor until that proposal had failed did he take the final step which brought down upon him the wrath and contumely of the aggrieved Conservatives, led and marshalled by the present Prime Minister. Neither was it a beneficial example when the Conservative party, having, in the Session of 1851, still kept the banner of Protection waving, still maintained the Navigation Laws, and protested against Free Trade—when they came into office in 1852, threw the whole of their pre-announced opinions to the winds. These things were scandals. They have gone far to lower the position of public men in the estimation of the country. They were things, we are happy to say, which the Liberal party never committed, and which we believe it to be entirely impossible that any leader of the Liberal party could

ever have been brought to propose. But they acquire much greater significance, and have become precedents of far greater weight, when we come to consider the acts by which political inconsistency was reduced to a system—a canon of party action—in 1867.

The dreary history of that Session needs not to be told in detail. Our readers recollect it only too well. The Government, within the first three weeks, made three separate and inconsistent proposals to the House on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. On the 11th of February they laid on the table of the House of Commons a series of Resolutions which very fairly embodied their opinions of the year before, and which were intended to pledge the House against any reduction of the borough franchise as low as that proposed by Lord Russell's Government. But the moment a notice of amendment on them was given, they were withdrawn. Then the Minister, on the 25th of February, with all formality and circumstance, proposed the scheme on which the Government had resolved—the famous Ten Minutes Bill—containing a 6*l.* rating franchise for boroughs, a hard and fast line, not quite consistent certainly with the Tory professions of 1859, but reasonably in accordance with the tenor of their views in 1866. But, with a levity and incompetence which ought at once to have been the signal for a vote of want of confidence, that measure was also instantly abandoned, and on the 18th of March Government came down to the House and announced their measure of household suffrage, coupled with the personal payment of rates.

We cannot sufficiently regret that the House of Commons did not, on the first announcement of this measure and the Ministerial avowals in regard to it, at once join issue on the constitutional question which the proposal of it raised. The proposal was an abandonment, absolute and deliberate, of every one of the political principles on which the Opposition of 1866 had been conducted. Even in the crude and preposterous state in which it appeared for the first time in the House of Commons, it was not only a recantation of all the fears and forebodings of the last Session, but a bitter satire on them. No man imagines that if such a proposition had been made by the Liberal Government in 1866, it would not have met with an outcry from the Conservative ranks infinitely louder than that which saluted the measure of that year. It was an audacious, but at the same time a fatal and feeble stroke of policy, easy enough at any time to any leader, if his party were capable of following him, to avoid certain but not inglorious defeat by inglorious surrender.

It has been said, in defence of the Cabinet and the party, that the Bill as it originally stood was far less democratic than that which ultimately passed; that the rating clauses would have excluded a much greater number of voters than the 7*l.* rental franchise; and that the party were led on unconsciously, step by step, until they were found supporting the measure which actually passed. Their leader himself, in his oration at Edinburgh a year ago, dwelt with a complacency for which probably his friends have duly thanked him in their hearts, on the education, as he termed it, of which his party had been the subject, and himself the humble instrument.

But the apology seems to us to aggravate the offence. If the provisions in regard to compounding were regarded by the Cabinet as Conservative safeguards, when they were rejected by the House they were bound to have surrendered their seats. On far less inducement, such had been the course followed by their predecessors; and such was the only course which we think was open to them. The fact that they did not proves beyond question that as Conservative safeguards these clauses were regarded by them as immaterial.

Much credit has been given to Mr. Disraeli for the adroitness, as it is termed, with which he persuaded the gentlemen of England to follow him in this course. We give him no credit. We think the retrospect profoundly melancholy. The only credit which their leader deserves is, that he rightly estimated the men he had to lead. There had been no education of the party by him. In 1866 their progress in Liberal sentiment was precisely at the point at which it previously stood. The only schoolmaster was the change of position; and no amount of ingenious, if not ingenuous rhetoric will erase from the history of this country the fact, that the education of the Conservative party in Liberal opinions only began with their occupation of the Treasury Bench, and made progress exactly in proportion to the danger of their being obliged to relinquish it.

Of Mr. Disraeli himself we should probably speak in different terms. "No one doubts his great ability; and he possesses, what many men of great ability are often found without —a resolute persistency of will, a power of patient waiting, an inborn confidence in himself and in his star, which is akin to genius. But he is without political convictions, and does not believe in them. The cast of his tone of thought and of opinion is more Radical than Conservative; mainly because he has but little respect for English institutions, or for the English adulation they elicit." It cost him nothing in the way of political opinion to adopt household suffrage; the suggestion

was far more in harmony with his conceptions than any of the Tory platitudes to which he had so often been obliged to give a listening assent; and it is due to him to say that with the skill of a very dexterous debater, he contrived that his speeches in former Sessions, while they resounded with

'Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder,'

should yet contain, not indistinctly shadowed out, the real scorn in which he held the opinions he seemed to represent.*

To a mind so constituted, and views so entertained, the situation, it must be admitted, held out great and, as the result has shown, irresistible temptations. He had sagacity enough to see that the extension of the suffrage, although democratic, need not necessarily be either Whig or Radical. Gladstone and Bright might not necessarily reap the harvest; nor was history without plenty of examples of combinations between the seigneurie and the populace, to balance the power of the middle classes. In a party sense he was perfectly right; and the policy was sagacious and wise. But then, he had long thought so; but he would have preached in Opposition to an incredulous audience. It was only when his party had to choose between ejection from office and reluctant assent, that there was any chance that the truth, so long excluded, should find admittance into their darkened understandings.

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* It is the fashion of the Conservatives of the present *régime* to boast that they never shrunk from a popular extension of the franchise, and that the Reform Bill of 1867 is the deliberate expression of their opinions. But what were Mr. Disraeli's expressions in 1865? We quote the following passage from his address to his constituents on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament in that year:—

'On the extension of the electoral franchise depends, in fact, the distribution of power. It appears to me that the primary plan of our ancient constitution, so rich in various wisdom, indicates the course that we ought to pursue in this matter. It secured our popular rights by entrusting power, not to an indiscriminate multitude, but to the estate, or order, of the Commons; and a wise Government should be careful that the elements of that estate should bear a due relation to the moral and material development of the country. Public opinion may not, perhaps, be yet ripe enough to legislate on this subject, but it is sufficiently interested in the question to ponder over it with advantage. So that, when the time comes for action, we may legislate in the spirit of the English constitution, which would absorb the best of every class, and not fall into a democracy, which is the tyranny of one class, and that one the least enlightened.'

The country is jealous of conversions so sudden, and so well timed, on the part of their public men; and her statesmen ought to be jealous of them in themselves. It may sometimes be difficult, even for an honourable man to say, when convenience and conviction concur in persuading, which has had the true merit of his change of opinion. But the safe course, in individual as in party action, is to take care that he gains nothing by the change. Let his reason have been ever so well satisfied, let his conversion, though startling in its suddenness, have been ever so permanent and profound—these things should never be associated with personal or party advantage. The consciousness of former error, when sincere, will lead to atonement for the past.

But whatever the merits of the Ministry, for the Parliament there was no excuse. Doubtless Mr. Disraeli calculated on the individual effect the proposition would have on the members of the House. Opposition to the Government would become opposition to household suffrage. Government proclaimed day after day that their existence was perilled on their measure; and the more timid of the body could not face the phantom, for it was nothing more substantial, of appearing to endanger or to reject this wondrous boon, coming though it did, from wondrous hands. Other elements also were at work. Every party must contain discontented and unstable spirits. In the heat of party warfare, it is not easy nor safe to indulge these propensities; but when the adverse Greeks came bearing gifts in their hands, there were Trojans, as there were certain to be, with their own reasons for admitting them.

We think that the House should not, after the past history of the question, have gone into the consideration of the measure at all; but should at once have testified its just resentment by a vote of want of confidence in the Government which proposed it. Nothing could be more wanton, unsuitable, or disrespectful to the House, than the way in which the previous suggestions had been made and withdrawn; and the House of Commons should have arrested this scandalous course, by asserting its own honour, and censuring those who had trifled with it. In this Session, as in the next, a signal opportunity was thrown away; and it never returned.

We have no desire, in the altered position of the party and the country, to go back on the circumstances attending the withdrawal of Mr. Coleridge's proposed instruction to the Committee. As between household suffrage and a 5*l.* rental line there was room for a fair difference of opinion. The former

sounded the more liberal proposition of the two; and had it been fairly tendered and carried, it had much to be said in its favour. We mainly regret the steps by which the result was accomplished, not because they were not concurred in by some earnest and honest Liberals, but because they gave a shock to the Liberal organisation, and afforded an excuse to the wavering and the lukewarm to aid the enemy under colour of being more advanced than their friends. They had the effect of encouraging for the time individual action, and separate negotiation with the common adversary, instead of loyal discipline and concert. Private assurances in the lobbies were allowed to do duty for public declarations in the House; and the constitutional responsibilities of the Government, as well as the united action of the Opposition, were merged in a desultory series of individual treaties outside the walls of Parliament. We trust that a campaign so conducted may never again be witnessed. Next to the inconsistencies of the Conservatives, and the abdication of their just functions by the Ministry, the severest legacy of evil which the expiring Parliament has left the country, is the example it afforded of party disloyalty.

It is not uncommon to hear among unattached Liberals the sentiment, that the country will gain more from the necessities of the Tories than from the principles of the Whigs. The meaning of the sentiment plainly expressed, whether just or not, is, that the latter will act on their convictions, the former on their interest. But surely there never was a baser or meaner principle of action, or one more certain to bring about inevitable calamity. These short-sighted politicians forget that the political honesty of public men is the only security this country has for the stability of its great fabric of freedom. Other nations may easily imitate the internal machinery of our institutions; but the lofty honour of party allegiance is the inheritance of Britain alone. Once proclaim the preference for time-serving and trimming, over consistency and manly rectitude, and not all the measures of beneficence and liberality the most enlightened philanthropy ever conceived would be adequate in value to the price paid for them. The prizes of political life, set up to auction, and obtained by the highest bidder, would cease to have value for the honourable; and politics would be debased into what Bolingbroke once called a great mystery of stockjobbing.

'England,' said Mr. Disraeli once, 'does not love coalitions.' The phrase, when spoken, was but a pompous and ill-applied platitude. But England does not love coalitions to the sacrifice

of principle or honour, because she is jealous of the character of her public men. The coalition of Fox and North fell far short in political inconsistency of what we have recently witnessed. The main causes which divided these statesmen had come to an end with the termination of the American war; but the memory of former animosity was too recent; and Fox felt to the end of his life the effects—unjust in degree, but not unwarranted—of this political error. The lesson cannot be too soon or too thoroughly repeated.

The main mistake, however, which these dissentients committed, as well as the most practical evil which has been the result of their action, is the retention of the puerile and foolish condition of personal payment of rates as part of the electoral qualification. There never was anything more weak and unstatesmanlike than this crotchet, which, dignified by the name of a principle, played for the time the part of a great constitutional question. As between a rental line, and the personal payment of a particular tax, viewed as a test of the social position and intelligence of the elector, there can be no dispute. If it was necessary to qualify household suffrage by some restriction, none could be more reasonable than a rental line, which had not only the authority of tradition, but that of the Government itself, in their proposition for the county franchise, to support it. It was simple and easily worked, and not more unequal than every general test must be. On the other hand, nothing could possibly be a worse expedient for that purpose than the personal payment of the Poor-rate; and it discloses a fair example of the shifts which have been recently substituted for statesmanship, to trace the progress of this preposterous enactment. The original quarrel between rating and rental had nothing of this element about it. At the time of the vote in 1866 personal payment of rates had nothing to do with the dispute. The rating test was adopted by the Conservatives simply as a mode of getting at a higher rental; a 7*l.* rating being equivalent to a 8*l.* 10*s.* rental. But the Government of Lord Russell having been overthrown on this practical question, Mr. Disraeli thought it necessary to find a recondite political principle in the payment of the Poor-rate. To satisfy this unreal and, sooth to say, not over-candid mockery of consistency, the new franchise has been overlaid with an element so foreign and so complex as to produce utter confusion. The personal payment of rates, as the Government probably did not know when they made the proposal, was the least satisfactory test which could have been devised to indicate the social position of the elector. It did not, in fact, indicate it at

all. Owing to the system of compounding, the machinery of the Poor-law, absurd enough even for its own purposes, proved to be utterly and hopelessly inapplicable to the franchise. The man who did not pay in one parish was often of a higher class than the man who did pay in another. But still, the Government having said it, thought it necessary to maintain this futility to the end, even although to accomplish that object they had to take the most stolid step of all, and abolish a system of compounding, which had been productive of great convenience, in order that the Poor-rate might subserve an object for which it was neither adapted nor intended.

There can be little doubt that the new Parliament will make short and contemptuous work of this cardinal principle. Its operation in England has been inextricable, in Scotland ridiculous. Ireland only has been refused the boon. But the confusion, such as it is, we owe to a Parliament which in its terror, real or feigned, lest household suffrage might be lost to the nation, had not the courage to resist—or rather had the cowardice to accept—a proposal which every member in the House knew to be inconvenient as well as insincere.

So, in weariness and disgust, yet not without solid work, the Session wore on. While the Government Bill was day by day remodelled by the House of Commons, the work of Parliamentary Reform made progress, and Parliamentary character and consistency sank lower and lower. The makeshifts for Conservative security, scarcely struggled for, one by one disappeared, with no perceptible pang to the party, amid the contemptuous ridicule of the House and of the country. The Government, too weak to lead, waited, with folded hands, the dictates of the Liberal majority, and the Session ended by the passing of a measure so entirely subversive of every tenet for which the Tory party had spent a generation in struggling, that the Prime Minister in a fit, partly of candour, partly of ill-concealed consternation, was obliged to admit that all his followers had gained by years of obstruction was a 'leap in the dark.'

Jubilant at having retained their seats in the face of a Liberal majority, the adherents of the Government did not conceal their exultation; and their leader in the House of Commons, in his unlucky speech at Edinburgh sounded a loud blast of exuberant but incautious triumph. Yet, had they considered a little more soberly the real nature and probable effect of what they had done, their felicitations would have been greatly moderated. A Nemesis is certain to follow acts like these, and in this instance it is close on the heels of the

fugitives, if we rightly read the portents of the sky. They did not perceive, in their delight over Whig discomfiture, that they had rung the knell of their own party. Their mission is ended; even that part of it which Liberals admitted to be useful and honourable. They will never be believed again. The function of promoting prudent delay, of moderating Liberal rashness, tempering with wise counsel ill-considered and hasty change—the task of giving practical embodiment to that which is one-half of the English Constitution, the tenacity of ancient usage, and dislike to innovation—the pride of old tradition—the high-minded, if narrow, maintenance of an ancient creed—all are dissipated to the winds. They can make no professions more loud than those of 1866; they can make no change more violent than that of 1867. Their watch-cries are vain,—Church and State—No surrender—No Popery,—will fall on incredulous ears. Even so did they denounce the degradation of the franchise—and they degraded it. Even with such protestations did they clamour for securities—and they abandoned and surrendered them all.

One triumph, indeed, may be said to have been gained. Mr. Disraeli has triumphed over his party. If he ever had injuries or slights to revenge, if the stings and arrows of aristocratic pride have ever galled him, all has been amply atoned. To have been dragged at his chariot wheels to such a consummation was indeed a confession of absolute submission; and if the elation of the conqueror be equal to the subjugation of the vanquished, the cup of victory has indeed been full. Yet he, too, would have been the better of some monitor behind him in his car to remind him he was mortal. We doubt if he were conscious, in his Edinburgh oration, of the pang he inflicted, by his unthinking vaunts, on the haughty hearts of Scottish Toryism. He did not reflect—probably he did not know—how bitter was the satire, how intense the irony, of informing such an audience, in such a place, that they and their party had always been the friends of Parliamentary Reform. He forgot that until the Reform Bill Scotland had never been represented at all, and that many of the men whom he addressed had fought to the bitter end for retaining the franchise in the hands exclusively of self-elected town councils, in boroughs, and a score or two of country gentlemen in counties. For this end, in the days of their supremacy, had they stoutly suppressed every spark of political independence. The state of matters which they approved and promoted is thus described by one who knew it and them well:—

'Public political meetings could not arise, for the elements did

not exist. I doubt if there was one during the twenty-five years that succeeded the year 1795. Nothing was viewed with such horror as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood or inaccuracy of spies; and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. As a body to be deferred to, no public existed.'*

If Mr. Disraeli had said that the passing of the Reform Bill, thirty years of Whig rule, and the training by Sir Robert Peel of a wider school of Conservative thought, had inspired a gentler and more liberal spirit into Scottish Toryism, he would but have said the truth. His historical fables provoked only ridicule from the public and resentment from his friends.

The course which the Conservatives ought to have followed is plain enough. If they could not retain office in 1867 on the principles which they professed in 1866, they should at once have surrendered it. If they thought that resistance was no longer possible, and that the extension of the franchise was inevitable, they should have yielded, as high-minded men may, to an overpowering necessity. But the surrender should have been made, like the resistance, from the Opposition benches; and there, if they truly thought that household suffrage was preferable to a rental line, they might with great reputation have given effect to the conviction. They would then have been able to go to the country, with their principles and consistency beyond reproach, and would have been able to avail themselves of the many elements of Tory strength which Household Suffrage contains. As it is, their party is for the time extinct. The bond of office which now holds them together will probably in a few months be broken, and the two years of power which they have thus purchased will be atoned by a long period of political depression.

So ended the second Session of the Parliament of 1865. The curtain rose for the third act under circumstances which materially altered the position of parties, and which will produce important results on the future legislation of this country.

The Scotch and Irish Reform Bills presented little which calls for prominent notice, excepting in the commentary which they furnished on the proceedings of the Session of 1867. The Scotch members made a vigorous and successful resistance to the principle—in that country still more preposterous than in England—of making rating the basis of the franchise, and

* Lord Cockburn's Memorials, p. 89.

reduced the provisions of the Bill on this head to a simple disqualification of those who, being rated, may be in arrear. The clauses of the Bill have, it is true, been left in great obscurity on this matter, and much perplexity has been found in the Registration Courts in giving them practical effect. The House also rejected the proposal of the Government to add to its numbers, and provided for an increase of seven members to the representation of Scotland by the disfranchisement of an equal number of English boroughs having a population under 5,000. Mr. Disraeli, with scant courtesy, had informed the Scotch members, in his speech at Edinburgh, that they must either take his proposition, or take the consequences. They did not take his proposition, and he, not they, had to take the consequences.

The Irish Reform Bill presented the anomaly of a hard and fast line, as the proposition of a Government which had staked its existence on an opposite principle. But it would have been well for the country had their inconsistencies assumed no more formidable shape.

The Session had advanced far before the cloud of Ireland once more overshadowed the political horizon. The recess had been signalised by the Fenian outbreak, which had been promptly and vigorously repressed, but which indicated the existence of smouldering embers too distinctly not to be a warning of grave portent, and to call for immediate consideration. So the Government felt; and Mr. Maguire having given notice of a motion on that subject, the Government undertook, when it came on for discussion, to explain fully to the House the policy they intended to pursue, and the remedies which they intended to propose. Before, however, this period arrived, Lord Derby resigned, and Mr. Disraeli became First Minister.

This was, beyond doubt, a very significant and remarkable event. Whatever we may think of Mr. Disraeli's political opinions or action, there was an amount of sentiment involved in the attainment of this ultimate prize of his ambition in which we willingly sympathise. Personally, he had fairly won it, and neither friend nor foe grudged him a triumph for which he had so resolutely laboured, endured, and contended. In his elevation there was a tacit homage paid to the grand freedom of our institutions, before which the pride of birth, of wealth, and of distinctive caste in this land of liberty willingly bow. We have spoken our mind freely on his political tendencies; but he earned his advancement by loyalty to his party through many long dreary years of opposition, during which, with many obstructions round his path, he maintained the spirits of the

disheartened, and compelled the aid of the reluctant, with an indomitable energy which set fortune and fate at defiance. These things he did, aided solely by his innate persistence, his force of will, and his formidable power of debate. Aid from without he scarcely had. Starting destitute of any assistance from social connexion, University education, or any of the usual advantages which most of our successful statesmen have enjoyed, he has made a ready wit, considerable literary power, boundless confidence in himself, and undaunted courage do duty for them all.

Nor can we deny him many great qualifications for a Parliamentary leader, although he has some serious defects. He performed his great act of strategy in 1867 with never-failing tact and ability. A temper, naturally genial, and even when tried, under great command; a vivid sense of the humorous which lurks under his most pompous periods; and a certain inbred scorn, the fruit not unfrequently of early struggles, have made him a very effective general. He is better as a Ministerial than as an Opposition leader, and assumes in that position a vantage ground, a lofty though half comic superiority, which give point to his satiric javelins, and an ease which he seldom attained when on the opposite benches. Rapid of thought, and daring in expedient, he has fought his party battle with a power and success which probably no other man could have commanded.

That which detracts from his qualities, and mars their complete effect, is the artificial air which pervades even his happiest efforts. He does not sound in earnest even when he is so. He plays his part with consummate address; but it appears too clearly to be a part; and he has not yet reached, and probably never will reach, the higher strain which touches the inner chord of sympathy, and transfers the enthusiasm of the speaker to the hearts of his audience. Much of this springs from the nature of the man; but it has been strengthened by the course he has been compelled to run, and the party he has been obliged to lead. His own convictions have been undisguisedly far in advance of those of his followers; and where he has failed has been in the hopeless endeavour to reconcile the irreconcilable.

But while we cordially do this justice to the man, we think him a very unsafe Minister for this country. He is too clever for the moment, too regardless both of the past and the future. He is not likely to have a prolonged tenure of power. If he had, we should have great apprehensions lest he should,

> 'Like the unequal ruler of the day,
> Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way.'

But now comes the last chapter in our Parliamentary review, which has eclipsed and almost reduced to oblivion the events of 1867.

In the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion Lord Mayo made the Ministerial statement of the proposed policy for Ireland. This is a very simple fact, but the Government seem to have forgotten it. They had promised a policy for Ireland, and Lord Mayo, in a speech of four hours, explained what it was to be; and the House of Commons and the country found no difficulty in comprehending the plain and honest utterances of the new Governor-General of India. He is not given to deal in political enigmas; and speaking for the Cabinet that which the Cabinet had instructed him to speak, he performed his task with a candour and lucidity which has doubtless procured for him his recent distinction. There was the less possibility of mistake in this matter, that the statement not only possessed unusual interest from the crisis at which it was delivered, but also unusual significance from the political situation at the time.

Shortly before, Lord Russell had published a pamphlet on the state of Ireland, in which, among other remedies, he suggested, as had often been done before, a certain measure of endowment of the Roman Catholic Church. The astute mind of the Prime Minister, travelling in this instance a little too rapidly, imagined that in this proposal he descried the policy of the Liberal Opposition, and acting on his wonted tactics had evidently resolved to outflank his antagonists. Lord Mayo accordingly was instructed to announce that the Government policy was that of Catholic Endowment; to be shadowed out within carefully guarded limits, but left with a very clear indication that the Government proposals were the beginning, but certainly not the end.

Lord Mayo first explained that, in the view of Government, the existing system of University education was not satisfactory. He said:—

'There is a large number of persons who object to send their sons to a university where the only religion taught is one that they do not profess, and there are also many who will not send their sons to a college where religious teaching does not form a portion of the system of education. Are these objections unreasonable? I ask this House to consider whether there are not many among us who would have the same objection to send their sons to universities where the Roman Catholic religion alone was taught, or where all religious instruction was studiously omitted? That is the case here, and there have been various modes proposed for meeting these objections.'

He then went on to describe the Government plan for removing this difficulty:—

'It appears to me, then, that a third university may be founded in Ireland without injuring the existing institutions. I believe that what is desirable is, that a university should be established in that country, which would, as far as possible, stand in the same relation to the Roman Catholic population as Trinity College does to the Protestant. We do not propose to found an exact or servile imitation; but we do consider that we should be taking a step which would be of the greatest public advantage, and which would tend very much to the furtherance of university education, *if we were to establish an institution which would bear that character to a considerable extent.*'

As to endowment, he said:—

'With regard to endowment it will be essential, of course, if Parliament agrees to the proposal, in the first instance to provide for the necessary expenses of the university—that is to say, the expenses of officers of the university, of the university professors, and also to make some provision for a building. It is possible that if Parliament approves the scheme, it may not be indisposed to endow certain university scholarships. But with regard to the endowment of colleges, it is impossible to make any proposal of that nature *at present; and to that extent the question will be left open to future consideration.* It is not therefore contemplated to submit any scheme for the endowment of the colleges in connexion with the university.'

But the matter was not allowed to rest there. The question of the Irish Church remained behind; and on that, while substantially admitting that things could not remain as they were, he thus expressed himself. We give the passage at full, because it is the spirit, more than the words, of the Ministerial exposition which we wish our readers to bear in mind:—

'For my own part, I believe that if the Irish Church is overthrown, that overthrow can only be effected after a long and painful struggle—a struggle which must inevitably tend to the increase and aggravation of those discords and religious hatreds which have produced such evils in the community. The voluntary system is proposed in the interests of peace; there are parts of the country where the voluntary system is carried on in connexion with the Established Church, and I am not aware that those regions are especially characterised by concord among the people. The question must be dealt with in a very different spirit from that which the advocates of entire abolition profess. The Presbyterians now receive a grant from this House which is miserable in amount and wholly inadequate to their requirements. The Protestants of Ireland are content with the system which prevails; but are not averse to improvements and to such alterations of ecclesiastical

arrangements as would make their church better fitted to meet the wants of modern times. But we must not prescribe hastily. Of all the schemes which have been proposed I object preeminently to that known as the process of "levelling down." It is said that if you cannot elevate and raise the institutions so as to make them equal, the only thing to do is to abolish them altogether. I object to that policy. *I think that proposals for universal levelling down are the worst of all propositions.* It appears to be such an argument as a poor man would make to a rich one, when he had given up all hopes of becoming wealthy himself. "Equality is necessary for the welfare "of the State. Get rid of your property and let us sit down and "starve together." I believe that in these matters, as in everything else, confiscation is the worst proposal that can be made either as regards the Church or the land. The grievance of the Irish Church is admitted on all hands to be a grievance of sentiment. It is well known that the Roman Catholic landholders pay nothing, and the Roman Catholic proprietors pay little towards the maintenance of the Established Church. I do not wish to say that because it is a sentimental grievance, it is not one which may not deeply affect the feelings and the actions of a portion of the population of the country; but it is not one which affects her material prosperity. The Irish Church will never be abolished except after a long and desperate struggle. Those who cling to and support it are men of influence and power, of strong religious feelings, and inflexible principles. Justice and policy may demand a greater equalisation of ecclesiastical arrangements than now exists. But it was wisely said by the right honourable member for Morpeth (Sir George Grey), that the Irish Church can never be overthrown except by a revolutionary process —a process which will envolve all the evils of revolutionary change. *If it is desired to make our churches more equal in position than they are, this result should be secured by elevation and restoration, and not by confiscation and degradation.*'

The debate was continued by Mr. Horsman on the next night; and his speech, and that of Mr. Gathorne Hardy in reply, are exceedingly important, as they place beyond a doubt the meaning of the declaration which Lord Mayo had been instructed to make.

Mr. Horsman denounced the scheme of Roman Catholic endowment, and characterised the proposal to institute a new Catholic University as utterly at variance with the mixed system of education which had so long prevailed; and taunted the Government with the intention to abandon it. What was the reply of the Government, through the Home Secretary? Did he deny the charge? His words are clear and explicit.

'It was due to the House and to ourselves that our proposals with respect to university education should be made, on our responsibility, in a form acceptable to the House and to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and we propose not to adopt that which exists,

but with a considerable admixture of the lay element in the governing body to give to a Roman Catholic university a charter, and *admit Roman Catholics to the education they desire.* Does anyone mean to say that the Catholics of Ireland go freely to the Queen's Colleges? I do not believe that those who go there represent the classes who would send their sons to a Roman Catholic university. *For myself, I have always preferred a denominational system, whether of private or advanced education; and I am now supporting for Roman Catholics that which I would prefer for Protestants.* I believe it would have been better if, when the Queen's Colleges were founded, instead of being made unsectarian, *two had been founded for Roman Catholics and one for Presbyterians.* If our plan interfere with the Queen's Colleges, it will be because they are not in harmony with the feelings of the people.'

Such was the policy proposed by the Government. Its direct operation was important as embracing two principles which as regarded Ireland were of vast importance: first, the policy of Denominational Education; and, secondly, the policy of Catholic Endowment. These were very large questions. They had often been canvassed in the House and in the country; but the Government thought the late Parliament quite competent to deal with them, or they would not have proposed them. But the indirect, and ulterior effects of the policy, stated by Lord Mayo on the part of the Government, embraced a much wider range; and pointed designedly and distinctly at the endowment of all denominations as the best, if not the only reply to the disendowment of all. It was not until Mr. Gladstone announced, amid deafening cheers, that in his opinion the Church of Ireland, as a State Church, must cease to exist, that Mr. Disraeli, finding himself caught in his own snare, began stealthily to withdraw himself from the position he had directed Lord Mayo to occupy, and to prepare for a denial of the competency of the Parliament to deal with the Irish Church, and to retort on his antagonists the favour to the Church of Rome which Mr. Horsman had so strongly rebuked.

All this is hardly statesmanship, nor even Parliamentary tactics of a stamp to which we have been accustomed. That Lord Mayo intended to give a charter to the Catholic University, and held out expectations of future endowment, is a matter which admits of no dispute. It is equally certain that he designedly shadowed forth a principle of elevation of all denominations by general endowment. How, then, are we to account for the faltering explanations which were afterwards attempted of these unambiguous utterances? 'I never used 'the phrase "levelling up,"' said Lord Mayo. No more he

did. He spoke of levelling down as the worst way, and 'elevation' and restoration as a better way. But what did he mean? 'Something about the police force,' suggested the Prime Minister; and the suggestion was quite as satisfactory as any Lord Mayo had to offer.

The matter is of little consequence now, and we only refer to it as an illustration of the indirect route by which it is now the fashion to attempt to gain political ends. The bold assault which was made by Mr. Gladstone and the Opposition on the existence of the Irish Church took the Minister by surprise, and a change of front became necessary. It was desirable to represent the Parliament to whom these remedial measures were proposed, as incompetent to deal with the Irish difficulty. It was convenient to represent the Irish Catholic priesthood, to whom these gifts were offered, and who were in close consultation with the Government, as the insidious allies of the leader of the Opposition. So, without ceremony, Lord Mayo and his exposition, which the Cabinet had directed him to make, were forgotten as soon as possible; and the ground cleared for a free fight on the old quarrel of No Popery and No Surrender.

The fight, however, was but clumsily begun, and has been clumsily carried on. It was difficult to maintain the incompetence of the House to deal with questions on which the Government themselves had appealed to it. It was still more difficult to reconcile the Liberal speech of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs with the Orange speech of the Secretary for the Home Department. On the 31st of March the House rejected Lord Stanley's motion, and resolved to go into Committee on Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions by majorities of 60 and 56. On the 28th of April the first of the Resolutions, pledging the House to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, was carried by a majority of 65. And it then became certain that a Ministerial crisis was inevitable.

This brings us to the last scene in this third act of the expiring Parliament which we mean to refer to; and it is one which in a constitutional point of view is the most important of all. The manner in which the Government and the Parliament dealt with that crisis deserves serious attention.

For a Government to carry on the affairs of this country, even for a few months, while in a minority in the House of Commons, is an anomaly which ought seldom to occur. It cannot be long protracted without loss of dignity to the Ministry, and of constitutional power in the House of Commons. The old jealousies between the Crown and the Commons have

been happily set at rest ever since the Revolution by the tacit and traditional concession that a Government can only exist in power by favour of a majority of the House of Commons. It has no doubt happened in our political history—chiefly of late, and in the feebler phases of the Tory party—that a Government has remained in office while in a chronic state of minority in the House of Commons. But these have generally been cases in which intestine divisions had broken up Cabinets, and office had been forced on their opponents. Sir Robert Peel was in that position for some months in 1835. So was Lord Derby in 1852, and again in 1858. But in all such instances there are mutual obligations to which the House and the Government must be held bound. The position must not last a day longer than the necessity for it exists, and no business but that essential for the public service should be transacted. It is a position of sufferance and toleration, which the House which suffers and tolerates may put an end to when it pleases; and when it is terminated, no matter for what cause, the constitutional obligations on the Minister revive, and he must either quit his seat, or appeal to the country.

It is a new and altogether an unconstitutional doctrine that a Minister, defeated by a large majority on a great question of Ministerial policy, may retain his office until the House dislodge him by a vote of want of confidence. No such doctrine has ever been recognised by high authority on such matters. The Constitutional rule is, that a decided defeat on a vital question unfits the Minister from conducting the affairs of this country with the weight and dignity which belong to his position. The only exception is, when there may be reason to think that the vote was accidental, or might be reversed. This is the rule in the ordinary case, when the Minister has a working majority. Lord Palmerston dissolved on the China vote. He resigned on the Conspiracy Bill vote. In neither of these cases, in all probability, could a vote of want of confidence have been carried against him. But he disdained to hold his office without the power which ought to belong to it. But if this be the case as regards a Minister numerically strong, it applies with infinitely greater force to a Minister in an admitted minority. As we have said, the position of such a Minister is in itself a violation of the Constitution, and can only subsist at all during the good pleasure of the Parliament which permits it. While the House refrains from hostile measures, the Minister may wind up the necessary public business, and prepare to take the sense of the country. But the moment the House pronounces, by a definite vote, against

a vital part of the Government policy, the constitutional treaty is at an end, and the position of the Minister is no longer constitutionally tenable.

As we have remarked, three or four times in the century, since the Reform Bill, Governments have been in that position. We cannot recollect any previous instance. Pitt, no doubt, in 1783, defied the majority of the House of Commons; but the struggle only lasted for three months, and then came the dissolution. So with Peel in 1835. Lord Derby in 1852 dissolved after three months of office. In 1858 he was allowed by the House to hold office for a year, before the dissolution. But such a course as the present Ministry and Parliament have run, has never been experienced in our constitutional history.

For two years have we had a Government in a minority in the House of Commons; not existing merely to wind up public affairs, but initiating measures of great magnitude, and assuming the power as well as the right to administer all the affairs of the country. Parliament permitted them, improperly as we think, to exercise the ostensible responsibility of introducing the Reform Bill, while it took into its own hands the real power and authority in regard to it. We had thus two unconstitutional elements: a Ministry in power without a majority in the House of Commons, and a House of Commons assuming the power, without the responsibility, of administration. This state of things has continued for two sessions; and it has not been the fault of the Prime Minister if it is not likely to continue for a third.

For the Session of 1867 the Parliament beyond question was responsible. But a different aspect arose in 1868. The Minister had propounded his Irish policy; a policy embracing, as we have seen, important and vital principles which he called on the House to affirm. The House deliberately rejected them, and affirmed the counter-propositions which were made by Mr. Gladstone by large majorities. The armistice, therefore, between the House and the Government came to an end. Their policy was rejected, and no constitutional course was open to them but to dissolve or to resign.

We pass by for the present the strange confusion and contradictions which characterised the Ministerial explanations, in regard to the proceedings of the Government after their signal defeat. We also omit, for plain reasons, to do more than allude to the use which was made of the Queen's name by the Government. Mr. Disraeli has a fanciful way of copying history, and doubtless thought he was Pitt, defying a hostile majority, and renewing the least constitutional precedents of

that struggle. But the Minister is alone responsible for the advice given to the Sovereign; and what we wish to point attention to is, that the Minister advised the Queen neither to accept their resignations, nor to dissolve Parliament.

Such, we say, was the advice given, because this is what they did. As to the actual communication which took place on that occasion, as the Prime Minister and members of his Cabinet differed on that subject, it is not surprising that the fact has not been ascertained with accuracy. Whether the Ministry first resigned, and then obtained power to dissolve, or first asked power to dissolve, tendering their resignations if that were refused, cannot now be determined, because both statements were made on high authority. But that which is certain is, that they neither did one or other. They did not resign, neither did they dissolve. They treated the vote of the House of Commons with contempt; continued in office precisely as if no such vote had been passed; and Parliament is not dissolved at this moment.

It was said at the time that dissolution was impossible, and that it was the right of the Government to test the opinion of the country. A dissolution, undoubtedly, although not impossible, would have been a very inconvenient and undesirable step. But this has often been the case on previous occasions. Indeed, it is more the rule than the exception. It may very often happen that the state of the country, or other considerations of public interest, prevent a Minister from advising the Sovereign to dissolve Parliament, when it would otherwise have been reasonable in him to appeal to the country against an adverse vote of the Commons. The time of year, an unsettled state of the public mind, our foreign relations, and a hundred other similar causes, might lead to that result. This would be a reason for the Minister resigning his office; but, as a reason for retaining it, such considerations were never used before.

But we entirely dispute that the Minister had any right to claim the benefit of being in office at the dissolution of Parliament. The circumstances which made a dissolution inconvenient then were of his own creation. He thought fit, in a Parliament in which he knew he was in a minority, to propose a measure which would make a dissolution necessary, and therefore he knew that if that measure was carried, he substantially deprived himself of the remedy of an intermediate dissolution. That the proposal of such a measure should give him an indefeasible and irresponsible lease of power, is a result utterly unconstitutional.

But the Parliament tamely acquiesced, and acquiesced, we fear, because of the threat of dissolution. The Government ought to have resigned; and if the House had resented their conduct with proper spirit, they would have resigned. After the misty explanations given by the Government, and the unseemly manner in which the name of the Sovereign was introduced into the discussion, a vote of want of confidence ought to have been at once proposed, and would unquestionably have been carried. Again the golden opportunity was lost, and a most pernicious and unconstitutional precedent found a place on the Journals of the House of Commons.

This reign of shifts and expedients is now, we trust, drawing to its close. But we have thought it right to recall in these pages events containing great elements of danger, and casting discredit on constitutional government. They may well be remembered when the next Parliament meets. It will have the task of restoring the standard of political action, and the confidence of the public in public men. 'The leaders of the 'Conservative party,' said Mr. Disraeli in his address in 1865, 'although they will never shrink from the responsibility of 'their acts, are not obtrusive candidates for office. PLACE 'WITHOUT POWER MAY GRATIFY THE VAIN, BUT CAN 'NEVER SATISFY A NOBLE AMBITION.'

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